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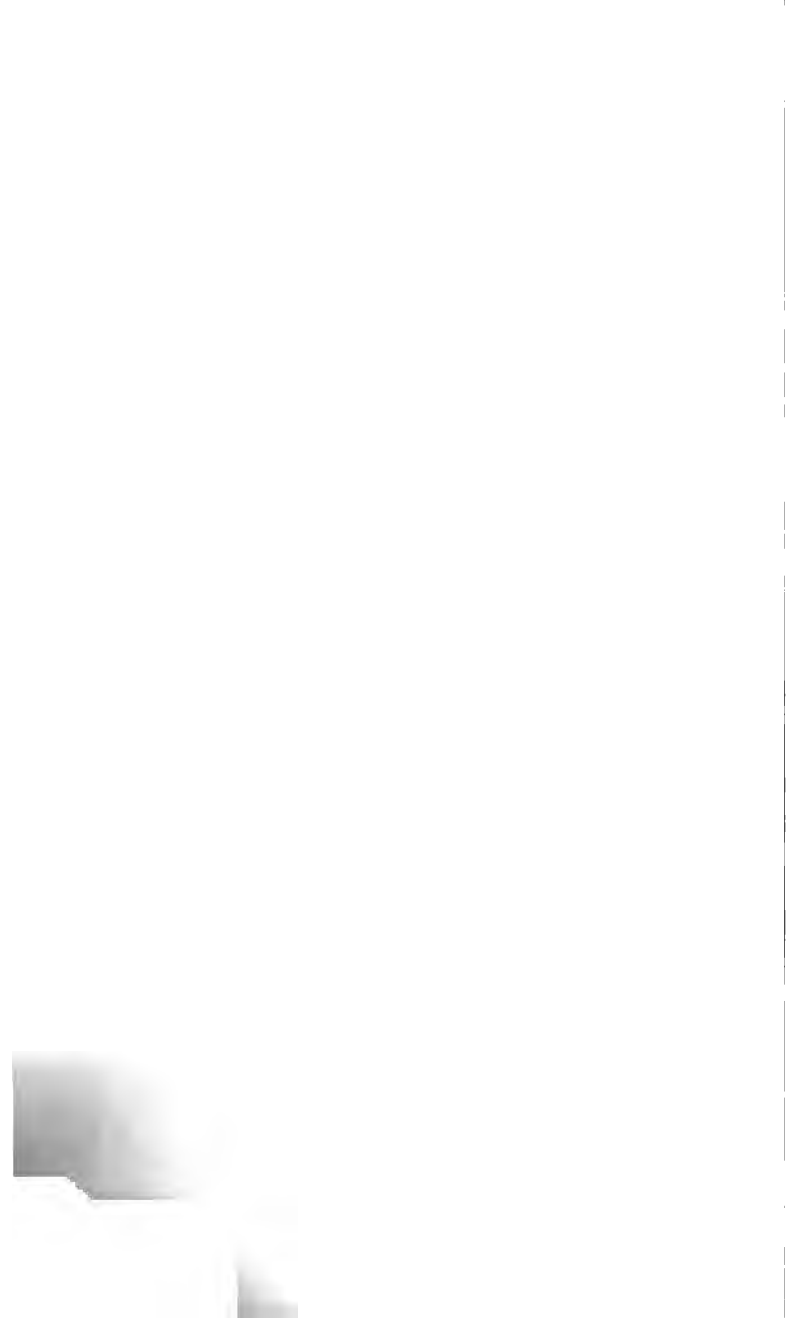












INCIDENTS  
OF  
SOCIAL LIFE

AMID THE  
EUROPEAN ALPS.

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TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

J. HEINRICH D. ZSCHOKKE,

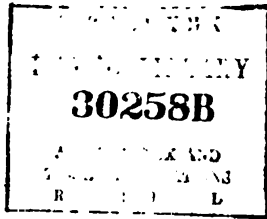
BY LOUIS STRACK.

NEW-YORK:  
D. APPLETON & CO., 200 BROADWAY.

PHILADELPHIA:  
GEORGE S. APPLETON, 148 CHESNUT-STREET.

1844.

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## PREFATORY NOTICE.

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THE ensuing delineations of European manners and sentiments are selected from the works of JOHN HEINRICH DANIEL ZSCHOKKE, a living author renowned in Germany and Switzerland, whose writings are almost unknown in this country. The chief part of a collection of religious and moral essays which have lately been translated and published in London under the title of "*Hours of Devotion*," are attributed to him; and such has been their unbounded popularity, which is amply merited, that one hundred and fifty thousand copies have been dispersed in the German language within the last few years.

ZSCHOKKE is a native of Magdeburg in Prussia, and is now, at seventy-three years of age, a citizen of Switzerland—having passed through a very eventful period, and a changeful life; which has enabled him to depict the social characteristics, principles, and actions of those around him, with a novelty and interest equally racy and instructive. His parents died when he was young, and he was thus bereft of their guidance and restrictions. He was educated in the Gymnasium of Magdeburg, which he was enticed to abandon suddenly, by a company of theatrical strollers, for whom he prepared pieces for their exhibition. But he separated from those associates in disgust; and entered the University of Frankfort, where he studied the belles-lettres, with history, philosophy and theology; and at twenty years of age entered upon active life, as

an instructor of youth. Notwithstanding his admitted qualifications, and his solicitude, he could not obtain a permanent public appointment as a teacher; and his application also for a professorship in the University of Frankfort, in 1795, was unsuccessful, as it was supposed, through the interference of the Prussian government, whom he had offended. WOLLNER, the Minister of State, entirely controlled Frederic William II., then monarch of Prussia, by facilitating his profligate life, encouraging his superstitious infatuation, and intimidating him with pretended supernatural appearances. Through Wollner's investigations, the half-idiot king issued his infamous "RELIGIOUS EDICT," which enjoined a persecuting intolerance and a dogmatic mysticism, altogether incompatible both with the spirit of the age, and the fundamental establishment of the Prussian monarchy. Zschokke wrote and published a powerful philippic against that pernicious measure; and the narrow-minded implacable Rosicrusian minister obstructed the advancement of his eloquent literary adversary. In consequence of that disappointment, Zschokke determined to make a journey into Italy; but on his way, being invited to superintend the seminary at Reichenau, he began his residence in Switzerland; and through the whole of the agitations of the Swiss Cantons, connected with the changes of the French Revolution, Zschokke was a prominent, indefatigable citizen, and was called by the people to perform official duties of the most important character during that stormy period.

Amid his numerous engagements, he published within about twenty years, several valuable works, among which his Histories of the Grisons, of Bavaria, and of Switzerland, and his Pictures of Switzerland, are very popular and highly esteemed. A collection of his works in forty volumes appeared some years

ago, including his Tales, and Biographical and Descriptive Sketches—and from those delineations of Alpine life, the narratives comprised in this volume have been selected.

The four histories that follow, developing Incidents of Society among the Swiss Mountaineers and their neighbours, must not be regarded as mere fictions. They are doubtless graphical displays of real events, changeless scenery, and living actors, as they have passed under the observation of the perspicacious author; and that they were designed in their present form to convey salutary instruction to those who delve beneath the mere surface, is obvious from the character of the writer, and his ascertained principles, as developed in the “Hours of Devotion.”

“THE FUGITIVE OF THE JURA,” reminds the reader of the beautiful poem by our beloved poet James Montgomery, entitled “*The Wanderer of Switzerland*,” for the lyrist and the professor seem to have drawn their materials from the same source. Montgomery chanted the desolations of war in his own pacific spirit, as intertwined with the Helvetic narrative,—and Zachokke has depicted the miseries inseparable from the belligerent profession, in vivid portraiture, which render duelling and military ravages as loathsome, as they are agonizing and criminal. The history of Florian doubtless is a transcript from the life, as it passed before the eyes of the Tutor of Reichenau; and the “Sybil” is the true image of the European wandering fortune-telling gipsy.

“MARBLE AND CONRAD,” is a very exemplary portraiture for youth, by which to enforce the domestic and social virtues. It is the embodiment, peradventure, in another form, of the author’s early wanderings; and a picture of the results which have followed the adoption of his own system of political econo-



my around the visible *Alteck*, where he has controlled the minds and habits of his compatriots. "MEND THE HOLE IN YOUR SLEEVE!" is one of the most useful and attractive moral descriptions for the study of our juniors, which can be found among our lighter modern literature.

"A FOOL OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY," is an admirable satire upon the antiquated feudalism, and the aristocratic hollowness, and lordliness, and injustice of the old European nations. With the expanded observation, and the diversified experience which Zschokke had gained from Magdeburg to Italy, and amid his multiplied public avocations during the French Revolution; he doubtless saw many such instances of oligarchical absurdity; and possibly may have encountered *one* such "FOOL!" as he delineates—unless he himself is the living memento of that transcendent wisdom, of which his "*Fool of the Nineteenth Century*" is the speaking oracle. It is a charming picture for us Republicans to contemplate; and the combined sagacity and truthfulness with which the "FOOL" practically interprets our own "Declaration of Independence," almost urges the desire to visit Zschokke, that he might introduce us to the Baron and Barony of Flyeln!

"HORTENSIA" is a development of another class of persons. The author probably meant by it to disclose his own spiritually refined views of man in his loftier relations, and thereby to counteract the modern neological speculations of some of his purblind contemporaries.—Or he might have designed, under the covering which he has assumed, to expose the pretended secrets, and the real artifices of the Rosicrusians, by whom, through his persecutor, the Prussian statesman Wollner, he had been obstructed in the obtaining of his desired professorship.—Or he may have intended, by his description of

Hortensia's artful reweries, to demonstrate the jugglery of "Animal Magnetism," with its correlate impostures. Whether one or all of these objects were in his view, is unimportant, as he has successfully accomplished his beneficial purpose.

American citizens, however, who are not personally conversant with European prejudices, superstitions, customs, and the humiliating gradations of society, may be disposed to consider the following narratives, merely as fictitious. That the appellatives are so is self-evident,—but the scenery is the landscape in the actual reality—and the characters, with the exception perhaps of Hortensia, are veritable portraits; while all the rest is "life as it is," and as constantly exemplified around the European Alps. These sketches therefore are not to be deemed merely amusing bagatelles, ephemeral "trifles light as air," but may be classed among the weightier specimens of that complex real and decorative biography, which is "history teaching by example."

*New-York, September 6, 1844.*



FLORIAN:  
THE FUGITIVE OF THE JURA.

CHAPTER I.

THE FLIGHT.

IN the year 1798, when France had deluged the mountains of Helvetia with her armies for the purpose of quelling the civil disturbances of Switzerland, and had destroyed the old covenant of the *Eidsgenossen*, several of the most worthy men of that country were dragged by the conquerors into the interior of France, either as hostages for the payment of the sums imposed on the so-called oligarchical cities, or to remove men whose influence and popularity in the cantons were known, and whose decided hatred against the new order of things was greatly feared.

One of those persons was a junior Swiss, who, in the last week of May, 1799, was conveyed under a strict guard, by Lausanne and Yverdun, toward Besançon. But he was too young to have filled any office of importance in his country, as he could scarcely have seen five-and-twenty summers. He travelled in an ill-conditioned cart, seated between two French soldiers, whose loaded muskets were leaning against a bundle of straw, that served as a seat for a peasant who seemed to be the owner of the conveyance.

The prisoner's appearance excited the sympathy of all who passed by him. His finely-proportioned figure, the in-

telligent expression of his countenance, the proud, piercing glance of his large blue eyes, and his dignified bearing, marked him as a man not of the common stamp. The paleness of his face excited still greater compassion, for his grey coat buttoned up in front, and its green velvet facings were disfigured by dark red spots; and judging by the low tone of voice in which he spoke, and by his motions, they gave evidence of great pain and feebleness from the loss of blood, which most probably had been spilled in the defence of his country.

His military companions, a corporal and a private, treated him with great civility and forbearance, and endeavoured to make his lot as easy as possible. His liberality might have availed to bring about that result, for he supplied them with good wine at every place where they stopped.

They passed the night at Balaiguer, a village near the frontier of France. When the guards conducted their prisoner early in the morning to the cart, he was apparently so overcome by weakness that he sank fainting to the ground. "Let me die here," he said, with a broken voice, "let me at least die on Swiss ground! You will never take me to Besançon alive."

The soldiers, greatly perplexed, carried him back into the inn, fearing he would die in their arms. All the people in the house hastened to the unfortunate prisoner's relief. Some would have gone for a physician who lived at a distance, but the soldiers prohibited them, saying, that he would soon feel better.

"Truly," said the corporal, "I am very sorry indeed, but dead or alive, we must carry him to-day as far as Pontarlier. He is placed in my charge, and I have my orders; therefore, onward. Take him up and carry him to the cart."

The prisoner opened his eyes, cast at the corporal a dark, significant side-glance, and asked for *Kirschwasser* and bread. He ate a few mouthfuls of the bread, put the remainder in his pocket, and then drank three or four glasses of the strongest *Kirschwasser*, without moving a muscle of his face.

“Whew-ew! exclaimed the corporal, who had also tasted of the liquor, “I cannot imitate him in that, although I am as healthy as a mountain deer. He drinks like a Russian!” All the servants and guests of the inn who surrounded the prisoner, were not less amazed at that proceeding in one whom they believed at the point of death. The young man then arose, paid the landlord, and requested to be led to the cart. He was lifted into it, and placed on his seat. The soldiers posted themselves, one on each side of him, and went on their way across the frontier into the French dominions. Having travelled a few hours they reached Chaux-de-Sous, where the rocks and mountains drawn closely together form the narrow pass of La Cluse. There the prisoner groaned most bitterly, and seemed to have lost the power of supporting himself upright. He threw an arm round the neck of each of his guides, that he might not sink fainting into the cart.

But the alarmed soldiers presently felt themselves in the grasp of a giant. The prisoner turned their heads with almost supernatural power, and smashed them repeatedly with such terrific force together, that the blood gushed in streams from their noses, and they both fell stunned to the bottom of the cart. When the peasant saw the soldiers in their blood, and the prisoner in the act of seizing their muskets, he sprang terror-stricken from his seat, and fled. He soon heard behind him a crash, and on looking round, he saw the prisoner strike off the butt-ends of the muskets, and fling them away. He then ran a considerable distance

into the mountains. The fugitive bounded from crag to crag, with the agility and fearlessness of a chamois. The steepest rocks, where never mortal man before had placed a foot, he climbed as if he had wings. He then vanished between the bushes and crags.

Neither the bewildered driver, who devoutly believed that the half-dead captive was possessed by the devil, nor either of the soldiers, who did not recover their recollection for a considerable length of time, felt the least disposition to pursue the escaped prisoner.

The young man, who had previously meditated upon his flight, in order to lull the vigilance and suspicion of his guards, had played admirably the part of a feeble man on the brink of death; but he now proceeded with light and rapid strides up and down the mountains, always towards the more cold and higher regions of the Jura. He never deviated from the straight line he had taken, unless his path brought him too near to a mountain hut, or to a human form in the distance. Beaten paths were not his course. He stopped not to breathe until after the lapse of two hours, when he arrived at the summit of one of the highest mountains that offered a clear and unobstructed prospect over the whole surrounding country.

Here he stood still, far above the vales and the habitations of men, in the noiseless wilderness, traversed but by the solitary eagle. With delight he inhaled the luxurious draught of pure air, the refreshing stream of which cooled the fever on his brow, and flowed gratefully through his light golden ringlets. Below his feet, in the vast abyss, waved the tops of the lofty pines. Towards the East, stretched in a straight line, occasionally broken in upon by crags, the long, woody mountain ridges, that enclose the uniform green carpet of the vales. It seemed to be an immense picture of green waves, the tops of which were black-

ened by the dark horizon. Towards the West, the mountain gradually descended into the dusky plains of France, with here and there a patch of wood, like the shadows cast by clouds. Southward, far beyond the lakes, and the wide extent of visible country, glittered the snow-crowned Alps, lifting their frozen heads high above the clouds. Thither the fugitive cast an anxious, musing, and melancholy gaze. Then his eye rambled once more through the lower lands by which he was immediately surrounded, that he might determine upon the course next to be pursued.

After having refreshed himself, he proceeded along the sharp ridge of the mountain, towards a crag which promised a more distant view, as it was considerably higher than the spot where he then stood.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE SYBIL.

AFTER having plodded his way across the loose pieces of the black ruins of the rock, which, as his foot touched them, rolled with a tremendous crash into the abyss below, he arrived at the top of the crag; and was greatly surprised to find a very aged woman sitting on a stone, with her eyes immoveably fixed on the blue distance. Her bodice and petticoat made of half woollen brown stuff, which from long wear showed the white linen threads, bespoke poverty; but the whiteness of her cap, and the little blue kerchief, together with her red striped apron, manifested, notwithstanding her poverty, that she was very tidy. Her withered right hand was leaning upon a crutch made of black thorn, while her left arm, with the elbow placed



upon her knee, supported her chin. Her wrinkled, sunburnt face might have been pleasing, through an expression of kind-heartedness, had not her chin and lips been shaded by a soft, yellowish beard.

The fugitive looked at her for some time in silence, and then saluted her with a loud voice. The old woman, thus aroused from her reverie, raised her head, returned his salutation, and scanned his fine figure, without showing the least symptom of surprise. He seated himself opposite to her, took out his piece of bread, and made his frugal meal, uttering a few words about the weather and the scene, in order to draw her into conversation. The old woman, without replying to him, continued to stare him full in the face ; and when at length he succeeded in drawing from her an answer, it was given as from a person whose mind is occupied with other objects, and who dreams with open eyes. He however learned from her, and it tranquillized his mind, that he was no longer on French ground, but in the principality of Neufchâtel, upon one of the heights of the Gros Taureau, not far from the village of Les Verrieres.

“ Whence are you ? if I may be allowed to ask the question,” said the old woman, after another long silence, still with her eyes fixed upon his face, as if she were dreaming.

He pointed with his finger to the East, and said—“ My dwelling is yonder, where the last Alp is scarcely visible.”

“ In the Grisons ?” asked the old woman abruptly. The fugitive averted his face, unable to conceal, at this question, a feeling of astonishment. “ Thereabouts,” he replied.

“ Do not fear me,” said the old woman, “ you are perfectly safe with us. Do you not come from France, from Pontarlier ? you were a prisoner, and have escaped. Is it not so ?”

The young man did not hesitate to confess that fact.

“That is human blood,” she said, pointing to the spots on his gray coat and pantaloons, “and it is quite fresh.”

At those words, the fugitive remarked, for the first time, the fresh stains of blood on his clothes. He related faithfully the manner in which he had escaped from the two soldiers, not far from Pontarlier, and inquired whether in the Neuchâtel territory, he would be safe from the pursuit and violence of the French.

“Most certainly,” rejoined the old woman, “for Prussia is at peace with France, and the King of Prussia is the sovereign of the land. You need not fear any violence, but you will do well to live in some sequestered part of the country, in order to put yourself out of the reach of discovery and deceit. That I might tell you so, was my purpose in coming hither.”

“What!” exclaimed the fugitive, “you surely could not know, mother, that you should find me here.”

“You may doubt me, young man, but nevertheless, I was sent hither on your account.”

“That’s impossible!” exclaimed the fugitive; “not a human being knows me in this country, for I never set foot in it until now!”

“But you will soon love this land as well, and be able to forget it as little, as your own in the higher Alps. There you dwelt in a wide and large valley. I see your beautiful home almost in the midst of it, shaded by high trees, by the side of a wild, murmuring rivulet, that rushes from the near mountain. At the side of it, the gray, rugged walls of rock lift their heads above the clouds; while in the back ground of the landscape, the vale seems barricaded by mountains of ice and snow. It is quite different here. Our mountains are but hills, when compared with yours.”

The fugitive stared at the old woman with distended eyes, and asked with astonishment—"So, you have seen my home; will you tell me what it is called?"

The old woman replied, "I know not its name, but I think I see it very distinctly. You, young sir, I also see in the high mountains, accompanied by a friend, with your rifle in your hand. You are a gallant, honourable man. Hold firm to your stern honesty. You meant well, but you would have had less sorrow, had you been less fiery; and often you should have less presumed on your bodily strength. It is well for you that you are not married; though several times they tried to force you into the marriage state. This gave rise to a great deal of disquietude in your house. Now you are as free as the bird in the air. You have frequently been asked, whether your heart was not fettered by the affection you bore another, when you refused to unite yourself to the woman who was proposed to you. You spoke always the truth when you answered their inquiries in the negative. But now, nobody asks you; yet a longing has taken possession of your soul. Cupid's arrow has pierced your heart, and you know not where to buy a balm for your secret wound. Go into the temple, and ask the God of Sleep to bless you with a dream of revelation."

The old woman paused, but still looked at the young man with a fixed gaze. As she spoke, her eyes seemed ready to start from their sockets, and the features of her countenance bore a solemn, lurid expression. The fugitive sat opposite to her, as if petrified, and seemed still, as if listening, long after she had ceased to speak.

"But, mother," said he, "if you do not know me, who then has told you all these things?"

"Who could tell me, young man," she rejoined, "what you have told to none? But you should not have interrupt-

ed me," she added, evidently displeased, rubbing her eyes, and appearing as if she had just been awakened from sleep. She looked first on one side, then on the other, and then again at him, and said, "Now every thing passes away like a mist, and yet I feel as if I ought to have told you a great deal more, which would have been of benefit to you hereafter ; but it is all gone from me."

"Whence did you draw your knowledge of what you have told me already?" asked the stranger.

The old woman lifted both her hands in the air, spread out her fingers, waved them about at random, looked into the distance, and shook her head, as if she would say by that strange motion, "I have my knowledge from I know not where, and if I knew, I should scarcely be permitted to tell you of it."

"Can you tell me any thing more, mother?" asked the fugitive.

"It is all over. It still moves darkly after the first, as if strange events were impending over you. Fortune favours you, and that is the reason why you are haunted by misery. More I know not."

Like a prophesying Sybil, the old woman sat before him, on the top of a rock. He began to feel a secret fear creeping over him. He almost could have believed her to be one of those mysterious beings of whom superstition speaks ; that they live in the bowels of the mountains, and sometimes appear to the shepherd, or to the wayfarer who has lost his path, sometimes in the shape of pigmies, and anon of dancing elves, and other adventurous creatures. Then again, he thought her to be a lunatic who roamed among the mountains. But when he reverted to what she had said of his domestic circumstances, of his individual self, of the things which had occurred to him in his past history, things which he had kept concealed in his own heart, and

other matters which were known to his family only, he was almost tempted to believe in witchcraft.

“Mother,” he said, “you have no doubt been a great traveller in your life-time.”

She laid her finger significantly upon her forehead, and replied with a gentle smile, “Indeed, I have travelled very far, but it was only in the spirit ; not with my feet on the high road. I have been four times in Neufchâtel : the last time was when the royal governor was sworn in ; it was a grand spectacle. I have been often at Locle, but never any farther.”

“Where do you live ?” inquired the fugitive.

She lifted her crutch, described a circle in the air, and said, “In all these mountains. Everywhere ! At every hut I find a welcome, and a place. I am well known, and need but little for myself.”

“But what brought you to the top of this mountain, which is difficult of access even to persons much younger than yourself. It could not be for pleasure,” he rejoined.

“Young man,” answered the sybil, “I bend my steps whither I must ; although I may appear to go whither I list. It is the spirit that guides the steps of men. To-day I was sent hither to await your coming.” At those words she arose ; and drawing herself up to her full height, which far exceeded that of ordinary women, she left the stranger without bidding him farewell. She had not gone far, when she stopped and beckoned to the fugitive with her crutch. He obeyed the summons. She then pointed to a place in the woods at their feet and said, “There you will find a pure stream ; its spring is unknown, and its course is unseen. There cleanse the blood from off your garments ; for human blood looks ill on man’s attire !”

“Shall I find a human habitation any where near ?” he asked.

She replied, "When you descend, you will see in the valley below Les Verrieres, through which passes the great road to Pontarlier. But you must not tarry where your pursuers may track your path; therefore go from Les Verrieres up the mountain to Les Jeannets, or to La Côte-aux-Fées."

The old woman then proceeded with long and hasty strides over the ridge of the mountain. The fugitive watched her until her tall figure disappeared amidst the bushes.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE NATURALIST.

"NONSENSE!" muttered the young man, as he descended the height towards the woods that she had pointed out to him. In that exalted solitude, a feeling which he could not explain to himself, had taken possession of his soul. His escape from captivity, his meeting with the mysterious sybil at the crag of the Gros Taureau, the words she had spoken, and the remembrances she had called up, were so entirely foreign to common experience, and altogether so marvellous, that it seemed to him, as if with the jump he had taken from the cart, he had also leaped into another world.

In the valley below him, and on the side of the mountain, he observed human dwellings scattered about in every direction. He proceeded on his path along the ridge to conceal in the darkness of the pine wood the stains on his garments, which certainly were well calculated to arouse suspicion, should any one chance to see him. He therefore sought the place which the old woman had so accurately described to him, and after a long search, found it

hidden behind some bushes. It was a hollow in the ground, in which the rain water had collected, forming a pool that evidently served for watering cattle.

Here, in the seclusion of the wood, he undressed himself, and first purified his pantaloons from the darkened stains of blood. Although not an adept in the art of washing, he finished his task in an uncommonly short time. He also made the discovery that the under clothes he wore would be none the worse for similar treatment. His shirt, through three weeks' wear, had changed its colour from white almost to black ; but it was the only one of which he was then owner. From his leather belt that he wore next his body he drew forth a few pieces of gold, that he might have the key to civility and hospitality in his hand, with which a beggar or a vagrant—and he had the appearance either of one or the other—seldom meets. Having thus arranged his garments, he knelt down also to cleanse the spots of blood from his coat.

While in the midst of this operation he was surprised by a human voice exclaiming, "Halloo, friend ! I can give you company, and shall do it too." The fugitive looked up, and behind him stood a little man in a black dress, who deposited carefully a large book, a hammer, and a bundle of flowers under a fir-tree. He then proceeded to take off a white muslin neckerchief, which was white no longer ; next his dusty shoes, then a pair of hose which were not the better for wear, and the whiteness of which had met with a similar fate as that of the neckerchief.

"Always a salutary, although a somewhat mean occupation this, whenever a person has nothing better to do," said the man in black, as he also knelt beside the water ; "but why do you wash your coat ?"

"I slipped in walking, and soiled it on the ground," replied the young man.

"My good friend!" exclaimed the man in black, as he looked attentively at the pool, "you must tell me where the ground became treacherous to you. Do you not see that you are giving the whole water the colour of a reddish brown that comes evidently of iron ore? Have you been in the districts of Fenin? or, perhaps, in the neighbourhood of La Brevine, where I have sought so long, and in vain, for the stratum of iron which there impregnates with its properties the sanative springs? The country may have to thank your disaster for a most important discovery."

"I am a stranger in these parts," replied the fugitive, "and am unable to give you the name of the place."

"But you will make some stay in this country?" inquired the geologist.

"I think so," answered the Grison. "I should like to become more acquainted with this principality, which is so closely connected with Switzerland."

"Excellent, excellent!" said his companion. "You can learn a great deal from me. I am the Professor ONYX. Only ask for me, and I will conduct you wherever you may feel inclined to go. But above all, we must first find the stratum on which you had the unmatched fortune to fall. Let us but bring this stratum into open day, sir, and the fortune of the country is made. I will have founderies and forges erected instantaneously. We have wood in plenty; and if need be, a superabundance of turf for the small fires."

The fugitive cast sidelong, scrutinizing glances at his companion, who was kneeling at his side, and who, without permitting himself to be interrupted, continued to speak of the great advantages of iron-works, to calculate the capital which his project necessarily required, and to—wash his stockings! When at length he paused, the Grison said, "Sir, you are doubtless appointed professor in one of the institutions in this part of the country?"



“By no means, my worthy friend,” exclaimed the professor. “I live independently, and for myself alone. I have different work to perform from that of teaching wild boys Latin with cane in hand. You have no conception of the barbaric ignorance of the people here. There they sit, forever making watch-wheels, watch-springs, and watch-chains, or weaving lace ; and all this time they know nothing of the treasures of their soil, have no idea of agriculture, and are even a century behind the times in the art of breeding cattle. By this uniform, constant, and mechanical labour these men degenerate at last into senseless machines themselves, and become as blind to the wonderful treasures of nature, as the very oxen that live under the same roof. In no state should manufactures be tolerated, until the population becomes so numerous that the soil cannot yield them any longer the means of subsistence. I have written a treatise on this subject, and was in hopes that the council would take up another notion. But the people are here too free ! They will not be led, and adhere to their old jog-trot ways, like ticks to a sheep. A better example ought to be given them. Mere demonstration is of no avail. Let us institute iron-founderies forthwith ; that will stimulate them to the things that concern the forest, bring turf into greater request, will dry up marshes miles in length, and make them fit for agricultural purposes.”

The professor continued to develop his views of political economy until the washing was not only concluded, but the clothes were half dried by the sunbeams which now and then penetrated the thick bushes of fir, and fell on them as they hung upon the stumps of some old trees. The fugitive put on his coat, and as the professor was going to do the same with his stockings, he discovered with surprise that they were still very wet, although they had been exposed to the rays of the sun nearly an hour.

“See here, sir, see here!” he exclaimed; “this is very astonishing; how can such a phenomenon be accounted for? Animal wool absorbs more water than cotton, and yet your woollen coat has dried sooner than my stockings. My neckerchief also is still quite wet. That is very astonishing indeed.”

The fugitive smiled, and said, “In the heat of your discourse you most probably forgot to wring out the water immediately after you had done washing them.”

Mr. Onyx contracted his brow, shook his head, and replied, “This cannot be the cause of the slow evaporation of the wet in my washing. Should I have forgotten to wring them out when I drew them from the water? Never; a thing of that kind does not so easily slip my memory. But let us now return to our founderies,” he said, as he rolled up his wet stockings and neckcloth, and put them together in his black coat pocket, and thrust his bare feet into his shoes, adding at the same time, “People in this part of the country do not put any restraint upon themselves.”

The fugitive, more anxious to find food and shelter than to hear his companion discuss the natural curiosities of the Principality of Neuchâtel, asked the professor, “Where do you reside?”

“This summer,” he replied, “I live yonder, on the heights of Les Bayards; but whither are you going, sir?”

The fugitive, remembering the advice which the old sybil had given him at the Gros Taureau, to seek a sequestered spot in the Jeannets or La Côte-aux-Fées, mentioned those places to the professor.

“Oh!” exclaimed the professor, “excellent, excellent! I shall accompany you as far as the village Les Verrières. Thence I take the path to the left up to Les Bayards, while you will ascend the mountain to the right, to La Côte-aux-Fées. I shall see you soon. I know every body there;

they are all good people, but incredibly ignorant, and without feeling, and insensible to the necessity of improving their condition. I cannot even except the old hospitable Staffard, who loves to read the books I generally carry him in winter time. But to whose house are you going, and where shall I be most likely to find you ? ”

The fugitive did not consider long, but pronounced the name of Staffard, which he had just now heard for the first time, and with the very commendable title of “ *hospitable.* ”

“ Excellent ! ” exclaimed the professor. “ Staffard is my most intimate friend. Remember me to him. I should be bound to love him were he a heathen, from which state, indeed, he is not very far removed. I can, however, tell you, Mr. — How ? Did you not just now give me your name ? I have forgotten it already ! It is really amazing how treacherous my memory is growing of late. Excuse me, sir, but I must request you to favour me with your name once more. ”

“ You may call me Florian, ” replied the Grison.

“ Well then, Mr. Florian, ” said the professor, “ you will become sick and tired of this land of Hottentots before a month is over. ”

Heavy drops of rain began to fall through the branches of the firs from the darkly-overcast heavens, and distant thunder announced the coming of a storm. Mr. Onyx looked anxiously about him, gathered up hastily his books, hammer, and herbs, exclaiming, “ Let us get out of the wood, every fir attracts lightning, and you may believe me when I say that lightning has quite a predilection for my person. It is astonishing how it pursues me. Oh that I were but in my house at Les Bayards ! that at least is secured by a lightning rod ; but you cannot find another house of safety in the whole adjacent country. ” Saying this, Mr. Onyx set off at full speed. Both the companions hurried out of

the wood in an oblique direction down the meadow towards the valley below. The storm was close above their heads; lightning and thunder followed each other in quick succession. His bundle of plants becoming troublesome to the professor, he discarded it. "For the preservation of our lives we must sacrifice everything," he ejaculated; and taking one mineral after another out of his coat-pocket, the skirts of which were beating about his legs, he threw them away in order to facilitate and accelerate his rapid course.

They soon reached the village Les Verrieres, along the side of which ran the high road to Pontarlier. The mountains there at the side of the valleys are not very lofty, because the valleys themselves are elevated several thousand feet above the level of the sea. The rain fell with great violence. The dark clouds moved on heavily at the brow of the mountain. Each flash of lightning seemed to convert the whole atmosphere and the heavy falling rain into one sheet of flame. Mr. Onyx fled like an arrow that has left the bow, bending his flight across the broad street, towards a house with green shutters; then up a flight of stone steps, and entered a door on his left. Florian followed his agile conductor into a spacious room, where he immediately called for food, with which to refresh himself; for he had tasted but little nourishment through the whole of that adventurous day.

It required little persuasion, on the part of Florian, to induce the professor to partake of the refreshments; but before sitting down, he drew the table into the middle of the room, and measured very accurately the distance from the window, door, and stove. After having finished his occupation he said, "Well, now we are as safe as we possibly can be, in a house that has no lightning rod." They both regaled themselves to their hearts' content. "Friend of my soul," said Mr. Onyx, "this white nectar

of Neufchâtel is the only good thing that human art is capable of producing in this land of ignorance ! Even I could not improve it."

## CHAPTER IV.

### STAFFARD'S DWELLING.

As soon as the storm had abated, and the blue heaven began to peep from between the opening clouds, the travellers prepared to set forth on their journey. Florian paid his bill to the host, and his scientific guest, grateful for the refreshment he had received, conducted his "most excellent friend," as he denominated him, safely on the road to La Côte-aux-Fées. At the foot of the mountain, on the south side of the valley, they separated like old friends, with a hearty farewell. Onyx returned to the high road, and proceeded towards the scattered dwellings of Les Bayards ; while Florian ascended the rugged mountain-path, which ran in an oblique direction through the pine-wood.

When he had reached the summit of the ridge, the sun was sinking to the horizon, behind the high peaks in the west. His last rays glittered on the undulating, dark green plains, the hills of which cast sharply defined, black shadows through the golden light of the pasture grounds. Gigantic rocks arose, and hills were joined to hills, while gloomy forests of fir spread out their dark hues in the distance. Houses were scattered everywhere in the meadows, and all of similar structure, spacious and broad. The lower part of those houses was built of stone, with numerous windows, but the upper part joined together by logs and boards ; and out of the roof, shingled with wood, a broad square chimney arose, like a tower.

Every thing he saw bore marks of contentment, and of agreeable prosperity in the lap of the kind, although poor mother, Nature. There were no fruit trees, and only here and there, in the fields of grass, could be seen a small patch bearing oats or barley; while the little gardens before the houses yielded vegetables instead of flowers.

Florian had beheld far more charming landscapes, yet this silent, refreshing solitude, on the top of the mountains, cheered his mind in a remarkable manner. In this wide and general peacefulness, a friendly spirit seemed to welcome him, saying, "Here shalt thou find what thou seekest, secrecy and oblivion." He thanked in his heart the mysterious apparition at the Gros Taureau, for having directed him to this spot; and resolved to inquire for the hospitable house of Mr. Staffard, whose name the talkative professor had mentioned. All this he believed was the working and voice of an all-governing Providence.

The appearance of the inhabitants of that wilderness greatly enhanced his impression of the whole. He had expected to find in those highlands, so remote from any frequented road, the uncouth manners of a mountain people; who, being in a continual struggle with nature for the necessaries of life, remain for ever strangers to the refined enjoyments of a social mode of living; but to his astonishment, he found here the dress and manners of a people of refinement. Children, as well as grown persons, answered his inquiries with insinuating politeness. Often was he accompanied on his way for some distance, that he might not mistake the direction. The very lowest people evinced an urbanity, such as is not often met with in towns. No one molested him with curious inquiries. The women and their daughters were dressed with taste, their manners gentle, and the expression of their features amiable. The men cleanly, simple, and pleasant. Florian

was compelled to acknowledge that La Côte-aux-Feés was deserving of its name. At least it had a fairy-like appearance, when the huts and the wilderness of a district were inhabited by a community, not wild and rough as the rocks which surrounded them, but by men and women of noble manners, who, with their becomingness of behaviour and beauty of person, might have graced a palace.

After having walked for about an hour, as night was beginning to set in, a little boy who was collecting his goats, pointed out to him the dwelling of Staffard.

It was a rustic, spacious building, standing at the foot of a hill, surrounded by maples that had for centuries defied the storms of time. The front of the house was from seventy to eighty feet in length, and the same number in depth ; so that the whole formed nearly a large square, with numerous windows in front, and several doors of entrance. Above the lower story that was built of stone and plastered, rose a second one of wood, neatly weather-boarded, and ornamented with as many windows as the lower one. The roof was rather flat, and upon the wooden shingles were placed heavy stones to prevent the storms from blowing them off. The chimney, which looked more like a tower, and upon the broad outlet of which was placed a moveable lid, which in time of rain could be let down, rose to the right. An enormous water spout was on the left, through which the water ran from the roof into a reservoir, a few feet distant from the house. At the side, and a little apart from the building, stood spacious stables. In front of the house, enclosed with a wooden railing, spread a large garden, in which Mr. Staffard cultivated his vegetables.

Such was the dwelling of Staffard, as it stood solitary and alone upon his grounds ; not differing from the others in that part of the country in structure, but only in size, cleanliness, and more careful keeping.

At the moment when Florian passed round a stupendous rock, and the house was before his sight, his ear was saluted by a surprising burst of music. It was a well-known symphony of Haydn, executed with French horns, flutes, and clarionets. He remained leaning against the rock, that by his appearance he might not interrupt the piece; the clearness, the correctness, and the tenderness of the performance of which he admired; and he thought, "where there are touches of feeling like these, a deserted stranger will surely find a welcome and a resting place!"

When the music ceased, and the fugitive was approaching the garden, he suddenly almost changed his opinion. An enormous wolf-dog with long white hair, flew at him with a savage growl, and jumped at his breast. At the same moment, however, several voices behind the window shouted to the dog to return; but when their command remained unobeyed, they hastened to the door. To their horror they saw the furious animal standing upright against the stranger, who, self-possessed, called out to them, "Send the master of the animal hither, that he may take him away, otherwise I shall be compelled to kill him immediately!" The terrible animal whined and howled frightfully. All the people approached, not without shuddering; for they saw how the unknown grasped with his left hand the dog's throat, while with his right he held one of his paws, pushing it back so forcibly, that the animal opened his mouth wide with pain, then gently touched the strong fist that held him with his teeth, and licked it with his tongue.

"That man could tame a bear," said one of the men. "You need not hold the dog any longer, sir, he will not touch you again. Begone, Hector, begone!"

The dog, released from the stranger's grasp, crept whining away, looking fearfully back at his conqueror.



"You have nothing more to fear from him now," said the alarmed owner of the dog.

"I should not fear him, were you even to set him on me," replied Florian ; "but I should feel sorry for the noble creature, for I could break his paw."

The by-standers looked at the dauntless man, with that sort of respect which bodily or intellectual strength will always command. He told them that night had overtaken him in a strange country, which he had intended to visit for pleasure. He just touched upon his newly-made acquaintance, the professor Onyx, and delivered the respects which that personage had commissioned him to give to Mr. Staffard.

"I am he," said the oldest of the men, in a deep bass voice. He was an old man of a majestic appearance, whose tall, muscular form, broad chest, noble and commanding countenance, and whose gray hair, which parted on the forehead, fell in thick locks over his broad shoulders ; all might have served sculptors and painters for a model of a Moses. "George," said he, turning to a tall, handsome young man, who was still holding a French horn in his hand, "this stranger will stay all night with us ; therefore have his room prepared. You, sir, I hope, will be able to accommodate yourself here. It would be late before you could reach a tavern, and moreover, the ways are not easy to find."

Florian thankfully accepted the invitation ; and all followed the old man into his hospitable dwelling.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE NARRATIVE.

AFTER having gone through the hall of the house, they entered a spacious apartment ; upon the hearth of which blazed a large flame, and by a symmetrical arrangement of bright plates and dishes, proclaimed itself the kitchen of the house. It bore a similarity to the inside of a tower, for it had no ceiling, and the four walls gradually diminished in size until at the top they formed the aperture of a wide chimney. A side door opened into a large sitting room, in which were standing several music desks, with parts of the symphony they had just been playing. The tables, chairs, and all the other furniture were simple and neat, and made of pine. Uncommon cleanliness was substituted for splendour of furniture. Engravings of Frederic the Great, Washington, La Fayette, and other fellow-worthies of the age, decorated the brown paneled walls.

Two of the musical performers speedily departed, and from what they said, Florian concluded they were neighbours of Mr. Staffard. Before sitting down to supper, the elder Mr. Staffard folded his hands and invoked the divine blessing in a loud tone of voice. Florian then received the place of honour between himself and his son George. The four remaining musicians were persons in Mr. Staffard's service, and sat down to the table as friends of the host. The lower end of the table was occupied by the old, busy cook. A cheerful conversation, which seasoned the simple repast, changed every moment its tone and colouring, either in jest or seriousness. It touched upon domestic and agricultural affairs, or it turned to expressions of friendly interest in the unknown guest ; then it changed to discussions on music, or to the history of the day, and the consequences of

the victory achieved by the Arch-duke Charles, against the French at Stockach.

Florian, whom nobody had asked whence he came, felt delighted with those good people ; and when, after supper, he was left alone with the old man and his son, he resolved to open his heart to them.

“Persons will always remain strangers to each other, when they do not know one another, and do not give their names,” said Florian, “but I am desirous of not being a stranger to you ; the more so, since I would gain your confidence, for I stand in need of counsel and protection. You take me for a Swiss, but I am a Grison. You think I travel for pleasure, but I am a fugitive, and seek concealment among these mountains. I escaped but this morning from a French guard, near Pontarlier. Imprisonment for life, or death awaited me at Besançon, for having sabred a French colonel for his inhumanity to my countrymen, and especially to the innocent and defenceless. Am I, sir, safe upon this ground, and in this sequestered part of the country, from the pursuit of the French ?”

“Sir,” said the old man, as he cast a keen benignant glance at Florian, “you are here on free and secure ground. Our sovereign and protector, the king of Prussia, is at peace with the French republic. No Frenchman dare enter our land in arms. In all other respects the law will protect you. Wo betide him who lays violent hands on you !”

Florian gratefully pressed the old man’s hand, and said, “My wish is to live here in concealment, as long as my country remains in a state of subjection. I know not a soul in these parts ; but the first persons with whom I have met have gained my heart. I am not destitute of some property, and shall consequently not become a burden to any one.”

“What is that ? A burden ?” exclaimed the old man.

“Every Swiss who asks for a shelter is our friend and ally. Tell me how matters have been going on in the Grisons. There was party-work among you the same as throughout Switzerland. One has betrayed the other, and now you are all suffering for it. The Lord and Father of your ancestors has cast you into the furnace of his wrath, that you may be cleansed from your dross. The fire should refine you!”

“Civil discord never raged more fiercely than among the Grisons,” said Florian. “Each covenant, each congregation, and even each family, were divided among themselves. But it was at the worst, when the Austrians occupied our frontier on one side, and the French on the other. My own father hated me at last, because I followed the dictates of a better father.”

“Hold! young man,” exclaimed Staffard; “how can any one have a better father than his own?”

“Mine, I honoured and loved, as a good son ought,” replied Florian; “but mercantile affairs and those of the government often called him away from home. The man who became the father of my heart and mind was Nese-man, one of the most venerable of mortals, whose name I can never pronounce without emotion. To him I am indebted for my education, my best feelings, and my beneficial knowledge. He was supposed to be an adherent of the patriotic party, because many who had been his pupils were at the head of it. But Nese-man stood independently between both, as becomes a sage. ‘In your sentiments,’ he would say, ‘be neither French nor Austrian; but being a Grison, be a pure Grison, and a Grison only!’ Such I was! For that reason I incurred my father’s dislike, who being an old friend of Count Salis des Marschlin, in body and soul was devoted to his house, and consequently for Austria, and against France. He once threatened even to disinherit me. His ire became more inflamed

when I refused to marry the daughter of one of the most distinguished men in the country, whom, without asking my pleasure, he had chosen for his daughter-in-law. His violent temper, and his passionate detestation of the French, at length caused his death ; for when General Desolles invaded our mountains, drove out the Austrians, and made their leader General Aufenberg prisoner, my father was seized with unspeakable dread, and died in an apoplectic fit. I wept for my father's death, and the deplorable condition of my country, which, after having been the scene of party rage, became the battle-field of foreign armies. All joy fled from our valleys. I lived retired and secluded from all public affairs ; but immeasurable grief and deep resentment burned in the hearts of the people. They could not habituate themselves to the sight of foreign soldiers, who strutted like conquerors upon a free soil, and commanded the people at their own hearths !

“I soon heard that a rising was contemplated for the purpose of expelling the French. From the inmost recesses of the Oberland, from Crispalt and Lukmanier, the insurrection was to roll on like a *Lavine* along the valley of the Rhine to Coire, where, after having overpowered the Luziensterg, they were to be joined by German armies. I also was called upon, but I continued firm to my purpose, of not offering a helping hand. No insurrection, no land-storm could save us. Hence I would not assist either the Austrian or the French generals in their plans, who sought not our welfare, but to occupy the narrow mountain passes of the Grisons. Neither would I aid the plans of factious men, whose sole object was, not the freedom of our mountain land, but the gratification of their own revenge. They menaced me if I should withdraw myself from the cause of my country. I gave them menaces for menaces, and was let alone !

“ One morning I was aroused early from sleep by the intelligence that the Landsturm was coming down from the Oberland. A detachment of French soldiers had been attacked by the peasants while at dinner, made prisoners at Tawetsch, in the extreme mountain valley, near the St. Gothard, and then had been sent prisoners to Disentis. There a French captain with his company made a fruitless resistance against the swelling multitude. After a bloody affray he was overpowered. As night came on, he and his men were secured in the council-house. Clamour and disquietude spread far and distant through the mountains, until it was re-echoed in the huts of the highest Alps. New and variously-armed multitudes rushed down from the mountains and out of the valleys, clamouring loudly for the death of the French prisoners. The Deacon of the convent, with several of his monks, begged the furious multitude on their knees to spare the lives of the prisoners. But the people were blind with rage, and threatened even these intercessors with murderous weapons. When the prisoners, amounting to more than a hundred, were dragged outside the village, the mob sprang at them with a fiendish howl, and massacred them in the most inhuman manner.

“ After this atrocious deed, the long train of the Landsturm, armed with rifles and pikes, scythes, clubs and sickles, marched onward. They howled and shrieked as they passed my windows, and called on me to follow them—‘ You are rushing to your own destruction’—I called out, with a warning voice, but they answered me by discharging two rifle shots through the window. In every village through which they passed, more were added to their disorderly number, until the bloodthirsty hordes arrived at Coire. There, in the meadow before the city, after a most frightful manner they met the fate which I had predicted. Their furious desperation availed them nothing. Great

was the number of those who fell on the field of battle ; many died of their wounds in the adjacent woods and clefts ; while the few who escaped dispersed in every direction.

“ My heart trembled within me, when I heard of the terrible results of this undertaking, and of the return of the Landsturm. I knew that I was threatened with death, and my house with destruction. The revenge of half savage, desperate peasants, knows no limits. I made myself ready. My papers and valuables were already in safety, and in case of necessity, I was prepared for flight ; for I had provided myself with money, loaded my pistols, and sharpened my sword. Alas ! this precaution against my unfortunate countrymen was useless. With countenances as pale as death, and with panic fear, they fled through the village, without even thinking of the accomplishment of their menaces. The victorious army pursued them, and murdered all who fell into their hands.

“ The village was soon filled with soldiery. Being the only person in the whole village that spoke the French language, I had united with the superiors of the town for the purpose of preventing disorder. At my suggestion, refreshments were distributed among the military. I spoke to General Menard. He promised to enforce good order ; and for that purpose, commanded a colonel of brigade to attend me.

“ The soldiers already had broken into some of the houses. As we passed one of them, I was startled by dreadful piercing shrieks. It was the dwelling of a widow and her three lovely daughters. I rushed in. Soldiers laden with plunder met me on the stairs, while the others were engaged bursting open doors and closets. In the room whence the cries proceeded, I saw one of the daughters lying on the floor weltering in her blood ; while the two sisters of the murdered girl, and the mother, were struggling

in the dissolute arms of several ruffians. ‘Call these men to order!’—I cried out to the colonel of brigade who was standing at my side, ‘or I shall pierce the hearts of these monsters before your eyes.’ Perceiving no answer, I rushed upon the villains, grappled them, and flung them out of the door, one after another. The colonel, at first surprised at this act, pursued me into the street, with his sword drawn, and was about to run it through my body. I drew mine and made resistance. When our swords met, the soldiers placed themselves in a ring around us, and became anxious spectators; but when my sword instantly felled the colonel to the ground, and his blood spirted into the air; I was seized from behind, thrown to the earth, disarmed, and should have fallen a victim to their fury, had not the general appeared on the spot. On his inquiring what was the matter, the soldiers accused me of being the chief of the rebels. I related to him the whole proceedings of the occurrence; but was arrested, bound with two cords, thrown into a cart, and conveyed to Coire. Thence I was brought a captive into Switzerland. It seemed, however, that they knew not where to go with me; for I was first taken to Basle, then towards Lausanne. General Menard perhaps purposed to give the matter an appearance of rigid justice, and thus save me from the fury of his soldiers; or to deliver me into the hands of a court-martial, which by the continual conflicts with the Austrians, could never be brought together. Perhaps I was destined to be imprisoned in Les Salines, or some other French fortress, and there be kept, as one of the instigators of the massacre at Disentis. Under which pretext, several others innocent, afterwards were conveyed into France. This morning, I already saw the spires of Pontarlier, when I disarmed my guards, and escaped.”

“How many guards had you?” asked George.



“Two soldiers with loaded muskets sat in the cart, one on each side of me. I battered their heads together, and broke them like earthen vases. While they were reeling senseless in the cart, I smashed their muskets in pieces, threw away the parts, and fled to the mountain.”

## CHAPTER VI.

### FRIENDS.

THE two Staffards looked with astonishment at their guest, who related his adventures with a calmness as though he was speaking of every-day occurrences. There was in his attractive countenance, so much mildness, friendliness, and almost feminine softness, that they might have been induced to doubt his courage and strength in such terrible dangers, had they not witnessed, only a few hours before, how he had handled their neighbour's ferocious wolf-dog, as one would a lap-dog.

“If you will now”—resumed Florian—“give me a promise, to keep profound secrecy in respect to this adventure I have confided to you, and will procure me a shelter where I may remain during the summer, either as a man who has taken his abode here for the sake of his health, or as a naturalist, my most ardent wish for the present will be gratified. To-morrow I shall go to the capital, have an interview with the royal governor, provide myself with several articles of which I stand in need, and then return to La Cote-aux-Fées.”

The two Staffards extended their hands across the table to the fugitive, and pressed his with friendly cordiality, which was more eloquent than their words. “You shall stay with us ; our house and table are large enough.”

“Ha !” exclaimed George, and his eyes sparkled with

enthusiasm—"had I been with you, we should have fought side by side. The mountaineers of the whole country round, should have risen and fought for safety and liberty. Alas, that you should have stood alone in the Grisons, and the gallant Aloys Reding alone in the shepherd Cantons! Why did not an army of devoted Swiss rise, and join against the foreign tyrant? Why is not Switzerland blessed with more men like yourself?"

"Like me?" said Florian, with a smile of astonishment. "There were ten thousand instead of one. But single men, standing alone, could not save. A whole nation must rise when a great deed is to be achieved. But all love of the nation was dissolved in royal party-spirit, and individual interest. Federalism had so entirely annihilated nationality, that even the most distinguished men of Switzerland knew nothing of the Eidgenossenschaft, for their whole knowledge scarcely reaches beyond their own cantons. Aloys Reding was with me two years ago. We became acquainted at the castle Ortensstern, where he was on a visit to his friends. His fine figure, the resolute glance of his large blue eye, and the exalted good-nature expressed in all his actions and movements, soon engaged my heart. We spoke of the dangers with which Switzerland was threatened, and of the probability of an attack from a French army. He himself could not believe in the probability. He said: 'If the devastators of the world were actually to invade our country, I know not what the other cantons might do; I do not trust the most of them; but in our lower cantons the French would find their graves. I would tear my hair with shame,' he continued, raising his hand to his golden locks—'if but one Swiss thought differently from me.'—'But,' said I, 'your little land, and the more than superior power of France, are like the struggle of a moth with an eagle.' Reding

did not like to pursue the subject any farther. With a mien and air full of pride and confidence, as if to tranquillize my mind as well as his own, he added, 'We have never yet been vanquished, and never shall be!' So unsuspecting, so short-sighted, and so inexperienced, were the best men in Switzerland!"

"Sir, you are right!" cried the elder Staffard, striking the table with his powerful fist, in holy wrath. "The Eidsgenossenschaft had long since ceased to be; all true notion of liberty and republican magnanimity had bidden adieu to the country. The smaller cantons were full of self-interest, beggary and ignorance; and the larger ones are replete with superciliousness, rodomontade, and mean trickery. Government has become a source of speculation; the love of peace, timid cowardice; and politics, an old woman's gossip, phrase-making and mystery-making! could anything but destruction result from such a state of things? unless, indeed, our Master above would send down miracles by lightning to stop its progress. I have seen a great deal of Switzerland—every where are fine people—but their maxim is this—'EVERY ONE FOR HIMSELF, AND GOD FOR US ALL!'"

"But"—exclaimed George—"father, since every thing is lying in the abyss of destruction, they must make a struggle to rise. If love for liberty does not incite them to glorious deeds, despair will. The Arch-duke Charles is marching onward toward Zurich and the St. Gothard, the French are flying. Now is the time for the Swiss to rise and join the Arch-duke Charles, to hurl destruction upon every Frenchman whose foot is on our ground."

"For what purpose? To give the citizens of the town their bailiwicks back again?"—said Florian. "The oppressed people do not wish it. Make those who now are slaves, free men of Switzerland? The old counsellors are

opposed to it. To be commanded by Russians, or Austrians, instead of by the French? The men of sense are against it. The time has not yet arrived. The must on the contrary is now beginning to ferment. Now the self-interest and pride of individuals are beginning to fight the battle of life and death; till at length they will be annihilated, and change into a public spirit. The parties will jostle against each other with unrestrained fury; until they have ground themselves altogether into pieces, and thus become one mass."

"The will of heaven be done!" exclaimed the elder Staffard.

"Oh! the poor people of Switzerland!" ejaculated George.

During this conversation the fugitive had wound himself so completely round the heart of Staffard and George, that he was no longer a stranger, but an intimate and beloved friend. Fatigued from the exertions and adventures of the day, in the consciousness of the liberty of which he had been so long deprived, and of personal security, for the first time in four weeks, Florian enjoyed a sound refreshing sleep.

His mind was still lighter, when he awoke the next morning. He exulted, that Divine Providence had conducted him to the house of such worthy people. He walked to the double window of his clean and comfortable room; the outer windows of which, although in the midst of summer, had not been removed, so that the roses, pinks, and other plants, which were standing between the two sashes, might not suffer from the outward air, giving evidence of the inclemency of the weather in those high mountains, where the summers are scarcely of more than seven weeks' duration. The view over the hills, meadows, and rocks, recalled the silence and the uniformity of the Alpine world. In the garden he saw the common poplar, and the oak—

which, in the valleys and beside the rivulets, planted as ornamental trees, grow to a great size—so short and crippled, that he scarcely recognised them. Beside those, he beheld the linden tree, and the mulberry. Goats were clambering on the rocks, and from afar, he heard the distant sound of the herd-bells. “The poorer nature is here, the purer are the people and their hearts!”—he remarked.

In the morning, the old man and his son received him like a friend whom they had known during many years; and who had just returned after a long absence. The future plans of Florian on La Côte-aux-Fées were discussed. That he should remain an inmate of Staffard’s house, was fully understood. On his return from Neufchâtel, he was to find his comfortable apartment, and be introduced to the neighbours.

George accompanied him to Les Verrieres, that he might procure for his friend a vehicle to convey him to the capital. But they suffered the carriage to go on in advance, in order to bid each other farewell. The hearts of the young men were united. They became brothers: “I feel as if I were drawn by a magic spell towards thee,” exclaimed George, embracing his friend—“and yet I have only known thee since yesterday. I cannot explain this to myself.”

“And I,” replied Florian, “have never found one so entirely like my own heart, as yourself, George; and I have seen many. But I can explain it. You are the better man, George; and are infinitely more natural than I am. In your society I shall amend.”

“Oh! Florian,” said George, the blood mounting to his cheeks, “What are you saying? you, of whom I do not know, whether I love you, because I admire you, or whether I admire you, because I love you. You become better! I wonder what my Claudine will say of you, when she has seen you?”

“Is that your love, George?” inquired Florian.

“My betrothed,” was the answer; “we celebrate our wedding in the autumn. You must be one of the guests. And you, Florian, have you not found a love yet?”

“No, George,” returned the fugitive, “I dare not think of that now. The times are too turbulent. I must remain unfettered. My country may have farther need of me. How could I draw a poor creature into misery; when I most probably shall have to plunge myself into the horrors of this contentious age?”

Thus, like brothers, they confided their mutual secrets to each other’s keeping. They then separated, with the cheerful prospect of a speedy reunion.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE CHAIN.

FLORIAN hastened after the vehicle. The morning was cool and pleasant. The country was new to him; and his heart was full of delight. He walked slow, in order to enjoy his happiness in ample measure. In the Grisons he had never met with such pure, confidential cordiality, as George and his father had shown him. It is true, he had associated in his native valley with his companions of the chase, as old associates; but to none of them all had he given himself so entirely up, and unfolded his heart so candidly, as he had done at Staffard’s. In the Grisons, party, family, or money and other affairs, had stained the pure feelings of the heart, and introduced a certain restraint upon a hilarious and candid life. There he had been compelled to be cautious in his friendships, and ever to be on his guard. On the contrary, at La Côte-aux-Fées, he had found a world

where men lived more in accordance with the dictates of their hearts, than by the results of a cool calculation.

In his silent joy his journey was like a floating dance through the green valleys. The long, sloping acclivities, on either side, were enlivened occasionally by a rustic dwelling with its garden; all of the same structure as Staffard's house. The acclivities to the right and left soon joined together, and thus terminated the valley; and as he ascended them, he felt as if he was in the path to heaven.

Here he was met by a long train of one-horse carts, used for transporting goods. The collars of the horses, according to the custom of the country, were hung with blue sheepskins, and the drivers walked at their sides singing their wild and beautiful mountain strains. The herd-bells from above, where the cows were grazing on the edge of pine-woods, made an agreeable accompaniment. Small shepherd boys shouted merrily, and walked upon the lower stone-fences, which being skilfully constructed of round stones, without mortar to cement them, enclosed extensive pasture grounds. Everything in this lovely wilderness, from the summit of which he could see the scattered huts of the Bayards to the right, and before him, the valley of Les Verrieres, appeared more charming to the fugitive than any landscape which he had yet beheld in Switzerland.

After having passed the top of the hill, a little to the left of the road, he saw the woods and rocks before him again joined together, as if to block up the outlet; but soon again, the mountains opened like a gorge, just wide enough to let the road pass through at that place. Florian suddenly observed two young women, in white dresses, whose laughing gestures seemed to indicate that they were amusing themselves at his expense.

Serious as both pretended to be when he approached them, one of the young ladies nevertheless could not over-

come her risibility, but burst into loud laughter. The other concealed her face beneath her broad straw-bonnet. They were standing beside an enormous iron chain, fastened to a rock, and hanging down in a small hollow ; which, in days of yore, had most probably been used for barricading the valley.

“ Pardon me, sir,” said the laughing damsel, with a graceful bow, towards Florian, “ for availing myself of your manly strength, in assisting me to barricade the country with this chain. You see, sir, my dear friend here, threatens to leave our valley ; but no matter, whether in jest or earnest, she gave me her promise to stay, if I should be able to obstruct her passage with this chain. But I have been labouring in vain ; and I am sure that Heaven has sent you to my assistance. So be kind enough to help me, sir. But to stretch this gigantic chain, I fear, requires a giant’s strength, for I cannot lift even as much as two links of it.”

“ For the sake of preserving you a friend, Miss, I could become a giant,” said Florian, taking hold of the large rattling rings, and placing the outer end of it in the small delicate hand of the laughing damsel, he stretched the chain across the road.

“ I have conquered, I have conquered, Hermione !” exclaimed the rejoiced damsel, clapping her hands, and dancing like a merry sylph before the chain, “ your word of promise ought to bind you more firmly than this chain, which no giant could burst.”

The conquered Hermione, first lifted her head and looked at the chain, then with embarrassment at him, who was holding it like a piece of thread. There was a certain intensity, mingled with the look, that betrayed more to the stranger than she would have been willing to have acknowledged ; when suddenly recollecting herself, a flush



might have been seen overspreading her fine intellectual countenance, like the reflection of a burning evening red.

Florian also stood like one spell-bound, before the beautiful image, that floated in charming confusion before his eyes. He knew not whether she had appeared to him before ; or whether the idol of his dreams had gone into actual life.

“ You have conquered, my friend,” said Hermione, with a soft, gentle voice, “ but not by your own strength.”

“ I am proud to have been an assistant in this victory,” said Florian, “ as for centuries, this chain has kept confined nothing better in this happy country.”

“ A conqueror is not called to an account for the means he took in achieving his victory,” exclaimed the other joyous girl, throwing her arm round Hermione, “ you are my prisoner, and to you, sir, I give my grateful acknowledgments for the booty.”

At that moment a light travelling calèche came rolling towards them, and stopped before the chain. The ladies, assisted by Florian, got into it. “ Alas,” said he softly, and his tone was that of an ejaculation, “ it is now that I ought to stretch the chain. Nothing of the booty remains for me, save remembrance.”

“ But you are magnanimous,” exclaimed the one who rejoiced in her victory, with a grateful bow. Hermione remained silent, and gazed at Florian long and intently ; but when her eye encountered his parting glance, she blushed deeply, and quickly averted her face. The carriage drove down the mountain. Florian did not take his eyes from it, until it had disappeared behind the bushes and rocks.

He then suddenly exclaimed, “ It can be no other, it must be herself !” He then fell into a fit of musing, heaved a long breath, and said, “ It is herself !” He meant Hermione. He remembered to have seen that form, that

Madonna-like face, shaded by light chesnut curls, in his own country. It was at the castle garden at Reichenau, when a company of French officers with some ladies were beholding from the highest terrace the confluence of the upper and lower Rhine, at the foot of the rocks. There it was, where he had satisfied the curiosity of the strangers, in regard to the names of the mountains and places, while the ladies were attentively listening to him. There were the wild and rocky Kalanda at the right, with Tamiens beneath the steep walls of rock. In the back ground of an extensive meadow could be seen the huts of Bonaduz ; and farther on, rose the antique walls of the fortress Rhaezuens. Scarcely three weeks had elapsed since that meeting, where that scenery was surveyed. He then had not spoken to Hermione, nor had he heard her voice ; he only had seen her, wrapped in a travelling dress for winter weather, like the half-enclosed beauty of a moss-rose bursting into bloom. But she did not stay long ; but on departing with her companions, she turned toward him, and threw at him a glance which awoke sentiments in his breast, to which, until then, he had been an entire stranger. His eyes had rested on one of nature's master-works. He felt that the unknown beauty would rob him of his peace of mind, were he often to see her ; nevertheless, he delighted to think of her. He was twice induced to take a journey to Reichenau and the city of Coire, hoping to see her once more, if only at a distance. His wanderings, however, were fruitless. Yet on his return to his home, he never failed to visit the castle-garden, and to lay himself down on the spot which her footsteps had marked. He did not know whether his heart or his imagination had sustained an injury ; and although he reproached himself for this secret folly, yet he encouraged his pleasing infatuation.

“It is certainly she !” he said, and, heaving a long

breath, he left the chain and continued his journey, disquieted and agitated. "How cruel is my destiny, thus to cast her again in my way, but for a few moments! There she goes, without having the remotest idea of the sorrow she leaves behind. She goes back to her own country, perhaps to France!"

At the foot of the mountain, before the inviting little town of St. Sulpice, he found his *Calèche* waiting for him. The loveliness of the vale fenced in by the mountains, had no effect upon him. Heedlessly he passed through the serene country, in the neighbourhood of Montiers, where to the right, upon a rocky hill, grown over with bushes, rose in solemn grandeur the ruins of the fortress Chatelard. It was only after a few hours' ride, when the driver stopped at the village of Travers, that he awoke from his dreamy indifference.

As he was sitting upon a bench before the inn, and watching the gambols of some children in a barn opposite to him, he descried a tall female figure coming out of a neighbouring smithy, and taking the road by which he had just entered the village. Though he only saw her from behind, and at a distance, nevertheless, by the uncommon stature of the woman, her rapid strides, and the crutch in her hand, he recognised her who had appeared to him at the summit of Le Gros Taureau.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### MOTHER MOENE.

HE felt no inclination to follow her, and to renew an acquaintance that had very little attraction for him. On the contrary, the unexpected sight of the Sybil excited a painful sensation, something like shame and annoyance, for

his having permitted the strange old woman to fill him with superstitious fear. He turned all his attention to the sports of the children, but in the midst of them floated Hermione's image, in the white light of her snowy garments, and in the golden radiance of her brown ringlets.

Suddenly the thought flashed across his mind—"How! could not the old woman of the mountain tell me who Hermione is? Whom should I ask, if not of this Sybil? She knows the land, the inhabitants; she knows so much!" He arose hastily from the bench, stood for some time lost in thought, and then slowly sat down again; for he perceived the folly of the suggestion. Hermione, whom he had first seen in the Grisons, in company with some officers, was plainly a foreigner, and probably on her return to France. Even the dust on her travelling carriage gave evidence of the fact. But—and a ray of joy dispersed the clouds on his countenance—but her companion she threatened to leave in the valley! what valley, if not that of Les Verrieres; perhaps also that of Pontarlier? All the same—she is unquestionably now staying in these parts, and the old woman may consequently know something of her. Thus he communed with himself, arose, and hastened in pursuit of the Sybil.

But when he arrived in the open country, as he could not see her anywhere, he inquired of a peasant who came toward him, and to whom he described the old woman's appearance.

"Ah! I understand you," said the peasant. "You mean Mother Morne, as we generally call her. If you will hasten your steps, you may perhaps overtake her at a short distance hence. She is on the road to Couvet."

"What sort of a woman is this Mother Morne? I met her yesterday; she said many things that were true, and yet I knew her not."

“I willingly believe it, sir. She is a strange woman, perhaps not always in her right senses. Notwithstanding, she is a good woman. Many consider her a witch, who holds intercourse with evil spirits. But that is superstition! However, it cannot be denied that she knows more than other folks, and that nobody can understand her. She has foretold events that have come to pass, though nobody believed in them at the time. She has charms by which she allays all diseases. People have been known to recover from severe attacks of sickness by her merely placing her hands upon the patients. She has brought things to light, of the very existence of which, nobody knew anything. No one knows of what religion she is, for she goes to no church, but sometimes she is found in the woods on her knees, with her hands folded. She is never at rest, but continually wandering about; and yet she has no money, nor does she accept of any. Her home is nowhere and everywhere! It is immaterial to her whether she travels in summer or in winter, by day or by night. She would never sleep more than three hours, were she even to rest upon a bed of down.”

The peasant would have continued to pour out all his knowledge of that singular old woman, had not Florian been fearful of losing her, if he staid to listen any longer. He therefore thanked the peasant, and ran away at full speed.

At length he got sight of her figure in the distance. She left the high road, moved across the fields, and then made straight for the mountains. He followed her, until he arrived at the bed of a dried-up rivulet, not far from which were several black, sooty huts, situated between hills, out of whose chimneys rose a thick, black smoke. He entered one that was open; and the peculiar scent they emitted nearly suffocated him. The people were melt-

ing asphaltum, which they had dug up in the neighbourhood. A bed of marl a few feet below the earth had been blackened and entirely saturated by that mineral oil, the spring of which is still unknown.

In a dark corner of the hut sat Mother Morne. Florian did not observe her until she called out to him, "Welcome, Fugitive, to La Combe!" Saying this, she arose, walked out of the hut, and gave him a sign with her crutch to attend her. He obeyed the summons, and followed her as she went with rapid strides along the stony bed of the torrent to the mountain cliff. When on the way to it, she asked him, "Whither are you going?" He told her the good reception he had met with at Staffard's house, and the motive he had in going to Neufchâtel.

Suddenly she interrupted him by asking, "Whom hast thou met on the road?"

Florian was startled, and said, "I was just going to ask that of you, Mother Morne."

She remained standing before him, and repeated her question. He answered, "I saw you in the village of Travers, but I very soon lost sight of you, and have followed you a great distance."

"Spare the maiden's peace!" retorted the Sybil.

"What maiden, Mother Morne?" inquired Florian.

"She whom thou sawest for the first time in a large garden, between two streams. Thou hast found her again, and it is on her account that thou hast followed me hither."

Florian's astonishment was not less than it had been the day before on the Gros Taureau. There seemed to be something almost supernatural about the woman. How could she know the secrets of his heart? especially that secret which he never had divulged? He told her of his meeting with the ladies of the iron chain, and of his con-

versation with them ; and requested her to inform him who the unknown beauty was that bore the name of Hermione, and who was her companion, where she lived, and whither she was going ?

Mother Morne rubbed her brown, withered hand across her forehead, and said with a gloomy countenance—"She will tell thee herself better than I know. But spare the maiden's peace ! Thou comest to our land like the warm wind from the south. Let no one trust that breeze ! It fills the heavens with clouds and storms, and strikes the earth with hail and lightning."

"How ! Hermione will tell me herself?"—exclaimed Florian—"Shall I then see her once more ? When ? Where ? Tell me, Mother Morne, and you will secure my lasting gratitude."

"No ! nothing more," cried the old woman. "There is in the highest heavens, and the deepest abyss, none who can unveil the future, excepting the evil one, since thus he cuts up the roots of all happiness ; faith, love, and hope ! What doest thou want of me ? Who has told thee that I am gifted with the spirit of vaticination ?"

"Do not be angry, mother," replied the fugitive. "You have already told me many things that have excited my astonishment, because no one but myself could be advised of it."

"Indeed !" muttered Mother Morne angrily ; "what I know, I know from yourself. I only hear with sharper ears, and see with clearer eyes."

"Have you then no answer to give me, to my innocent question, where Hermione lives, and who she is ?"

"I have told thee already,"—said the Sybil,—"thou wilt hear it from herself."

"Indeed ! but have you no advice to give me ?" asked Florian.

“Beware!” was her reply.

“Of whom?” he inquired.

“OF THYSELF,” announced the oracle.

Florian offered her a few pieces of money. “Take this trifle, Mother Morne.”—She dashed his money to the ground, turned her face, walked toward the ravine, and was soon lost among the bushes.

“The old woman is right, BEWARE OF THYSELF!” he repeated after her, as he slowly walked away. “She has discovered the turbulent excitement of this breast, and the consuming flame of my fancy. Am I not on the high road to all the follies of passion?”—He whistled a tune, endeavoured earnestly to dissipate his thoughts; seated himself in his carriage, and arrived late in the night at Neuf-châtel.

## CHAPTER IX.

### DEVELOPMENTS.

THE affair which drew him to the old castle on the height, and to the Governor's house, to obtain a secure abode in the Prussian territory, was soon despatched; but much longer was he detained by the sempstress, the shoemaker, and the tailor, for he was compelled to clothe himself from head to foot; and having soon inspected all that was worthy of being seen, his time passed on tardily in spite of his constant wanderings about the precincts of the city, and notwithstanding the charming views of the distant chain of the Alps, which he had across the extensive neighbouring lake.

One evening he sauntered through the city, to the spot where the streets open irregularly, towards the borders of



the lake. There the whole scene was enlivened by fishermen, labourers, and rustics, preparing to return across the lake to their respective homes. When he arrived at the stone bridge across the Seyon, which there empties into the lake, he observed a man in black, leaning over the parapet of the bridge, looking intently into the dry bed over which flow the mountain torrents. It was a figure not to be mistaken, for Florian immediately recognised the Professor Onyx.

The fugitive rejoiced at seeing his philosophical acquaintance, and hastened to his side ; but he addressed him in vain. The professor did not allow himself to be disturbed in his meditations. At length the Grison awoke him out of his revery, by striking him on the shoulder. The professor looked at him with amazement, but his surprise instantly became unbounded joy, when he recognised the intruder.

“ Friend of my soul ! ” exclaimed Onyx, shaking him heartily by the hand, and eyeing Florian’s dress ; “ you are so entirely metamorphosed that I scarcely recognised you in this neat figure. What brings you to Neufchâtel ? Are you going to leave the country already ? Eh ! did I not tell you that you would not be able to endure it long, among these half savages ? ”

Florian was about to explain the motive that he had in visiting that town ; but Mr. Onyx scarcely paid any attention to him ; and pointing with his hand across the balustrade into the Seyon, he said with a gesture of great indignation, “ See there, my friend, the evidence of the unpardonable negligence and helplessness of the people here. A broad river-bed, walled on both sides with hewn stone, instead of having water in it—the world will never believe it—it is filled with mud, filth, and slime, that would poison the air with its pestiferous miasms, had not the wind some

compassion on these ignorant people. Now, sir, you must know that this stream, which at present has scarcely enough of water in it to wet a person's feet, overflows at other times its banks, threatens the town with danger, and already has done incalculable mischief. It would be real child's play to manage this stream so as to yield water enough all the year round, to work factories and mills, to render its superabundance of water harmless, and to lead it off in channels for the fertilizing of the soil. The tyrant of this district having been made its slave, would then bring the people of Neufchâtel a profit—I have calculated it to a sous—of several hundred thousand livres annually. The expenses of the construction would be repaid in a few years."

"But, as far as I know," said Florian, "this stream is fed by rain and snow from the mountains. What remedy can you prescribe against the good and ill humour of the heavens?"

"Friend of my soul!" cried Onyx, "we must not endeavour to cure the heavens, but the human mind. On this side of Valangin, where the stream has its deep and narrow bed, between very steep rocks, I would dam it up, construct an enormous reservoir, and lead the swollen water, by means of canals, to the right and left, for the purpose of watering the land, and working mills below the water-fall; then in the time of drought, I would draw the water out of the reservoir, and—and, I have all the plan in my head, and am now busily engaged in laying it out on paper, with the necessary calculations, levellings, ground plans, elevations, and the estimate of the whole cost."

The professor became so excited, that he immediately took forth his tablets, and began to draw with his lead-pencil. He spoke with so much zeal, as to attract the attention of the passers by, who remained standing in a circle around him. Florian persuaded him to postpone the

explanation of his plan, and to accompany him to the inn, where they would take their supper.

The fugitive's last proposal was very pleasing to Mr. Onyx. As they passed through the town, under the stone arcades that run along the houses, Florian asked Mr. Onyx what had induced him to come to Neufchâtel.

"I have some important plans to communicate to the government," replied the professor, "which makes an oral explanation indispensable. I think the matter will be taken into consideration; and if it is, my fortune is made. I shall then marry, and establish myself here. I am in love! You scarcely would believe this of a man who is engaged in so many, and such grave pursuits as I am; but I love the most charming being on earth. I tell you her name in confidence, Mademoiselle Delory. I am not entirely destitute, but the young lady is of a good family and accustomed to certain conveniences of life; hence my income must be increased. I should be rich enough to satisfy my own few wants, but what will not a person do for a beloved wife!"

"I congratulate you, professor!" said Florian.

"Yes, truly," Onyx answered; "what other motive could I have to make this town my future place of residence? Do you think these vaulted walks could induce me, or this abortion of Burgundian architecture, against which I have so vehemently and vainly declaimed, both here and in Berne. If such arcades were spacious, broad, and high-vaulted, their imposing grandeur would at least reconcile one to the many disadvantages now attached to them. But they being narrow, low, and something like sewers erected above the ground, persons, when they meet, pass each other with the greatest difficulty, and cannot forbear suffering amid all that disagreeable odour which changes its flavour at every house. They make their halls and rooms

on the ground-floor, damp and gloomy. The rooms hanging over the arcades are cold, and afflict the pedestrian by the alternate and continual changes of cold and warm air, with sudden chills, toothache, sore-throats, rheumatism, coughs, and all the other evils attendant on colds. By my troth, I am greatly alarmed about the delicate health of Mademoiselle Delory. But what am I to do? She is accustomed to live in large cities, and I cannot blame her for it. Were I to take her to the Siberian climate of La Côte-aux-Fées or Les Bayards, she would perish in the first winter, like a pine-apple in an open garden-bed."

"How," said Florian, "does your bride live on La Côte-aux-Fées, or at Les Bayards?"

"Only in the summer months," rejoined the philosopher, "like an exotic flower. In winter it would be impossible. Only conceive an elevation from three to four thousand feet above the level of the ocean, with the atmosphere from twenty to thirty degrees below zero. She would not survive one single winter. I have, however, promised her, in mere jest, to plant the whole mountains with odoriferous hermiones, despite the polar climate."

At these words, the friends entered Florian's room. The name of Hermione had fettered all the Grison's thoughts. He heard nothing more of the Professor's observations, who was now comfortably fixed on the sofa, and dēscanting most zealously on the means of meliorating the condition of the climate.

"Professor, you mentioned the name of Hermione, just now," said Florian; "you would fill the whole mountains with Hermiones?"

"Do not misunderstand me, friend of my soul," replied Professor Onyx, with a roguish chuckle, "it was not meant exactly so, badly as it sounds. I have been these three years engaged in compiling a Burgundian Flora. It

will be a precious work. In this remote corner of the earth there are some rare specimens of herbs, unknown as yet to any botanist. I have already discovered and delineated seventeen new species. Among them is a plantain of pyramidal growth, a lovely, delicate plant, which bears a pale red blossom, the species of which, I think, has never been described in any essay on botany. This flower, I have called *hermione*, in honour of Mademoiselle Delory."

"Hold!" suddenly interrupted Florian. "Is this *Hermione*, Mademoiselle Delory, one and the same person? Does she now dwell on La Côte-aux-Fées? and is she there on a visit?"

"To be sure," answered Onyx; "properly speaking, she is a native of Lyons, but for several years she has lived near Besançon, at a place belonging to her stepfather, with whom I have no acquaintance. For these two years past, she has spent the beautiful season on La Côte aux-Fées, and thus it is but right that my plant should bear her name. The *hermione* is certainly a native of these mountain crags."

"I think I know her," said the Fugitive; "I found her accidentally by the iron chain, between the rocks, above St. Sulpice."

"Right! right! it may be found there too, but rarely," retorted the florist.

"Of slender growth, like the lily?"—asked Florian.

"Wrong! it always creeps on the ground," answered Onyx, "I have never seen it upright."

"You jest, professor," rejoined the Grison.

"No I do not; I am serious," returned the professor; "always on the ground, with small leaves, dentated at the edge."

"I am talking of Mademoiselle Delory," said Florian.

"And I, of my *hermione*," replied Onyx. "You can

easily understand, that I call the lady mine only when she is my wife. But if you wish it, I will bring you immediately a dried specimen of my floweret, the *hermione*."

"Ah!" said Florian, "could you but show me a specimen of the lady instead—I mean a portrait—that I might be convinced we both mean the same person."

"I can do that too, sir," answered Onyx; "but without sacrilege, I could not bring it to you here. It is too late to climb up the old cathedral to-day, but to-morrow you shall see a statue of one of the young countesses of Neufchâtel. You would swear that it is the precise counterpart of Mademoiselle Delory. I believe it is the beautiful Isabel, daughter of Count Louis, the last lord of the ancient house of Neufchâtel, who three or four hundred years ago was buried in this cathedral with helmet and buckler."

"We will go to-morrow, my dear professor," rejoined Florian. "I envy you, if that *Hermione* whom I have seen is your love. But I am almost inclined to doubt it. I would describe her to you; but where shall I find words to give an adequate idea of that lovely form, of those graceful motions, of that dignified, yet sweet eye? Every one of those light-brown ringlets, that play about her snow-white neck, bears in it a peculiar charm."

"Right, sir! you have hit her every feature," exclaimed Onyx.

"And are you sure, my dear professor," inquired the Fugitive, "of being the object of this earthly angel's affection?"

"Most certainly," Onyx affirmed, "for *Hermione* cannot hate any person, and why should she hate me? I carry her plants; I choose books for her to read—I—she loves me; that is a settled matter."

"Has she confessed her love for you?" asked Florian, "and is she resolved to become your wife?"

“Sir, that is a ticklish point,” declared the philosopher; “I have not heard her speak of that. I have never dared to mention the subject to her. I do not know how to begin it. You know how young ladies think about such matters. I postpone that part of the affair until all the preparations are made. Then the declaration, the proposal, the betrothment, and the wedding shall follow in quick succession. It is impossible for her to refuse me any thing. I know her too well.”

Florian could not refrain from smiling at the professor's good-nature and simplicity. “But how, professor, if in the end,” asked the Grison, “she should refuse to accept your hand?”

“Why, that would be amazing,” cried Onyx. “That is impossible! She knows how dear she is to me, and—no! friend of my soul—I tell you it is impossible. She always calls me her dear professor, and you perceive, my friend, that young ladies are not very liberal with such tender expressions towards unmarried young men. Hermione also takes my part very warmly, when Claudine begins to war against me, and that in itself is of some significance.”

“Who is Claudine?” inquired Florian.

“Oh, she is a wild, flighty, whimsical, pert, snappish, saucy little minx,” was the professor's portraiture.

“With black, glittering eyes; and young Staffard's bride?” asked the fugitive.

“Quite right—the same,” was the reply of Onyx. “Poor George, it will not be long before he has a consumption, when once he is married; for young teazers become old quarrellers. Whenever she sees me, she plays me a thousand tricks. True, she is pretty, but I am really afraid of the mischievous little minx. It is to me astonishing, how those two young ladies can remain

friends, and live under the same roof together. But Madam Bell, Claudine's mother and the aunt of Hermione, is a sensible woman. She understands how to keep order in her house."

Florian detained the talkative Onyx until midnight, for he liked just as much to hear the family of La Côte-aux-Fées spoken of, as the professor was willing to depict them.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE STATUES.

ON the following morning, when both the fugitive and the professor were about to sally forth from the inn, and to climb up the steep street, at the top of which, close to the old castle, the cathedral lifts its gray, majestic walls, that have defied the storms and the decay of time for seven hundred years, a sergeant, sent by the governor, came to meet them. "My friend," called out the professor, who already knew him, "do you come to see me? Has the governor sent for me? Has he read my statement? Have you any notion of what he thinks of it? Has he not dropped a word about my plans? Only deliver your message to the letter; tell me what the expression of his countenance was, when he read, and I will tell you what the governor purposes doing."

This time, however, Professor Onyx was mistaken. The sergeant inquired for a Mr. Florian, with an order to present himself, without fail, in less than an hour, at the governor's house. Onyx, whom a glimpse of hope had expanded and exalted, collapsed again, just as suddenly; and the round, serene features of his countenance assumed



their angular, cool, and natural uniformity. Florian promised to obey the summons.

While on their way, the professor called for the sacristan of the church, who, with kind readiness, ran up the stone steps, unlocked the door of the antique temple, and permitted the strangers to enter. He conducted them to the sepulchre of Louis, count of Neufchâtel, a group composed of nine male and four female statues, large as life, all in the costume of the fourteenth century, standing together in the attitude of prayer. Although Time in several places had not spared the noble features of those majestic forms, there was nevertheless a family likeness perceptible in all of them. Each of them bore that dignity and grace which acts like an invisible charm upon the heart, and fills it with love and respect.

"See there, see there ! friend of my soul !" cried Professor Onyx, eagerly, pointing with his finger to one of the countesses whose youthful figure he thought resembled that of Hermione. "Am I not right ?"

"Perfectly," said Florian, with a smile, "if one would call a little optical illusion to his assistance."

The deathlike stillness that reigned throughout this spacious edifice, and the faint rays which fell through the long pointed windows, and gave to every object a more solemn appearance, with the stream of light which poured in through the open door and illuminated the statues, filled Florian's heart with a feeling of awe. His imagination breathed life into those grave-stone figures of antiquity. The pale cheeks of the statues seemed to receive a living hue, and the bosom of the countess appeared to rise and fall with gentle breathings. He saw among the shades of the others, her who was said to bear a resemblance to Hermione growing more light, until he imagined Hermione's figure itself standing among the group, and in the deception which his

own imagination practised on him, all the others soon vanished from his sight.

While Florian was thus lost to every object around him, the sacristan lifted a glove from the pedestal of the countess. Having examined it attentively, he said, shaking his head, "Yes, the two young ladies of last Tuesday; they were the last. It belongs to one of them, and she has forgotten it. I should like to know whether they are still in the town."

Florian looked at the glove, listened, and remembered immediately the ladies whom he had met on his way to Neufchâtel. He described them with such precision that the sacristan gave him the glove, and said, "They must be the same. The taller of the two, with the brown hair, took off her glove here, and I saw her as she placed it on the pedestal; but I forgot to remind her of it, and so it was left here. If you are acquainted with her, I request you to return it."

Florian did not refuse. An agreeable sensation ran through him when his finger touched the glove that had perhaps enclosed Hermione's beautiful hand. He folded up the treasure, and concealed it. The professor returned from another part of the church, whither he had gone to calculate the proportions of the length, width, and height of the edifice.

"Every time I look upon an old church I am vexed," exclaimed Onyx; "it is ever the body of a giant with the head of a child; always a tortoise, out of which peeps a small, wee-bit of a head. It is very evident that, at the commencement of the edifice, when the devotion was great and money was in abundance, enormous foundations were laid, from which one might have imagined they should receive a superstructure whose spires were designed to reach to the heavens. Afterward the devotions became chill, the

purses were empty, and they added a steeple like a sentry-box, or like a fence-rail. The minsters of Strasburg and Freyburg have an appearance of grandeur. The spire in Berne is too short by at least one half; but this at Neufchâtel is like a hump on the back of a dromedary."

After the professor had exhausted his instructive dissertation on the architecture of the ancients, and had compared them to poets who, in the end, sometimes lose their breath and inspiration; and then again to children who, after having built a house of cards, are fearful of placing the last on the top, lest the whole should tumble together—Florian observed, that it was time for him to obey his summons, and present himself at the governor's house. The professor promised to await his return; and in the meantime to give the sacristan a minute exposition, how buildings might be most advantageously planned and erected, and at the same time have all the architectural proportions in every part.

Florian walked to the castle, and across the vacant, spacious outer yard, into the old citadel, over the principal entrance of which was displayed, in enormous size, the princely heraldic symbol of Neufchâtel, and also the stiff eagle of Prussia, strangely ornamented with a crown on his head, a sceptre in one claw, and an apple in the other. The sergent who had brought him the summons, met him immediately on his entrance, and conducted him into a large antique room. An elderly gentleman, with snow-white, powdered hair, speedily made his appearance. He scarcely returned the bow of the young Grison; but drew forth a snuff-box, and leisurely took an enormous pinch, while he surveyed Florian from head to foot.

"I am sorry," said the gentleman, "to inform you, that your stay in this principality must not be of long duration. A writ for your apprehension, accompanied with a description of yourself, and for the delivery of your person, sent by the

adjoining French department, has come to my hands. Not far from Pontarlier you greatly abused, and endangered the lives of two French soldiers. Besides, you are accused of being one of those who instigated the peasants in the Grisons to rebellion, and who caused the massacre of the French troops at Disentis."

Florian was preparing to justify himself, but the old gentleman said, "It is all the same," taking again a pinch of snuff; "it is not our office to inquire into that affair, but to tell you how matters stand with you. Prussia and France are on terms of amity, to which circumstance this principality is indebted for her peace. While Switzerland is overflowing with French troops, we dare not offer the French government the slightest occasion or pretext for well-founded complaints. We have strict instructions from Berlin to that effect. Therefore get yourself ready, and depart immediately. I give you this friendly warning. If within an hour you are still found here, you will be arrested. Therefore—" The old gentleman then made a motion with his hand, and a slight bow, which plainly signified that the young Grison might withdraw.

"I acknowledge your excellency's kindness," said Florian; "but where can I go, when in your canton I cannot be protected against French tyranny?"

"That I cannot help," replied the gentleman, and turned to leave the room; "you know what you have to depend upon."

"To be either imprisoned for life or guillotined," exclaimed the fugitive. "That I know. To France I cannot go, and still less into the Cantons of Berne and Solothurne, where every place is swarming with French troops. How can I escape to Germany, when the whole country round is beset with French power?"

"I cannot help that; you know what you have to depend

upon," said the old gentleman, looking back as he was leaving the room.

"Then it would be better," rejoined the Grison, "if I were to be imprisoned immediately. Why should I, a fugitive, drag myself fruitlessly away to prolong my life for a few miserable days? I do not fear death."

"I cannot help that," said the old gentleman, opening a side door; "you know what you have to depend upon."

Saying this, he vanished, leaving the fugitive to himself. Florian stared around him, undecided what to do, and then walked rapidly out of the citadel, towards the place before the church. The professor and sacristan both had departed. Florian, who was occupied by matters of more moment, abruptly turned with a firm step back to the town, purchased a sabre, a pair of pistols, powder, bullets, and bullet-mould, paid his host, hired a carriage to Locle and Brevine, packed up his effects, and left Neufchâtel without delay.

## C H A P T E R   X I .

### THE RETURN.

FLORIAN firmly resolved not to leave the mountains of Neufchâtel, being convinced that he could no where be so secure as in those remote solitudes of the Highlands, where almost any of the numerous huts scattered about the mountains, offered a various temporary refuge from pursuit. Moreover, if he should be surprised, he could depend as much on the kindness of the inhabitants, as on his sword and pistols. When he was near to Genevega, where the road begins to rise, as he was walking by the side of his

vehicle, he would throw citrons in the air, and fire at them. He never missed his mark.

The thought of Staffard's beautiful neighbour fettered him with still greater chains to La Côte-aux-Fées, than the belief of his own safety. Although he could scarcely select a spot nearer to the frontiers of his enemies, from whom he was flying, than just this district; yet the danger itself had a great share in making the place more beautiful and attractive, as lightning in a storm enhances the brilliancy of a landscape. He remained not an hour in busy Locle, that he might avoid a meeting with a French spy; but he traversed with celerity the wide, green, treeless valley, full of its city-like buildings, and then continued his route through the silent pastures, and the desolate turf-bottoms of Chau-du-milier, and Chau-du-Cachot, towards the wide elevated valley Brevine; where, in the distant back ground, both sides of the uniform long chains of hills appeared to meet.

In the village La Brienne, he discharged his carriage, and hired a man to carry his portmanteau across Les Bayards, to La Côte-aux-Fées. The bar-room was full of men, who, seated beside long tables, were drinking their wine, and engaged in lively conversation. There seemed to be several strangers among them, who in the summer-time visit that neighbourhood, that by the pure air of the highlands, or by using the neighbouring mineral springs, they may strengthen their shattered health. The loud sounding names, Moreau, Suvaroff, Massena, Zurich, Bonaparte, Naples, and St. Jean d'Acre, indicated what subjects were discussed by them. He turned away with a contracted brow, and instead of going into the room, he walked to the right, into the neighbouring church-yard, leaned over the low wall, and cast his eyes over the green carpet spreading towards the mountains and up to heaven.

“Is there on this globe neither sanctuary, nor solitude”—

he murmured—"that is not polluted by the mention of names to which are attached the remembrances of all the worst human passions, and all the misery that now torments the world! Is it not committing a crime against the majesty and innocence of nature, to disturb the tranquillity and solemnity of these barren and peaceful mountains, with conversations, at the subjects of which the better heart of man will revolt in after centuries?"

"So it is you, nevertheless!" exclaimed the voice of George Staffard; and Florian felt an arm encircling his waist. George, who was seated among the guests of the inn, thought he recognised his friend through the window; but being not quite certain, on account of the neatness of his attire, he had followed the fugitive. Both the friends experienced heartfelt delight, at seeing each other.

"I feel greatly rejoiced at your return," exclaimed George—"we shall not part again."

"Like an angel you appear to me amid these graves," said Florian. "I will stay with you as long as I may; but I am still a fugitive and an outlaw upon these grounds. The government of Neuchâtel fears to yield me its protection. I consequently shall wander about, a mark for any one to level his shaft upon, and must rely upon the swiftness of my feet and the strength of my arm alone, if I would avoid falling into the clutches of the hangman and his accomplices. My person has been demanded of the authorities of Neuchâtel, as my having taken flight and found refuge here is no longer a secret."

"You are as secure on La Côte-aux-Franches, as if you were sitting in the moon," replied the Swiss. "We have already proclaimed you to our neighbours, as a relative come from Germany, to pay us a visit. They are satisfied with that account: but there are two women who would not swallow the fiction. One of them is an old, half-crazy, eccentric,

unruly creature, whom we call Mother Morne, a woman as ugly as sin. She shook her head when we spoke of you, and said—"Your shift is very well : stick to it. There are already people in the land who are upon his track ; but he must not be found."

"I know that old woman," said Florian ; and he told George how he had become acquainted with her.

"She is found every where ; but being of a kind disposition, she is never disturbed," was George's reply. "She is continually roving about ; hears much, sees much, and consequently knows much ; and she sincerely believes that it is through the whisperings of supernatural beings, by divine revelation. I think her brain received a shock from fanaticism. She looks upon herself as a being of a superior kind, and as one who holds immediate communion with God and the invisible spirits. But it appears that you must also know the other, who shakes her head at our invention. She is a cousin of my Claudine, a Mademoiselle Delory. You saw her and Claudine at the chain."

Florian related his adventure with the girls. "But why," he asked, "would she not credit what you and your father said in regard to myself?"

"I really cannot tell," answered his friend ; "after we had been speaking of you, she took me a little aside, looked at me with her piercing eye, and asked, 'George,' for she always calls me George, and I address her as Hermione : 'George, why will you, or why must you throw a mystery about this stranger ? He is not from Germany, and I much doubt whether he is related to you.' I of course was somewhat startled at the question. If you cannot believe me, replied I, I would at least request of you to act as if you did. You know, Hermione, that in these days some virtues must take to flight, like light shunning sin ; while there are personified crimes, which strut about as if they



were triumphant virtues. Hermione looked me, at these words, solemnly in the face, mused a little while, then nodded, as if assenting to what I said ; and asked not any further questions."

Florian's heart swelled with delight, on hearing this statement. It appeared to him as if he were of greater importance to the world, since Hermione deemed it worth her while to sacrifice even but one thought in regard to his fate. The certainty of again finding her on La Côte-aux-Fées, who had so long dwelt in his memory, increased his anxiety and impatience to reach Staffard's house.

The young men proceeded towards the huts of Bremont, and passed the singular mountain-lake of Etaliers, the waters of which eventually fall into subterraneous outlets and then vanish. But as they climbed the rocky mountain-path to Les Bayards, they were met by five armed pedestrians, who, by their uniform, belonged to the French army. They inquired the way, and Florian thought they eyed him rather keenly. He would have been inclined to consider this opinion merely a vain suspicion, had not one of them, as they were proceeding on their way, said, in a rather loud tone of voice, " it is certainly he !"

Amid friendly conversation, the friends reached the desolate elevation, whence the view opened on the huts of Les Bayards, scattered about between pastures, clumps of fir, and rugged rocks ; and on the other side of the valley of Les Verrieres, appeared as a dark wood, the mountain-side of La Côte-aux-Fées. The afternoon had been very sultry, and George felt fatigued. The friends sat down on a rock to enjoy rest for a few minutes, whilst the carrier of Florian's portmanteau walked rapidly on, to announce their speedy arrival to George's father.

" By my troth," exclaimed George, " I believe those are the same blue coats who met us on the mountain, and

inquired their way! What do they mean by coming back?"

"I think we shall soon learn," said Florian.

In fact, the same men, who a little while before had descended the mountains, were now ascending it. They approached the wanderers with firm steps, and remained standing before them.

"Gentlemen, pardon the abruptness of my question, but whither are you going?" said he of the blues, who appeared to be the principal.

"To Les Bayards, down the mountain," replied Florian.

"Then we shall have the honour to accompany you. I would also request of you to conduct us to the nearest castellan or major, in case you should not think fit to show us your passports, and other papers freely, for you are not of this country."

"Who tells you so?" cried George abruptly, anticipating danger to his friend.

"This brown wart, close to that gentleman's left ear," said the blue coat, pointing with his finger to a small mole on Florian's cheek.

"And what else?" asked Florian calmly.

"You have escaped from your guards, and are the murderer of this soldier's comrade," replied he in blue, pointing to one of his men; whom Florian actually recognised as one of the guards that he had left at Pontarlier.

"The gentleman will not deny it," said the soldier; taking off his hat, and showing a black patch on his forehead.

"And if I should not deny it, what then?" said Florian.

"In that case you will go with us to the next castellan," observed the leader, "for we shall not leave you again."

"Thunder," roared George, jumping up. "Do you know, gentlemen, that you are not on French ground, but in the canton of Neuchâtel. You are foreigners, and you

would not be dealt lightly with, were you to disturb the safety of the high road."

"Sir, be silent," replied the leader of the blues, throwing a fiery and commanding look at young Staffard. "Our business is with this murderer. The government of this country consents to his being given up."

"I would sooner suffer you to break my arms and legs, than endure violence in this open, high road," thundered George, springing to one side, and taking a club from off the ground. "Pack off, ye villains, off, and down the mountains with you," he roared, pointing toward the valley Brevine.

The Frenchmen appeared in a humour, rather to do anything else, than to follow this good counsel. Some laughed; others exclaimed, "Stop his impertinent mouth." Neither of them, however, was seriously concerned about him; but they stepped up closer to Florian, who rose rather disconcerted from his seat, and called out to his friend, not to suffer himself to become excited.

"So you will accompany us to the castellan," said the leader, who had the appearance of a gens-d'arme or custom-house officer.

"Sir, I go whither I list," retorted the fugitive—"and you may go whence you came. I love liberty and equality, and particularly do I like to be free from you, and people of your kind."

"Away," roared George, "lest you wish to get your skulls cracked!" He wielded the club in the air, as if to verify his threat; when two of the blue coats caught hold of his arm, so firmly, that he could scarcely move. As soon as Florian saw his friend's predicament; how he twisted and turned to free himself from the unexpected embrace; he roared out in a frightful tone of voice, "Loose your grasp!"

At those words, he thrust his foot so powerfully, and with such urgent force against the leader's body, that the tall gentleman lost his breath and balance; staggered three paces backward, and fell to the ground, like a prostrated pine. At the same moment he seized hold of one of the blue-coats who was standing by his side, and first hurled him, then the other, so forcibly to the earth, that the ground quaked. One lay there like dead; while the other, impelled by the force of his fall, rolled down the steep of the grassy hill, and remained hanging in the bushes below. When those who, like the Laocoon's snakes, held the furious George still entwined, saw this, they ceased their hold, and ran down the mountain as fast as their feet could carry them. It was in vain that George pursued them for some distance, with uplifted club, showering at the same time the strongest imprecations on their heads.

On his return, he saw his friend engaged in binding up the Captain's bruised head, with a handkerchief; while the soldier who had been hurled to the ground, approached with groans and timidity, swearing that every bone in his body was broken. He came limping, bent double with pain, and his face besmeared with the dust in which he had wallowed—and he also, who had rolled down the hill, came staggering, like one drunk, with a face as pale as death.

"You might have spared us this vulgar scene," said Florian, politely, to the leader; "I do not love to engage in quarrels like these."

The officer groaned out, "You seem to have more experience in such rustic battles than I have. As to myself, sir, I am a soldier, and am accustomed to fight with different weapons than my fists. Had I a sword with me, I would teach you how to dance and skip."

"You are very obliging," replied Florian; "I dance the Française very well, but with my sword in hand I should

play a *Grisonne*, which would perhaps not please you very much. For the present, I request you to proceed on your journey to Brevine."

"Where are my other men? There are two still missing," said the Captain, seeking them with his eyes, without turning his head.

"They have run in advance of you, to order your supper in La Brevine," answered the victor; "you had better run after them, if you like it warm."

The officer departed slowly, then stopped again, turned round, and said, "Sir, beware of meeting with me, for I shall be on the look-out for you; and on some warm summer day, with my sword shall run you through the body. My name is Larmagne. Bear me in mind!"

"I consider it unnecessary for me to make a similar request of you," said Florian.

The officer and his companions crept down the mountain towards the valley of La Brevine, uttering curses all the way. Florian and George walked in an opposite direction towards Les Bayards, amusing themselves with their adventure.

Night had already set in, when they arrived at Staffard's hospitable roof on La Côte-aux-Fées.

## CHAPTER XII.

### AT HOME.

On the next morning, Florian remarked the improvements which his kind and attentive host had made in his little apartment. Between the outer and inner windows, bloomed roses, carnations, and other fragrant flowers. A neat little writing-desk, with numerous drawers made of walnut, and curiously inlaid with maple, graced one side of the room.

Over his table was spread a dark green cover, very tastefully embroidered with flowers. His bed, covered with linen of snowy whiteness, the pillows of which were adorned with silken tassels, stood beside the door. A large mirror with gold frame, hung between the window-curtains. Florian never expected to see such neatness and luxury in a wooden farm-house ; and least of all among those solitary mountains.

“Friend,” said the elder Staffard, “what nature denies us, we must supply by art. Here, in these mountains, the winter lasts from eight to nine months. During that time we are compelled to keep within doors, and we must therefore make our narrow world as agreeable as possible. Italians, Spaniards, and the French can pass the greater part of the year in the open air ; in consequence of which, their habitations are neglected. The south knows the charms of a public life ; but the north, as an indemnification, experiences the comforts of a domestic fire-side. Wo to the wretch who wants either ! and truly, my friend, we mountaineers find, in the end, a beautiful artificial summer in the winter, just as charming as the sun-burnt southerners feel an artificial winter in their summer-sun.”

The elder Staffard and George conducted their guest through the spacious wooden palace. They showed him the long cow-houses in the principal and other buildings, the extensive storehouses for the preservation of the hay, during the long winter months ; the cheese magazines, the cool dairy, and all the establishments of those rustic occupations. Staffard had formerly carried on an extensive trade in watches and lace. His son had been twice, and he himself five times, in the United States of America. For a long time they had traversed Europe in all directions ; but finally, after having accumulated a large fortune, they had given up a life of roving, and bought large tracts of land in the valleys and on the mountains of Switzerland.

His neighbours considered the elder Staffard a man of wealth, great experience, and sound sense. Moreover, his hospitality and honesty were widely celebrated. His horned cattle, and his cheeses, which he exported to France and England under the name of Grayere, were sought after by foreigners. Young artists, and beginners, who went up from the valleys to see him, to ask his advice, or a loan of money, seldom left his house dissatisfied.

One morning, as they ascended the mountains to visit the scattered herds, Florian soon remarked the unaffected respect which, through La Côte-aux-Fées, was everywhere shown to the old man ; from each hut resounded a friendly greeting ; and in all places, the people endeavoured to detain him with friendly conversation.

“ Truly, you are a very happy people here,” said Florian, when he looked from the top of the mountain, down into the peaceful valley below, with its scattered huts in the treeless, grassy meadows, and compared the tranquillity of the people with the turbulence and horrors which the war with the French and Austrians had brought into his native land.

“ Every one is, who desires to be so,” said the old man. “ There are people here too, who are wretched.”

“ Those who are wretched, must be so through their own faults,” said Florian.

“ As it is every where and always ; were this not so, all people would be happy,” added the elder Staffard.

“ Yet it cannot be denied, that outward circumstances are great props to life’s felicity,” rejoined Florian.

The old man shook his head, and said, “ No, that is ever one of its most pernicious prejudices, from which man draws his bitterest destruction. It is neither rank, nor riches, nor poverty, nor honour, nor a full table, nor anything appertaining to these, which conduce to our happi-

ness or misery, but our own consideration of those things. Do you not know that kings upon their thrones have cursed their days, and martyrs at the stake have sung hymns of joy, when the red flames were rising above their heads?"

"Very well, father Staffard," replied the fugitive, "but how would it be, if foreign armies were to invade this silent world, kill your son, destroy your cattle, and burn your dwelling?"

"Well, sir, I should lose a great deal," was the old man's rejoinder. "But my son may die without falling by the hand of a foreign foe, and death is no evil to him who is prepared for it. There is no evil, excepting the evil we ourselves commit; but to enervate, and to habituate ourselves to life's luxuries, those also are evils."

"But this philosophy?" said Florian.

"Hold! say Christianity," interrupted Staffard.

"Very well; but with all these Christian principles, if I may judge by appearances, you are not at all indifferent to outward decencies and enjoyments," Florian replied.

"As I am within myself, so I like to see the things by which I am surrounded," replied the old man. "Therefore the world is beautiful, because, in whatever man does or is, he presents more or less a counterpart of himself, and gives evidence of his state of mind. Thus the ambitious man craves to be idolized, the despot wants slaves, the ignorant man loves ignorance, the fool delights in nonsense, the enlightened man exults in intelligence, and the free man prizes liberty. How could man scorn enjoyments, without scorning himself?"

Florian was amazed at the mountaineer's wisdom, and by advancing sentiments of his own, and contradicting those of the sage, he delighted to draw out the old man's opinions with regard to numberless other subjects.

"You are right, father Staffard," Florian said; "all I



now see and feel accords with my sentiments, and with my own heart. I find here a great part of my inner life, mingling with the external real life ; it is consequently entirely one with myself. Here, no weakling, no libertine, no sluggard, no voluptuary, no tyrant can feel happy. When in these sterile mountains, I consider the multitude of its inhabitants, and their prosperity, the cleanliness and neatness of their wooden huts, the high state of cultivation of the shepherd families, in these landscapes of meadows, the wonderful arts and industry in these remote solitudes, the sobriety and moderation in this generally distributed state of wealth, I must confess that the Côte-aux-Fées is the happiest spot in all Switzerland."

"Not so, my friend," interrupted the old man. "Say, rather, you consider yourself happier under such circumstances, than in any other part of Switzerland, where there is less industry, less enhancement of the beauty of life, less simplicity of manners, and less cultivation of the mind. A thousand others would not be happy here, but at the sight of this poor soil, and its contriving inhabitants, would shrug their shoulders with commiseration, and would ejaculate, 'It is a spacious work-house, and a useful house of correction.'"

"But by what means have the inhabitants of this sterile soil attained so high a degree of perfection?" asked Florian.

"By those means by which all people may arrive at a greater perfection," answered Staffard. "*Hard necessity is the most inventive teacher ; and freedom is the most industrious help-mate !* Here are moors, swamps, rocks, and long winters ; but here labour and talent are free. Here are neither compulsions, nor oppressive taxes, nor vexatious ordinances or edicts, nor swarms of hungry officers and office-hunters ! We have a powerful sovereign, but

he lives with his courtiers, and his splendour is at a distance of several hundred miles hence, and we have nothing to pay towards supporting his splendour. He is our powerful protector, *but our true sovereign is the law we give to ourselves!*”

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE VISIT.

IN the afternoon, Mr. Staffard conducted his guest to the house of Madam Bell, whither George had already preceded them. The road ran between small grazing hills, which, most probably, were only pieces of rocks that had rolled down, and were now covered over with earth. Then it stretched towards the mountains, and towards a naked wall of grayish-yellow rock, that could be seen from the whole surrounding country. The elder Staffard talked of Claudine, his son's bride, and with much gratification, of her frugality, hilarity of temper, and of the eccentric obstinacy of her mother, Madam Bell. “Claudine long since would have been George's wife”—said he—“and my daughter-in-law, had not, thirty years ago, Madam Bell herself, married on the twelfth of October, which accidentally happened to be her birth-day, and is also the birth-day of Claudine, and likewise the day on which her husband died, with many other events besides. She thinks heaven has fixed on that day for the occurrence of all the important events of her life, and she is firmly persuaded also that it will be the day of her death. All women have their caprices, which are their secret religion, and to which they often most strictly adhere.”

Staffard talked much, but Florian heard less, the nearer they approached to Madam Bell's house, which being plac-

ed beside a fenced-in garden, exhibited a very comfortable aspect. This was Florian's arcadia, where, beneath the shingled roofs of the shepherds, dwelt his fancied goddesses. He felt a warm emotion creeping over him, as they passed through the cleanly kitchen into a low, but neat little parlour.

Madam Bell received her visitors with busy politeness. Although nearly fifty years of age, her regular and fine features betrayed, that in the days of her youth, her charms had not been less than those of her beautiful daughter Claudine, who was standing, in all a bride's happiness, with George, beside the piano, regarding Florian, while in a friendly manner she saluted him. Madam Bell having invited her guests to be seated, commenced immediately a conversation with the stranger. In her cap she wore a black ribbon, and round her neck a crape kerchief, in memory of her husband, who had died five years previous. But more eloquent than the ribbon or crape, was a mild and deep-settled melancholy, which generally obscured her natural animation, and the friendliness of her countenance, like clouds dense with rain, hiding the cheerful smile of the sun.

They had scarcely conversed a few minutes, when the door opened, and Hermione entered, in a plain and simple dress. On her head she wore a morning cap, the broad lace of which fell gracefully over her fine forehead and cheeks, without concealing the fulness of her dark, golden tresses, that played about her temples and around her neck. As her eyes fell upon the stranger, who, indeed, was no stranger to her, it appeared as if a ray of the evening red had fallen through the window, directly upon her countenance. They all remarked it; Claudine, however, more plainly than the others, Florian observed it not at all.

The conversation soon turned to the principal occurrences of the day, and to the military disquietudes in the neighbourhood. It was reported that Wallenstadt, on the lake, a town built between rocks of immense height, had vanished in flames; that the Arch-duke Charles had penetrated into the heart of Switzerland; that the Valais had risen in their mountains to assist the Russians and Germans against the French, and that the abbot of St. Gall, and the senate of Zurich and Schaffhausen were striving under the protection of the Austrian bayonets, to enforce their old sovereignty and the old feudal system among the peasantry; while the Helvetic government at Berne, deprived of all hope, seemed to be getting ready to do penance in sackcloth and ashes; for they had diminished their own salaries, laid aside their extraordinary authority, suffered the militia to dissolve and go to their homes, and no longer punished political crimes.

“That is perfectly right”—said Staffard—“for political and religious principles, and the acts that spring out of either, cannot be judged by human laws, like murder, theft, or any other crime. How is that act to be punished with death, which, at the distance of a rifle shot, will be the highest privilege! Political parties in a country are certainly always at war with each other; yet those who are conquered must not be killed, but be treated as prisoners of war.”

“Ha, father”—exclaimed George—“the Swiss, or rather their governors, are cowards every where. They would throw the knife away which they have sharpened for others, fearing their own throats would be cut with it.”

“Shame be upon us,”—ejaculated Florian—“we Swiss have become dumb instruments, placed for our mutual destruction in the hands of foreigners. If the French or Austrians do not find it for their interest to raise Switzerland to its former standard, Europe will no longer have a Swit-

zerland. And she has come to this, through the wretched policy of her senate and the mean cunning of her degenerate confederates."

The ladies remarked the deep sorrow which the discussion called up in Florian's heart, by the change of his countenance.

"Men should never lament, but let their passions lead them on to action"—said Claudine. "Action becomes all persons of strength: the tear and the sigh belong to women; because in their weakness lies their strength against their lords, the men. You, sir, are certainly one of the strong ones, if not one of the giants—for you gave Hermione and me a proof it at the chain of St. Sulpice."

"It might be questioned who of us two proved then the stronger"—replied Florian.

"Most charming!"—exclaimed Claudine.—"So you would make us believe that we weak girls had aroused your fear? No, no! you could not make us believe that we should ever have had the courage to cast the gauntlet to the feet of him who could stretch that chain."

"But you have cast it down"—replied Florian, producing the glove which he had found in the cathedral at Neufchâtel—"and I now return it to the owner, with all due reverence."

As soon as Claudine recognised Hermione's lost glove, she gave it to her friend with extravagant laughter. She leaned on Hermione's neck, whispered something in her ear, and laughed still more heartily. Hermione however endeavoured to conceal her embarrassment with forced smiles. She blushed deeply, thanked the finder in a scarcely audible tone of voice; and then added—"But how could you know that this glove belonged to me or to Claudine? If I am not mistaken I lost it in the streets of Neufchâtel."

Florian informed the ladies with so much good humour

and tact, of the accident that had induced him to take the walk to the Cathedral, that all were greatly amused. Hermione only remained silent, riveting her eyes from time to time, in a fit of musing, upon the glove; and seemed scarcely to notice the conversation, which had become very animated.

Madam Bell, in the meantime, had arranged the tea-table in the open air. There, in the face of nature, their conversation took a wider range, on the social condition of life. Hermione also began to advance her opinions; and those who a little while before were almost strangers in the room, gradually inclined towards each other with familiar frankness. Confined within four walls, we observe more conventional rules and domestic circumstances; but in the open air, and in the face of the majesty and the solemnity of nature, needless ceremony and the stiffness of etiquette become absurd, if not almost ridiculous.

In the room, Florian could scarcely have sat near Hermione—could not have offered her his hand or arm when walking, or perhaps would not have directed his discourse to her alone. But all that happened as matters of course, when Staffard was walking with Madam Bell, and George with Claudine.

They separated at a late hour—and Florian had forgotten that he was living on the Jura—A FUGITIVE!

## CHAPTER XIV.

### EXPLANATIONS.

STILL and uniform, like the mountain landscape, but on that account no less charming, was the life they led on La Côte-aux-Fées. Father Staffard devoted the greater part of

the day to the business of the house and the farm, or in writing to his correspondents in France, Italy, and other countries. He had many poor families in the neighbouring valley employed in weaving lace on his and Madam Bell's account. George traversed the valleys every week, to give orders for new work, or to pay the workmen. Florian, on the contrary, who had provided himself with books, passed a considerable part of the day in solving mathematical problems. The afternoons were generally passed in Madam Bell's house, or at Mr. Staffard's, when the Bell family visited them. Besides, every week they had a regular concert on wind instruments, when Florian played the flute to the great delight of the audience.

The new relation, which necessarily grew out of daily intercourse with Hermione, was so charming, and withal so very strange, that Florian by no means could understand it.

The people on La Côte-aux-Fées, soon became aware what Hermione and Florian were to each other. The elder Staffard said—"he is an honest man ; let him take his own course, and let no one interfere with it." But Madam Bell felt great inclination to interpose—for the lot of a niece, to whom she stood in the place of a mother, could not be indifferent to her. She wished to know something more of the fugitive. Claudine and George, for their part, immediately agreed that Florian and Hermione would make an excellent wedded pair. Claudine, wishing for the happiness of her associate, was not less ardent than George for his friend. Every one of them had advanced further into the union of the two parties than the principals themselves.

"You foolish little coz"—said Claudine to Hermione, one day, "you love him, and cannot deny it, ever since you saw him in the garden at Reichenau, and afterward in the

streets of Coire ! Only think of his again appearing to you at the chain ! And then reflect on your morning dream, about the lost glove, and how you felt when it passed into actual fulfilment."

"May God decide !"—said Hermione, folding her hands, and lifting her eyes to heaven.

"You terrify me, Hermione"—rejoined Claudine—"what harm can he have done you since yesterday ?"

"He can harm me no more"—replied Hermione—"he has annihilated me. Fate shook my existence, and it united with his ; as one trembling dew-drop mingles with another."

"So now we understand each other"—said Claudine—"you mean that you cannot live without him."

"Believe me, Claudine"—said her friend—"that which you call love—what others do from choice, affection or calculation—is with me and Florian a law of necessity. Will has here no power. I was compelled to meet him. I was compelled to find him every where ; and when I was endeavouring to avoid him, I was compelled to be lost on him."

"Will you not speak reason ?"—inquired Claudine—"good little philosopher, if indeed I have sense enough to understand your mystical language. You will however admit, I hope, that every girl loves to be lost in the same manner that you and I are lost. In such a case we find ourselves back again with a hundred per cent. gain !"

"Claudine, you misunderstand me"—replied Hermione. "Against my will I am linked to him by a superior power."

"Oh, you poor coz ! if the matter cannot be helped"—retorted Claudine—"it would be better to shut your eyes and swallow the pill. Oh Hermione, Hermione, think of the twelfth of October ! Oh, Hermione, think of your and my wedding-day !"

At these words, Hermione suddenly pushed Claudine's



extended hand from her, and drooping her head on her breast, exclaimed—"Oh, never say so again! I become the wife of any other man? I could not harbour such a thought, without loathing myself—nay, let us break off. We will never speak of this again."

Claudine laughed outright, yet could not forbear looking at her friend with pity and astonishment.

George was nearly as much astonished when he was about to speak with his friend on the same subject. The young Grison was very loath either to speak of his affection, or to believe that Hermione loved him.

"You are a strange fellow, Florian"—said George—"but confess to me that you love her."

"As I love all that is beautiful and good"—replied the fugitive—"as you yourself love it, George."

"I think"—rejoined young Staffard—"my Claudine would most politely request of me to make a slight difference between love for her and love to others. But I do not see why you should strive against it—you most fortunate man."

"Do not call me fortunate!" retorted the Grison.

"But Claudine has informed me"—said George—"that this ethereal Hermione has known you long. Already in the garden of Reichenau you conquered her heart; then afterwards in Coire, where under her window you upset a loaded cart and chastised the peasant who owned it, for refusing to let a wagon full of wounded French soldiers pass."

"How! beneath Hermione's window did that happen?" asked Florian.

"See, Florian"—remarked his friend—"she has forgotten nothing; not even the brown mole at the side of your ear. She had mentioned you to Claudine before you met her at the chain. She even dreamed that she had received her lost glove through you before you gave it to her. What

do you want more than this ? and if all this should prove nothing, the eyes and ears of all of us could do it."

"If such a thing were possible"—replied Florian, staring before him—"what I could never have believed, and she should feel a waking affection for me, I would—yes, to-morrow would I flee this lovely spot to save her peace. I would never be the wretch to make Hermione miserable."

"Miserable ! what do you mean ?" asked George.

"How could it end otherwise ?" rejoined the Grison.

"As it will with Claudine and myself"—said his friend—"you are independent and affluent ; Mademoiselle Delory has considerable property of her own. Her step-father is said to be an excellent man. Therefore"—

"Ah, George"—exclaimed Florian—"I ought not to say it, but I am compelled to say to you, Get thee behind me, Satan ! I am an outlaw and a fugitive. My country has still claims to my blood. I must not think of quiet and marriage until the Grisons are freed from the yoke of a foreign foe. And who can give me surety that my paternal property has not been confiscated like that of my relations in Vatin ? I must wait for the days of peace and independence ; and then I may allow myself to think of domestic felicity. Unless his country be in a state of quiet and prosperity, a Swiss knows no happiness."

George looked at the excited features of the Grison, and then casting his arm around him, he said—"You are the man you should be, but in love notwithstanding."

"Well, yes ! but I love as a man should be in love, with holiness and magnanimity"—declared the fugitive.

After that conversation, George never again ventured to introduce the subject to Florian. Claudine also feared to inquire into Hermione's feelings. Those two singular beings, as they were esteemed, were left to follow their own inclinations.

## CHAPTER XV.

## DISCOVERIES.

FLORIAN and Hermione's declarations were communicated to father Staffard and Madam Bell, and both were satisfied with it. "Florian is a noble man"—said father Staffard to his son—"were he to come here a fugitive, and find here a pretty girl, fall in love with her, and talk to her of love and matrimony, truly, he would be either a madman or an adventurer." Madam Bell thought the same. Her mind was still more quieted by Hermione's decided disinclination to express herself favourably of Florian in any manner whatsoever, and because the young lady's deportment towards him was just the same as to any other person, who was totally indifferent to her; for she neither avoided him nor sought his society—yet she gave indications of a secret haughty fear that she had of him.

Old Staffard smiled at that behaviour. His sound common sense solved the mystery in quite a different manner from Madam Bell. "My dear neighbour"—he said—"there is still some danger in this. I would trust Florian for ten years, for he is a man; but I would not trust Hermione for ten minutes, for she is a woman. She loves, and her pride revolts against her inclination. The little queen would justify herself towards herself. She says that she does not love him; but that, by the power of a superior agency, she is impelled towards him. You know that the enthusiast finds everything natural. She lives with her head in another world. And thus are all you women. Every one of you is a founder of a new philosophy, and of a new poetry. This every-day world is too common for you; and you must needs fill it with wonders. Mother Morne fancies that she has intercourse with invisible spirits. So

Hermione attributes every trifling occurrence to a direct immediate Divine Providence. You yourself, madam, have your mysterious twelfth of October, and other *fate-days*. My wife never resolved upon anything without consulting her oracle—which was the passage that on opening the Bible first met her eye. Even Claudine, light-minded as she is, can become melancholy when she has had a dream that seems to her of significancy."

"My dear neighbour"—said Madam Bell, a little vexed by Mr. Staffard's incredulity—"feeling and presentiment often judge more accurately than reason, which is satisfied only with what the eye sees and the ear hears. I know, however, some very sensible men who consider old Morne a crazed person, but who are nevertheless very much confounded when she brings revelations from her world of waking dreams which surpass the reason of those more sensible men."

Mr. Staffard, perceiving that the bolt was shot at him, took Madam Bell's hand very kindly in both of his, and said—"No quarrelling, my dear neighbour, between us—I will very cheerfully admit that old Morne knows sometimes a great deal more than either of us; but I think she receives her knowledge in a very natural manner. She is always busy roving about, and consequently hears and sees a thousand things of which we are never apprised. Without knowing it, or wishing it, all things suiting to each other, combine in her old, experienced head, she draws happy and often very sagacious inferences. She is astonished at her own knowledge, because she cannot herself clearly understand how she acquired it; and thus she fancies herself endowed with superhuman properties. She deceives no one, excepting in the most honest manner—herself."

"Then you really think, friend Staffard"—said Madam Bell—"that it was nothing more than mere guess-work

when old Morne came in the afternoon of the same day that Mr. Florian arrived at your house at night, and cautioned me about Hermione? How did she know he was in this country? How could she feel any apprehension in regard to Hermione's heart, who on that day was with Claudine at Neufchâtel?"

"That Florian was in the country"—replied father Staffard—"she did by no means guess; for Florian told me that she had seen him on the top of Le Gros Taureau. That he would seek refuge in La Côte-aux-Fées, and most probably in my house, she could easily conjecture, for she herself had advised him so to do. That she cautioned you, madam, to have a care over Hermione's heart, I explain to myself by supposing that Hermione or Claudine, in a familiar chat with the old woman, described, perhaps, the man who, in the Grisons, had made so strange an impression on the young lady's heart. Mother Morne, as soon as she saw the man, undoubtedly recognised him by the description she had heard of him."

Madam Bell was no less astonished at the solution of the mystery than she had been at the mystery itself. "Ah!"—she said, with a smile, but rather vexed, withdrawing at the same time her hand from old Staffard's—"you men can always give yourselves the appearance of being in the right. We women have only hearts, and you have heads. Yet I love not this heartless reasoning, which would fain make out of all nature a lifeless clock-work."

"Nay, my dear neighbour"—exclaimed father Staffard—"let us make peace between the heart and head. It is for that very reason that a man and woman are necessary to each other, like the rich man and the poor, because one possesses what the other has not got. I will cheerfully admit that the heart is often right; but you must grant, in return, that at times it errs a little."

“Why should I not?”—replied Madam Bell—“only with this difference, that the error of the heart sometimes brings with it a greater blessing than the greatest truth of the understanding.”

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE DREAM.

WHILE the good people on La Côte-aux-Fées, were busy-ing themselves about the affairs of Florian’s heart, he himself was occupied with quite different concerns. He counted his means, which partly consisted in ready money, and partly in drafts payable at sight, on a rich commercial house in Basle. He could not think of returning to the Grisons, although the French armies were expelled from all their valleys. He felt no inclination to be dragged by the Austrians into Tyrol, after having made his escape from the French. His farm, his Alps, and his pasture grounds at home were secured to him, since he had appointed a trustworthy man as his administrator. Hence the question was this : where should he go ?

This question occupied his mind so much, that on a fine afternoon in June, when he was sauntering towards the acclivity of the rocks, he lost his way. He found himself between an underwood of firs and maples ; and before him was the lofty, dark, yellowish calcareous rock, which hitherto he had only seen at a distance.

Rather fatigued from his rambles, he sat down to rest, in the neighbourhood of a cavern. The silence of the mountainous region, sometimes interrupted by the monotonous sound of the distant herd-bell, invited him to slumber.

“FUGITIVE!”—he exclaimed, in the bitterness of his

heart—"and yet not criminal; loved perhaps by the love liest being among the Alps, with yet no hope of ever calling her mine!"

Thus, in dreaming reflection, or reflecting dreaminess, he saw the wood, the mountain, the plains, the rivers, and the sea, pass before his vision. The firmer the balmy hand of slumber closed his eyelids, the more charming became the landscapes that floated round about him. At length he saw the sea, rolling beyond the hills, and dashing its dark blue waves against a pleasant and verdant shore. In the distance, as if painted on a blue ground, rose the spires of a city. Towards it he bent his steps, with a light heart, when a well-known voice called him by name. As he turned his head aside, he saw a beautiful and charming white villa, in the midst of a garden, shaded by high poplars. On a balcony, cased around with a gilt railing, sat Hermione, beckoning him. He flew to meet her, with the anxiousness of first love. But on his entering the garden, he saw her already coming towards him, walking as it seemed through a bed of lilies, when she suddenly stopped, and said—"Now I shall bind you well." She undid a broad silken ribbon, which she wore round her waist, and was about to throw it over him, when it suddenly changed into a snake that, winding itself round him and her both, drew them closely together; and then taking its own tail in its mouth, formed a living ring. Hermione uttered a loud shriek, which alarmed him so much, that he awoke from his dream, and on opening his eyes, he beheld Hermione flying from his side, with averted face, and saw her once more turn to look at him. With bewildered senses he sprang from the ground, and called out,—  
"Mademoiselle Delory, why do you fly me?"

She might have served as a model for an artist, could he have seen her as she stood there, with a face suffused with

crimson, her straw bonnet protecting her against the rays of the sun, carrying in her left hand a little ribbon basket, and in her right hand a shepherd's staff.

"Pardon me, sir,"—said she—"I fear I have disturbed your slumbers."

"And I thank you for doing so, Mademoiselle Delory,"—replied Florian,—"nothing could more agreeably have interrupted my dream."

"And have you really dreamed?"—exclaimed Hermione; with a countenance expressive of impatient curiosity, mingled with serious apprehension, almost approaching to terror. Florian replying, more to the expression of her face, than to the question, said—"Is it allowable to dream here?"

"Oh yes, certainly! but do you know where you have been dreaming?"—replied Hermione, pointing with her staff to the cavern.

"Why, do dragons or snakes revel there?" inquired the Grison.

"Nay, do not jest,"—said Hermione,—"have you no knowledge of this place? Do you not know what the people say of it?"

"Indeed, mademoiselle, not a word,"—said Florian.

"It is the entrance to the fairy's temple. Some supernatural power is ruling within there. You may believe it; for whosoever falls asleep here, receives prophesying dreams. Have you really dreamed?"—asked the young lady.

"I have indeed"—he answered—"and I am greatly beholden to the fairies."

"Has some one appeared to you?" was Hermione's inquiry.

"Most certainly"—responded the fugitive—"and I believe a more lovely fairy than ever appeared in the Arabian Nights."



“ Oh ! permit me to be a little curious ”—rejoined the damsel.—“ Pray tell me in what form she appeared.”

“ Oh ! in a form ”—he replied—“ which as long as I draw the breath of life, must be to me the most beautiful, the most memorable, and, alas ! the most dangerous ! ”

“ Indeed ! ”—exclaimed Hermione—“ I am curious to know what the form of this fairy was, and—pray tell me your whole dream, monsieur ? ”

Florian was embarrassed, and looked down, when he answered—“ I scarcely dare tell it, but what should we care for dreams ? Reality itself is the most beautiful of all dreams.”

—— “ And so you refuse to grant my request ? ” Hermione asked.—“ But do you know that this dream is closely connected with your future destiny ? Do you know that it may teach, counsel, and caution you ? ”

“ Your solemnity, mademoiselle, alarms me ! ” said Florian.

—— “ See, it is not without reason, ”—rejoined the lady,—“ that sleep is called the brother of death ; for when we are asleep, we are half-dead. The body lies senseless, while the soul extends into another sphere of action, lives in another world, and has another language and other visions. Dreams are but the last rays of the sun setting in a spiritual world, and casting a faint and calm light across the ocean of infinitude, upon the things of this earth.”

Florian smiled ; for the beautiful maiden stood before him, in an exalted dignity, teaching and commanding belief, like a gray-bearded philosopher. He took her hand tenderly, and impressed a gentle kiss upon it, as if he would ask forgiveness for his smile.

“ Jest on, jest on ! ”—she said, a little vexed, yet unable to forbear smiling herself.—“ The time will come, when your mind will revert to this moment ; then you will not jest, and then, my friend, you will also remember me.”

“ Oh ! surely, surely, will I remember you ”—replied Florian—“ for while I was half-dead, I thought of you.”

“ How so, half-dead ? ”—she retorted.

“ Did you not say ”—asked Florian—“ that when sleeping we are half-dead ? ”

“ Nay, I pray you to be serious ”—answered Hermione—“ but for one moment. You are a little light-minded. But just here you should not be so. Now tell me your dream.”

“ Well, then. But first ”—said the fugitive—“ let us seek, if you please, a cool and shady place ; for I cannot bear to see you suffer with the heat of the sun.”

“ Then let us return to the place where you reposed, ”—replied Hermione,—“ there is always a cooling breeze, even in the hottest day of summer.”

They returned to the place, and Florian soon felt that Hermione was not mistaken ; for a gentle and refreshing breeze passed over the place where they stood.

“ It would almost seem that you are a seer, Mademoiselle Delory, ”—said Florian.

Hermione pointed towards the cave. “ Thence, out of the fairy temple ”—she added—“ is wafted this invisible stream.”

“ Which bears such sweet dreams on its soft and balmy bosom ”—subjoined the Grison.

“ Yes, my friend ; and such dreams as are ominous ”—appended his female companion.

“ You are right, mademoiselle, ”—said Florian,—“ and if our fancy is always peopled with such sweet dreams in this place, depend upon it, my friend, I shall come here every day, and endeavour to sink into the arms of slumber. But what reason have you for supposing that dreams here are more significant than elsewhere ? ”

“ Must I tell you ”—Hermione answered—“ that you may have cause to jest again ? You are an enlightened man,

my friend, but you are also like all men. You believe everything, excepting what is most worthy of belief. You believe in effects, but not in causes. You believe in phenomena, but not in power. There is a power living in this blade of grass, in this stone, in every tree. Who knows the heavenly realms, and the hosts of power therein? An infinite chain of powers, or spirits, comes down upon us from the throne of God. We touch the chain; we are connected with it. There are situations in which we hold communion with other, perhaps higher, and also perhaps with subordinate, as well as with human spirits."

"My fair visionary, will you not instruct me," asked the fugitive, "in some of your mysteries? Although I am well aware that on earth I shall never see a more beautiful being than yourself, yet I fain would make a trial with others."

"And yet you have already made the trial" she rejoined; "have you not experienced the power of the fairies' temple? Have you not looked into your own future? You slumbered here. The invisible stream of this cave floated over you, and in a dream it caused your soul to see more clearly. It was nothing else than this secret power of nature, which inspired the priestess at Delphos, and enabled her to give revelations of the future. You slumbered here, and that power of nature, which he of Greece was called Apollo, and represented in the form of eternal youth, and which the peasants here term fairy, came over you. You have become your own oracle, your own Pythian priestess. It is now at your option, either to believe or to disbelieve this; but tell me your dream? I must know it, for it is of importance to me."

"And do you think it will be fulfilled?" inquired Florian.

"Who may interpret omens coming from an invisible world? But quick, tell me your dream!" replied Hermione.

Florian could no longer disobey his fair petitioner. He told her what thoughts had occupied his fancy, when he had fallen asleep. Then how the mountains had floated before his vision, and the different regions of country and the rivers. Then, how suddenly the sea with its verdant shores full of hills, and beyond it in the distance, a city had burst on his sight. He endeavoured to paint the landscape as well as his recollection would permit. He then spoke of the voice that he had heard, coming from the house in the garden. As he proceeded in his narrative, Hermione's attention became more and more riveted. She stared at him with a wild and solemn gaze, and then exclaimed, "Oh, no! oh, no! That is St. Imar, my parental home, and the city is Autibes."

He spoke of Hermione's appearing in a gilded balcony: "No, no, it is impossible," she cried again, "my dear mother had it thus renovated in the last year of her life."

Florian remarked, that the telling of his dream produced a singular and powerful effect upon Hermione; while he himself began to feel rather strangely. "My dear Mademoiselle Delory," he said, "you are joking with me."

But she solemnly shook her head, and said, "Oh, I pray you continue, do not interrupt yourself!"

Florian then commenced describing the garden, for she insisted upon knowing all the particulars. But when he mentioned the multitude of lilies through which Hermione had come, she folded her hands, drooped her head upon her bosom, and said, "I know them well. Often have I gambled among those lilies when a child. They were the favourites of my mother, and in the whole neighbourhood, our St. Imar was called the garden of the lilies."

"Singular, that in my dream I should become a visionary!" said Florian, smiling; but indeed amazed at Mademoiselle Delory's words,—*"Imagination has played us both a trick,"*

he continued; "it is of all fairies the most malicious one. We both attach to the same words the most different images and scenes."

"Finish relating your dream, my friend," exclaimed the young lady, with anxious curiosity.

He proceeded to relate the occurrence with the ribbon, how it had been transformed into a serpent, and that the moment after it had taken its tail in its mouth, and thus formed a ring, his dream was at an end. Hermione averted her face, and her bonnet concealed from his view the change of her colour, how it even vied with the paleness of the lilies in her mother's garden, and then became suffused with the glow of a newly-blown rose.

"Truly," said Florian, in a soft tone of voice; a tone which bespoke the whole depth of his love, "truly, if my dream has indeed a prophetic appearance, it is that which it assumed at last, when the ribbon, with which you, my dear friend, bound me, became suddenly the emblem of eternity. I might attach some meaning to that circumstance, if I dared to venture."

Absorbed in thought, with drooping head and half-averted face, Hermione, with her staff, drew lines in the dust. How much would he have given, could he have read what then passed in her mind!

Suddenly she lifted her head, and with a mien of silent resignation, remarked: "We now have a mutual secret, reveal not your dream to any one. Do you wish to see the fairies' temple? Come then, and allow me to be your conductress."

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE FAIRIES' TEMPLE.

HERMIONE led the way. When they had arrived at the entrance of the cave, she took from her basket a neat little lantern and fire apparatus.

“So it was your intention to enter this enchanting cavern,” exclaimed Florian. “Did you not come hither for that purpose? And would you have ventured without a companion in this mysterious cave?”

“It requires no heroism to do that,” said Hermione, with a friendly smile, “particularly since the young Mr. Staffard has had boards laid across the slippery rocks for Claudine and me. There is no danger now in crossing, and on a fine summer day I love to visit this temple beneath the earth, which wonderful nature herself has erected, and so magnificently decorated. It will excite, and is deserving of your admiration.”

Saying this, she took off her straw bonnet, and wound a shawl in the form of a turban round her head. She then hid her bonnet and his hat, with the basket, in the bushes not far from the cave, and returned to light her lantern. In her scarlet turban, from under which several stray tresses fell in golden ringlets around her temples, and down on her shoulders, she resembled an ancient fabled enchantress. The innocence and the fearlessness with which she prepared to take a walk of terror, gave her the appearance of one who holds communion with supernatural powers.

She soon had lighted her lantern, which she fixed to the extremity of her staff.

“Now then,” said Hermione, with a graceful inclination of her head, pointing at the same time to a low aperture in the rock, “have you courage? The mouth of the cave is

narrow, and difficult of entrance ; but when once we are through it, there is no longer any difficulty ; for immediately after the opening, it suddenly becomes very wide."

She spread a handkerchief on the ground, that in creeping through the opening they might not soil their garments. She then motioned him to enter. He stood still for some moments, looking at her in silence, as she pushed the lantern with the staff, into the interior of the cave. He then crept through the opening, which soon became so large as to permit his standing upright. It was not long before, also, the head with the red turban appeared beneath the rocks. This dream-like spectacle made his heart tremble within him, he knelt down and assisted his delicate and courageous companion to rise ; when immediately afterwards the golden rays of daylight poured through the opening.

She took her staff for a support, while he proceeded in advance of her, lighting the way with the lantern. The rocks split into several dark passages. A death-like stillness reigned within. Now and then, the falling of drops of water could be heard. A dark vault, the end of which they could not discern by the faint light of the lantern, rounded above their heads. Only a few white and yellow cliffs, appeared like spectral images in the dark. Fantastic shapes of pillars and ornaments of stalactites, could be discerned in the distance. They seemed to move, to advance, and to vanish, as the lights and shades varied by every step they took ; and thus caused new forms to arise and disappear.

The farther they penetrated into the cave, the more wonderful was the appearance that the subterraneous world assumed. The passage in which they were walking seemed endless, and sometimes it became very spacious, then narrow, and often it resembled the halls of a convent,

adorned with costly white carpets and beautiful carvings. One could walk safely in any place, for George Staffard had cleared away many obstructions, and had caused boards to be thrown over the otherwise impassable places. After they had proceeded some distance beneath the rocky vault, Florian suddenly remained standing, and looked at his fair companion, who was following him, without showing the least symptom of alarm. She smiled very benignly at him, without saying a word. "Is it possible,"—said Florian—"that you should venture here entirely alone? Wonderful and magnificent as is this gigantic structure of nature, it arouses within me feelings of silent awe."

"I experience this awe every time I am here"—said Hermione—"but I love the sensation. However, I cannot deny, that on my first visit here I trembled, although George and Claudine were with me. Since then, I have been accustomed to this subterranean world, and am now perfectly familiar with every object that appears in it. We shall soon reach the end of it, and I am sure it will greatly surprise you. The whole passage is said to be three hundred feet in length. A little farther on, Monsieur Florian."

"After he had gone a little farther, a golden ray of light, proceeding from the back-ground, flashed suddenly on his vision. He stood still in amazement, but as he proceeded, the splendour by which he was surrounded nearly blinded his eyes.

"Enchantment!"—cried he in ecstasy—"Where am I? I see a light like the light of day; I see in the midst of this cavern, clouds, sailing on the bosom of the air; and I see immense distances, and valleys, and forests, and mountains! Oh! most wonderful spectacle! Mademoiselle Delory, I must needs believe now in sorcery. Here must be other fairies beside yourself!"

Hermione rejoiced silently at the delirium of delight



with which he was seized, when, on arriving at the end of the cave, the most picturesque scenery burst upon his astonished vision. She leaned opposite to him against a projection of the rock, and described to him the scene before them.

“Below there, in the valley, you behold a different world,” said Hermione. “It is Val-Sainte-Croix. All those little brown cottages, resting so familiarly and yet so solemnly upon those hills, belong to the villages St. Croix, and La Braconne. To the left, rises La Roche Blanche with its rocks ; and to your right, you behold l’Aiguille de Beaume. Far in the distance, you can just perceive the antique town of Granson, on the lake, celebrated by the defeat which Charles the Bold there sustained. But the highlands before us conceal from our view the charming Pays de Vaud that lies beneath our feet.”

She continued for some time to explain those charming landscapes. Florian, on casting his eye into the verdant depths below, saw the peaceful dwellings of the people, and their herds on the mountain-side, and the Alps in the far distance ; and, on turning round, when he looked into the darkness of the cave, he saw in this wonderful and silent solitude, Hermione standing beside him, leaning gracefully with one arm against the rock, while grass-blades, and hanging shrubs, were playing around and above her turbaned head, casting a mysterious shade over all her features.

Hermione’s eyes were resting upon him. She understood and respected the emotions of his heart, and kept silence.

At length, after having indulged in a long fit of meditation, in which he forgot himself and every surrounding object, he turned again to Hermione ; a tear unknown to him glistened in his eye, and the smile with which he greeted the

silent maiden, became touchingly expressive. He then pressed both his hands firmly to his heart, as if to repress its violent pulsations, and said—"Oh! Mademoiselle Delory, you intended only to surprise me, but you have coupled a paradise with my existence. Never shall I forget the Fairies' Temple, but while I live, shall remember it with grave and solemn feelings."

She cast her eyes to the ground, and seemed to muse on what he had said. After a short pause, he continued—"How little is required to make this life happy! I have decided upon my future course. My country has been made miserable through corruption of morals, through the ignorance and rudeness of the people, and through the avarice, ambition, and vindictive passions of its chiefs. God has visited the land; he arouses the people from their torpor and enervation. At present there are two parties among us—one for Austria, the other for France. Both are ruinous to the country. I can save nothing. Were I even to sacrifice my life for the benefit of my native land, it would avail nothing. I may not be the servant of either party, and were I to step as mediator between them, they would both persecute me. I go and seek a beautiful solitude. Thanks to you, lovely Hermione, for you have given me to myself again. Your Fairies' Temple has affected me with its magic power, and you are the beneficent fairy in it."

"Call me not by that name"—said Hermione—"the great fairy is Nature, divinely stamped, and incomprehensible!"

"Well do I know, Mademoiselle Delory"—replied Florian—"that your thoughts take a more exalted flight than mine; and you are also more pious than I; for, weak man that I am, I am only like a heathen."

"Oh! my friend"—rejoined the fair enthusiast—"every

blade of grass is a representative of nature ; and every little spot large enough to kneel down on, is an altar at which we may worship the majesty of the Omnipotent. Life is a beautiful and endless mystery. I meditate upon it, and would greatly like to solve it, but cannot, since I cannot penetrate to that God who is himself the essential glory and life."

"Your words are dark"—remarked the Grison—"like those of the priestess of Delphos. But I understand you, lovely priestess, by the sound of your voice, and the expression of your features, for your eyes reflect your inward soul. All is speech !"

Hermione threw a doubtful glance at Florian, as if she feared he was mocking her. But his enthusiasm was so honest, that, after a brief pause, she said kindly—"I have long since been able to explain to myself that souls have a language of their own ; without words, without sounds, without sight. Yes, there is a secret efficacy of souls, I know not how, but I believe it is through the will, and through a certainty of the result of the will."

"Oh, Mademoiselle Delory"—replied Florian—"if the power of will was merely necessary, my soul would have told you already, a great deal in this mysterious language. You cannot have conceived it. Teach me the art to speak with your tongue, and with it, give me that wonderful power over your soul, which, from the first day I saw you, you have exercised over mine, Hermione ! Since that day, at the foot of the Calanda, when my life mingled with yours, as the waters of those two streams ran into one."

His voice trembled, as he said this ; and his eyes were fixed on the ground. When he raised them, Hermione stood before him, with her face suffused with crimson ; but her seriousness and her peculiar dignity returned just as soon. "Come, Monsieur Florian,—she added—"let us

return by the way we came. I know not whether you wish to amuse yourself with my views, or whether you are serious in what you say. At any rate, I should have felt obliged to you, had you not interpreted my harmless conversation in the manner you have done."

"Pardon me, Mademoiselle Delory"—replied Florian—"it is out of my power to show you greater respect. I should have kept silent, had not the hour and the wonders of the fairy temple effected a great revolution in all my resolves and plans."

"Do you then, indeed, wish to make me believe"—asked Hermione—"that you have been changed through the secret power of this place?"

"Through every thing"—was the fugitive's hasty response—"perhaps through the dream; through your appearing; through the solemnity of this subterranean world; through the aspect of the peaceful valley at our feet; through your standing in all your loveliness, between these cold, gigantic rocks; through—ah! who can unfold all that attunes our souls, and decides the will of the mind? Enough—my resolve is this—to live alone and secluded in some solitude. It is irrevocable. When I revealed this to you, I could not conceal the other secret that agitates my bosom."

He ceased. The lantern was again lighted, and she held it out to him, with a look in which sadness strangely mingled with friendliness. When he touched her hand it trembled in his. They turned silently into the darkness of the subterranean temple.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE ADVENTURE IN THE FAIRIES' TEMPLE.

FLORIAN and Hermione slowly and silently pursued their sparsely-illuminated way ; Hermione still reflecting on the last words her companion had spoken. His sudden and continued silence grieved her ; for although he carried the lantern before her, so that she might not miss her foothold, and though he sometimes looked back for her, yet he moved along without uttering a word of caution, or offering her any friendly assistance, as he had done when they first walked through the cave.

When they had arrived in the middle of the fairies' temple, and both had passed through the cave without paying any attention to the images and beautiful adornments, Hermione suddenly stood still. His silence became intolerable to her. She felt that no misunderstanding ought to exist between them. She had not wished to offend the man who in that hour had filled her with renewed admiration and respect, and when he looked round, she held out her hand to him, and said—"Are you going to be angry with me?"

He took the proffered hand, shook his head negatively, and walked on ; for he could not speak. Her tone of voice, which said infinitely more than her language, had thrilled through every fibre of his heart.

After having proceeded a little farther, Hermione stopped once more, and said—"Just in this place the fairies' temple abounds with all kinds of images. Only look around you for a moment. We are surrounded by petrified giants, dwarfs, snakes, and other monsters."

Florian held the light in all directions. Every change of light metamorphosed also the confused forms of the im-

agery. He then held the light above his head towards the ceiling, and perceived a huge block of stone above their heads, apparently detached from the others, or only in a very few places united with them, so that it seemed ready to fall at any moment.

“Come, come into the open air!”—said Hermione—“our voices and the vibration of the air might cast this rock from off its fastenings, and bury us both beneath it.”

“I could not wish for a more magnificent grave”—said Florian.

“You must not yet count yourself”—returned Hermione—“as one of the number of those who are weary of their life.”

“On the contrary, from to-day”—said the Grison—“I may count myself among the number of those who rejoice in their lives.”

“Never mind that now, Monsieur Florian”—she rejoined—“let us fly! I am beginning to fear lest the mountain might take you at your word.”

“Does Hermione shrink from the possibility of death?” asked Florian.

“Ah! but I have still a father whom I dearly love”—answered the lady—“although he is but my step-father, and I have not seen him so long! Hereafter I shall go with joyful heart to my right father, and to my ardently-loved and sainted mother.”

“Should the stone fall”—said the fugitive—“my dream would be fulfilled, Hermione. Then the serpent which was entwined around both of us would have found an interpretation. Eternity would unite us both.”

“Away—away!”—she cried with alarm—“let us hasten into the open air! Incredible man! Why would you begin just now to believe in your ominous dream?”

She had scarcely given utterance to these words when a

loud clap of thunder apparently reverberated through the cave. It was succeeded by a rattling of falling stone. A rush of air extinguished the lantern. It seemed as if the whole cave were shaking. The echo resounded fearfully through the hollow mountain. Hermione at the same moment gave a piercing shriek. Florian dashed the lantern to the ground, and felt with both his hands for his companion. She came tottering towards him, and fell into his arms.

“Speak, dearest mademoiselle ; are you hurt ?” asked Florian.

“For heaven’s sake”—replied Hermione—“what has happened ? Are we buried alive ? The rocks must surely have fallen !”

“Tranquillize yourself, dear mademoiselle”—said the Grison—“there can be no danger here. If the entrance of the cave is closed, I can return and climb over the rocks, down into the Val de Sainte Croix, and bring you assistance.”

“There is no path leading over those steep rocky walls”—rejoined the damsel—“you would never reach the bottom and live. Oh, Monsieur Florian, prepare yourself for the worst, for we are both lost !”

“I pray you not to give yourself up to despair”—rejoined the Grison.—“When you have somewhat recovered from your first fright, I will find a way by which we may get out. Fear nothing, for I am with you, and with both of us is the all-powerful and ever-merciful Protector.”

Some time elapsed before Mademoiselle Delory could compose herself. But Florian spoke self-possessed, and with so much confidence that there was no danger, that he demonstrated to her clearly, that the fall of a stone of even moderate size might create a noise like thunder, when echoing through the many serpentine passages of that subterranean temple. He also made it appear probable that the fall of

the stone which they had heard had not been in the principal passage, but in one of the side-vaults, which they had seen on their entering the fairies' temple. He even proved to her, by the fresh current of air which they inhaled, that the entrance of the cave could not be far off, and that the passage could not be obstructed. All this he did so calmly and so persuasively, that Hermione again began to summon courage.

"But how shall we plod our way back in this darkness?"—she said—"I have lost the little tinder-box and my staff. We may lose the boarded way beneath our feet, make a mis-step, and perish!"

Florian spoke comfort also in regard to this doubt—but he was far from experiencing that ease of mind to which he pretended. By no other means could he account for that first terrific clap, than by attributing it to the noise occasioned by the falling of a huge mass of stone, which might, perhaps, have stopped up every mode of egress. Therefore he requested Hermione to remain for a little while alone; while he attempted to find the remote aperture by which they had entered. But when he was about to leave her, she placed her arm in his, and with a timorous shriek, conjured him with tears not to leave her.

Once more he endeavoured to silence her apprehensions with all the eloquence that affectionate tenderness could furnish. "Why should you anticipate the worst?"—he said.—"Abandon every sensation of fear. We are not lost; and should I be compelled to force my way through all these rocks to bring you to the light of day, I will do it."

"Oh, do not leave me, Florian!"—she said, weeping—"I know that our mutual destiny is fulfilled; but I did not think the sad day was so close at hand. It was intended that we should, and we surely shall perish together. Do not delude yourself and me with vain hopes of being saved!



The prophecy is accomplished ; it has been fulfilled in the same terrible spot where I received it. It was in this very place where we now are standing that Mother Morne warned me to avoid seeing you ; for I should draw you and myself into a fearful abyss."

"How ! Mother Morne ?"—cried Florian, in incredulous surprise.—"Can the words of that old fanatical woman rob you of your presence of mind, and self-composure ? Can they prevail upon you more than all the reasonings and prayers of a man who is prepared to suffer anything for you ?"

"But the words of that mad prophetess are fulfilled, in spite of what your reason and courage may allege against it. O, unhappy Florian ! your dream has been fulfilled. This darkness in which we are enveloped, is the serpent of your prophetic dream, that unites us. Alas ! that I was destined to throw the ribbon around you, and allure, and lead you with myself into this our mutual grave ! Poor Florian ! That I should become your murderess I could never have divined."

"You are not my murderess, Hermione, and you never will be !"—replied the Grison.

"Alas ! three times did old Morne warn me to shun you, and only *you* !"—answered the lady.—"I have obeyed the warning as far as was in my power. I trembled whenever my eyes beheld you ; and though it was the will of fate that we should meet, I have never approached you without feeling a shudder creep over me. Oh ! old Morne was not in error, when she predicted that I should draw you and myself into the abyss of destruction. Now, her prophecy is fulfilled, and I have enticed you into it. Now my secret terror is ended ! now the mysterious riddle is solved ! I am to meet my death with you.—Then leave me not, Florian, and I shall be resigned to my fate !"

She spoke in a gentle, but firm and distinct tone of

voice, and her arm held him, as if nothing should tear her from him in her last hour. Florian's breast heaved convulsively, agitated by his contending feelings. Hermione's words sounded like the utterings of a maniac ; and yet they breathed the sweetest music. Painful sorrow, at her dependency, agitated him ; but in the midst of the surrounding terrors of death, his heart thrilled with delight.

"Hermione"—said he—"why should we despair, before we have any certainty that we are lost ? Give me your hand. Put your trust in God, rather than give credence to the ravings of Mother Morne, and the delusions of a dream."

"We are buried alive here"—she exclaimed—"and no one in the world is apprised of our being in the interior of this mountain."

"Then let us grope our way back to the opening, towards Val de St. Croix"—replied the fugitive.—"I will raise my voice, so that it may be heard for miles."

"I obey you"—meekly responded his companion.—"Lead me whither you list, for our destiny so wills it."

"If my promise to bring you safely out of this danger shall be fulfilled"—asked Florian—"will you then, Hermione, trust more to me than to vain dreams and prophecies ?"

"I cannot do otherwise"—replied Mademoiselle Delory.—"Fate has placed me entirely at your disposal ; and I have no longer any power over myself."

He once more drew her towards him ; and holding Hermione's hand, he said,—"Take courage, and follow me."

He walked slowly through the darkness, at every step examining the path with his hand, that Hermione, who followed him, trembling with fear, might not mistake her foot-hold. It was a difficult and dangerous course, and rendered more so by the terror which they mutually experi-

enced. They had thus proceeded for a short time, when Hermione exclaimed, timidly—"Florian, what is this? I breathe the vapour of sulphur."

Florian, who considered this a new freak of her excited imagination, encouraged her by whispering words of consolation, while he still continued on his way. But he had not gone far, when the smell of sulphur came towards him also, which grew stronger as they advanced.

"As true as I live, this is powder!"—he exclaimed.—"I cannot comprehend whence it proceeds. This is neither caused by an earthquake, nor by a subterranean fire."

"Let us not deceive ourselves with vain and incredible hopes," ejaculated Hermione.

As they proceeded, when Florian was bent down to feel whether they were still walking on secure ground, he suddenly exclaimed, "I see daylight! you are safe!"

Hermione strained her eyes to discover the gleam of daylight, through the impenetrable darkness, but alas! without effect. He drew the trembler quickly after him; and as they stepped out of the side-walk into the principal passage, they suddenly perceived the light of day, pouring through the aperture of the rock.

"We are saved!" cried Hermione; and she stood motionless, with uplifted arms and fixed eyes, as if she had been changed into a statue. Florian turned towards her with delight; but suddenly her colour changed to an ashy paleness, and her features became rigid. A violent pain seemed to thrill through her whole frame. Her arms fell powerless to her side, and her head drooped upon her bosom. Florian, as he held her in his arms, became excessively alarmed. She seemed to be gasping for fresh air, as if struggling between life and death. She stared anxiously, and with a dry eye at Florian, until her convulsions broke out in violent weeping and sobbing. She then

recovered by degrees; and amid a flood of tears, the red began slowly to rise upon the ashy paleness of her cheeks.

As soon as she had gained sufficient strength, she disengaged herself from the young man, and buried her face in her handkerchief. But when, on looking up, she beheld Florian standing before her, pale and speechless, and in anxious solicitude about her, she smiled upon him, and extending her hand, she said with a look and tone of the purest kindness, "Good Florian, what have you not suffered on my account? Forgive me!—I know myself no longer," said Hermione, as she disengaged herself from him. Then she offered again her hand to him, and said, "Ah! my friend, do not mistake me; leave me not, I pray you. You now know that my life is mingled with yours; why should I deny it? I am no longer mine own."

They walked to the outlet of the fairies' temple. A paler light poured through the opening, and when they both stood again without the cave, they inhaled silently the pure refreshful evening air.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE CARP.

THE sun had already sunk to the horizon behind the summit of Le Gros-Taureau. A soft light was spread over the valleys, while the bright reflection of an evening red tinged the mountain peaks. Birds and illuminated clouds sailed in the air. From the scattered cottages, in the verdant valleys below, rose graceful columns of smoke, as if ascending from the altars of the ancient devotees. Florian and Hermione thought they had never seen the world more

beautiful. Every object which their eyes rested upon, was more spiritual, more pure, and more brilliant.

Hermione folded her hands, and raised her eyes towards heaven, with an expression of heartfelt gratitude ; then she turned again with affecting confusion to Florian, while her flushed cheeks were made more radiant by her sweet smiles. Indeed, there was nothing in the world more beautiful than her bashfulness and pure confidence. He also stood there, in the grace and the manliness of his fine proportions and features, heightened by his silent reflections ; while inward beatitude shone out of the dark blue of his lustrous eyes.

A loud voice suddenly interrupted their contemplations, shouting, "O, ho ! there I find you, just in the right time. Good evening, good evening !"

Professor Onyx instantly appeared, ascending the mountain-path from the neighbouring village, Le Cret. "Truly," said he, "ill luck attends me wherever I go. Here I must find you, Mademoiselle, quite unexpectedly, without being able to offer you one of your sweet little namesakes, one of my hermiones. Yesterday evening I culled a whole bouquet of them at the rock of Buttos, and brought it to Le Cret ; but it was too late to present them to you, and consequently I placed them very carefully in water. But, behold ! a goat went to the place where they were standing, and ate them all. My loss, however, was not without its advantage ; for by it I learned that the hermiones were an excellent food for cattle. The little Etienne soon afterwards milked the rapacious animal, and I bought the milk. We will all taste it, for I have every reason to believe that the hermiones will impart to it a most delicious aromatic flavour. We must taste it."

Mademoiselle Delory smiled at the man of science, and said—"It would give me great pleasure to be your guest,

professor ; but below there I have certainly been long since expected. If to-morrow, however, you will bring me a bouquet of your flowers ——.”

“ Oh, I promise you whole garlands of them, beautiful Mademoiselle,” cried the professor ; “ this morning I have seen hundreds of them blooming in the shade of a block of granite.” Then turning to Florian, he cried,—“ Friend of my soul, you must see this block of granite, you must, indeed ! It is of the utmost importance to my explaining the appearance of my original mountain foundlings on the heights of the Jura. It is an eloquent, incontrovertible proof that it was brought hither, like the others, by the masses of ice coming from the tops of the mountains, when all this was still a ‘TOHU VABOHU,’ an infinite chaos. Above and below and on all the edges it is rounded, caused of course by friction ; while the middle, as far as it was surrounded by ice, you will perceive is unharmed, sharp-edged, and well cut.”

While the professor continued to develop his observations to Florian, Hermione took the red shawl from off her forehead, and returned to the entrance of the fairies’ temple, where she had concealed her bonnet and basket. When Onyx observed that she had left them, he broke off his discourse abruptly, and said,—“ Come, come, Monsieur ——, dear me, I shall never remember your name as long as I live—come to the fairies’ temple ; there I shall prepare a feast for you. It is still light enough. You will be astonished. You are a connoisseur.” Saying this, he led Florian, who was lost in a deep reverie, and who consequently had not heard one word of his eloquent discourse, to the entrance of the cave.

“What do you intend doing, professor ?” asked Florian, when he was standing before the aperture.

“I cannot promise anything before hand,” replied the

philosopher. Who knows how the vein of the rock runs ? I cannot be certain of anything, excepting that the hole was bored well and deep enough."

"How ! what ! have you blasted the rock with powder ?" asked the fugitive.

"Friend of my soul, I have indeed," answered the geologist.

"Here ! in the fairies' temple ?" exclaimed Florian ; as light regarding the late mystery flashed across his mind.

"Ah, see there ! have I been ahead of you ?" exclaimed the professor. "Perhaps, you had the same project in view !"

"So it was really you, professor, who blasted the rock ?" inquired Florian.

"Who else should have done it ? For six hours I was engaged in boring it. Meanwhile that accursed goat ate up all my hermiones. I walked into the cottage to bring the necessary materials for firing the rock ; when the rage I experienced at the goat detained me longer than I had anticipated, so that I did not set fire to the match until half an hour since. It was a dangerous business ; but I was out of the cavern with the swiftness of a lightning's flash, and I had scarcely time to get out of it when, bang ! I heard the most glorious crash that ever greeted my ears."

"May Satan, Moloch, and Belial, thank you for it, professor ;" roared out the Grison, "for by that nice operation of yours, the lives of two human beings were nearly lost."

"Why, there was not a living soul far or near," said Professor Onyx.

"Mademoiselle Delory and myself, were at that same moment within the fairies' temple ;" replied Florian.

"How ! have you just now come out of it ?" inquired Onyx ; "was the smoke occasioned by the powder dissipated ? It does not generally evaporate among these

rocks so quickly; for I myself was once very nearly suffocated by it, it pressed so hard upon my lungs."

"But what bad spirit tempted you to try your destructive art in the bowels of the earth, to-day?" asked the Grison.

"From your question, my most excellent friend," said the professor, "I may infer that you have seen nothing at all. Had you been observant while you were in the grotto, you might have perceived, about twelve feet from the entrance, a purple spot in the calcareous rocks on the right. By a closer examination, you would have found it to be a fish's head, half raised, like the head of a carp. The incision of the mouth, the rounded gills, a cinnabar-coloured spot of about the size of a pea, in the place of the eye—all can be seen. The moment I made that discovery, I knocked off the incrustation, and lo! about one foot and a half removed from the head, I beheld a dark red stripe in the rocks altogether the size of the tail."

Florian turned with a vexed smile to Hermione who had approached them, when Professor Onyx gave the description of the carp.—"Thank the Lord, professor, that your carp has not been the cause of two lives being lost!" remarked the fugitive.

"Friend of my soul, you jest!" was the geologist's answer, "I was bound to get this wondrous remnant from the antediluvian world out of the rock, even at the risk of perishing together with the carp, beneath the rocks. But excuse me now; for I must examine what my experiment has effected, before it is too dark. I tell you, my inestimable friend, that this is not a mere impression of a fish, but a perfect fish with flesh and bone,—the only one of its kind, such as no cabinet in the world ever possessed.

The professor then crept into the hole, and exclaimed from within,—“If my experiment has succeeded, I would



not take two thousand guilders for my fish. Do me the pleasure to wait until I return ! ”

Florian, however, did not wait for the professor ; but with Hermione on his arm, walked down the mountain-path towards Madam Bell’s dwelling, which was a mile distant from the cave.

## C H A P T E R   X X .

### THE PROPHECESS.

FLORIAN and Hermione did not hasten their steps, for they had much to tell each other.

“ It is true,” remarked Florian, “ that with his experiments this singular Professor Onyx might have buried us in the fairies’ temple ; and yet I feel myself indebted to him for so great an amount of enjoyment, that I forgive him for the alarm he occasioned me.”

“ Not he, Florian ; but my fear and cowardice occasioned your alarm,” said Hermione.

“ If we were to draw a still nicer distinction,” subjoined the fugitive, “ it was not you, dearest Hermione ; but those who filled your susceptible imagination with images of terror, may I say, superstitions and prophecies ? ”

“ Oh, my friend, do not condemn as a vulgar belief all that emanates from the soul,” was her comment.

“ You will however admit,” replied Florian, “ that in this instance we have had the most satisfactory evidence of the vanity of such foretellings. Yonder temple, as you call it, is a cave, and nothing more. Had it not been called the fairies’ temple, it would scarcely ever have been supposed to be the abode of secret powers. You, Hermione, would not have considered my dream as the magic effect of those

concealed agents. You would never have connected the accident of the cave with my dream."

"I will admit," answered the lady, "that I put a false construction on the dream, and old Morne's prophecies; yet your dream and Mother Morne may combine true warnings. Do you not think a hidden meaning is attached to your seeing the sea, the villa, and the garden of lilies, in your dream?"

"When we are dreaming"—rejoined her lover—"we are travellers. Seas and villas perchance may flit before our vision. That in my dream I saw a multitude of lilies, I can easily explain to myself; for I thought of you; and your friends told me of your predilection for lilies over all other flowers. I consequently saw you in my dream in the midst of your favourites, the images of yourself."

"At least you might vie with any gipsey in interpreting dreams"—said Hermione—"I admit the possibility of all that you say, but you surely will not reject the possibility that dreams may have a higher signification."

"Well, then, possibility against possibility"—returned Florian—"why should we torment ourselves with a fear of possibilities?"

Amid such conversation, night had set in, with its stars twinkling in the heavens. Lights appeared in the cottages around the hills; and in the foreground, between the trees, the illuminated windows of Madam Bell's house became visible.

While they were walking, and whispering sweet sounds into each other's ear, they were suddenly interrupted by the shadow of a human being, who, coming from Madam Bell's house, seemed to advance towards the friends with the strangest motions and gesticulations. They heard a footstep, and before them stood the gaunt figure of old Morne, with uplifted arms—"Hie thee hence, fugitive, and

fly!"—she cried—"Thy garments are not yet cleansed from blood!"

"Do you mean me, Mother Morne?"—said Florian, confusedly, and vexed at the interruption.

"To-morrow, or the day after, thou shalt know more"—replied the old woman—"and yet thou wilt know it too soon!" She then lifted her hand again into the air, and exclaimed—"Heaven hath eyes!"

An involuntary shudder crept over Hermione, at those mysterious words. She pressed closer to Florian, as if to find protection from the spectre-like manner of the mysterious woman. He remarked her timidity, and said—"Fear nothing, mademoiselle. Mother Morne herself reproved me once, when I asked her to make me a prophecy; and said, 'God alone knows the future!'"

"She did say so"—exclaimed the old woman—"and so she says now. But she also says, that men ought to know the present, and thou knowest it not—else thou wouldest know that this day, thou hast led a proud lamb to the altar of repentance!"

"And did you know the present, mother Morne"—retorted Florian—"you would not-torment two gladsome beings with your prattle. Fare you well."

"Fare ye well! fare ye well!"—cried the old woman—"You and mademoiselle Delory stand in need of the wish; not I. Fare ye well; for ye will both fare ill. Did I not see blood on the summit of Le Gros Taureau? and now I see the bleeding head. I have warned thee in the dried up bed of the river La Combe; and the maiden I have cautioned in the silent ravines of Longaigne. Which of you has given ear to my words?"

"Go your way in peace"—retorted the fugitive—"and let us go peaceably on ours. What business have we with you? Good night."

“Hold!” screamed the prophetess, in a husky voice; holding up her arms, and standing for some time before them, in the attitude of a maniac—“leave off from the maiden, and do not defile her garments with blood, which will cry to Hermione’s heart. O that blood, that blood! which I saw on the summit of Le Gros Taureau, and which you could not wash out in the mountain stream. Flee from the valleys of the Jura; for thy mornings will be fraught with sorrow, and the evenings will bring thee but grief.”

“Do you understand a word of all this?” said Florian, with a smile, to Hermione.

“Oh, I have here the interpretation; beneath three swords that cross each other, and are encompassed with a crown of thorns!”—exclaimed old Morne; thrusting her hand into her pocket, and drawing forth a letter which she gave to Hermione.

“Ah, a letter from my father!”—exclaimed Mademoiselle Delory, taking it out of Mother Morne’s hand; and whispering Florian a hasty good night, she ran with it into the house of her friend. At the same moment, old Morne went in an opposite direction, and walking with her usual swiftness up the mountain, soon disappeared in the darkness of night. Florian was left alone; for Hermione also had vanished behind the trees. He therefore hastened his steps to the hospitable mansion of his friends.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### CHANGES.

FATHER Staffard had just returned from an excursion to the capital, bearing with him gladsome tidings for Florian. It was a commission, signed by the governor of Neuschâtel,

permitting the Grison's residence in the Canton. He had himself gone to the Governor, and presented to him Florian's history ; and offered to become his suréty. He had particularly dwelt on the conduct of those French officers, who, in attacking Florian and George, between Les Bayards and Brevine, had greatly violated the prerogatives of the Neufchâtel territory ; a circumstance that very much excited the governor's indignation.

“ Now, then, you will enjoy in our mounains perfect liberty and security ”—said the worthy old man, after supper. “ Wo be to him who touches but a single hair of your head ! The fate of the Grisons, like that of all Switzerland, as it is now given up to the sword of foreigners, will remain uncertain for a long time. Therefore console yourself, and bear it with patience. We have already passed the middle of summer : autumn will soon assume its prerogatives, and instead of adorning our trees and bushes with fruit and sweet grapes, will hang icicles upon them, and clothe them with snowy garments. But the merrier shall we be in our warm comfortable rooms. The valleys yield to us their choicest fruits, and rarest gifts. You will not be in want of amusement ; you are one of those, who are also in good company when they are with themselves. So make your arrangements for the long winter ; for where will you find more trusty friends, or greater security, and more freedom ? You will stay with us my friend, will you not ? ”

Saying this, father Staffard extended his hand to Florian, who took it with deep emotion, and said—“ It would better befit me were I to sue. Where in the world could I be happier than here, where peace and virtue have their home ? I experience not even a desire to visit my own distracted country. Look upon me as your son, as I am already George's brother. For then, sooner or later, I may have it in my power to evince to you my gratitude. During the

winter we will consider how I may invest my property to the best advantage, on La Côte-aux-Fées."

"Oh, Florian!" cried George—"we have already made quite different plans! We think of bidding farewell to our mountain home, and perhaps next spring to remove into a more genial climate. The rough atmosphere of these mountains agrees neither with my father nor with Madam Bell, who is always in delicate health; and there are no physicians near."

"Whither will ye go, ye happy ones? Do not expel me, for wheresoever you go, there will I go," said Florian.

"Ah!" exclaimed the father, "for me, the rough mountain atmosphere would be mild enough; and he has no need of a physician, whom a simple mode of life, occupation, and a hilarious mind preserves from sickness. But these revolutions have been instigated by the women; and I must be contented. My neighbour, Madam Bell, for the sake of her health, is going to live with her niece, Hermione, not far from Antibes. There is a large public estate offered for sale, which George thinks of purchasing, as he and Claudine will like to live near their mother, and so I shall have to follow them; for what am I to do alone among these mountains?"

"And you too, Florian, will go with us into the happy land of St. Imar?"—said George. "How! do you blush? What are we to do on the dismal La Côte-aux-Fées, when our fairies have deserted it? Give me your hand! Did you not tell me that you felt yourself alone in the world, without either parents, or sisters, or friends? All those you will find again, in the proximity of St. Imar, and Antibes. Are you content? Give me your hand on it, and make me happy."

"Can I refuse it to him to whom I would give it, should

he even ask me to follow him into a desert ? ” said Florian, as he shook George heartily by the hand.

But the following day brought with it a bitter change. The joys that heaven bestows on man pass more swiftly by than the glances of the sun, between showers of rain. George, in his morning walk, had called at Madam Bell’s house, and returned home with the intelligence that he had found both Claudine and her mother in a very singular state of mind, and in inexplicable confusion. Hermione had locked herself in her room, and reported herself ill. “ But ”—added George—“ they are each of them pressed by a torturing secret. One can easily see in their faces, the curtain they have drawn over them, to prevent others from seeing what is behind it. Madam Bell speaks little, busies herself with the tables and chairs, wipes the dust from windows and mirrors, that she may be enabled to listen more attentively to what is said, and my Claudine seems to say with one eye, ‘ I love you,’ and with the other, ‘ do not approach me ! ’ With one eye she says, ‘ I should like to have a private chat with you,’ and with the other, ‘ ask me no questions.’ However, have patience, for I shall be at the bottom of their mysteries before I am twenty-four hours older.”

Florian, concerned lest Hermione’s health should have sustained a shock from her fright in the Fairies’ Temple, and partly apprehensive that Mother Morne’s warnings might have worked on her imagination, so as to become deleterious, repaired, in the afternoon, to the house of Madam Bell. He found Claudine and her mother, but Hermione remained invisible. His friends, at other times so friendly and kind to him, now assumed a most reserved and cool demeanour. However forced this conduct appeared, particularly on the part of Claudine, nevertheless, it was painful to the Grison. He even thought, that in the

house where formerly he had been so welcome, his company now might not be grateful.

For some time he stood bewildered and undecided ; but instead of showing any resentment for the cool reception he met with, he turned to the ladies and said openly and frankly—" By all I can see, I must have incurred your displeasure ; what have I done, that I should find myself in such a dilemma ?"

" Nothing, in the least," said Claudine, politely.

" It would be better, Mademoiselle Claudine "—replied Florian — " were we to speak frankly to each other. There may be a misunderstanding that would force its way between us. I love you all too much not to feel pain at losing the least particle of that respect and esteem with which you have honoured me. If I have done wrong, I entreat you to tell me the nature of the offence, that I may either prove my innocence, or atone for my crime."

" What causes you to entertain so strange a suspicion either against us or yourself ? " said Madam Bell, busying herself with the window curtain.

" Your words, the expression of both your countenances, in fact, your whole demeanour, cause this suspicion to rise within me "—replied Florian. " You will scarcely deny this to me, and much less to yourself. Why would you therefore conceal from me, what is important to your own, and to my peace of mind, and what perhaps may decide whether I"—

" We have no reply to make "—said Madam Bell. " There is no difference to be adjusted between us. Allow me therefore to break off a conversation equally painful to you and to us."

" I obey, Madam ; yet allow me to ask one question," said Florian, " will Mademoiselle Delory grant me an interview of only a few moments ? "



“No,” said Claudine, hurriedly,—“No! she needs rest, she has passed a terrible night.”

“You drive me to despair, Mademoiselle, if you do not tell whether I am not looked upon as the cause of your amiable cousin’s sufferings?” inquired the fugitive.

“Well—yes; at least, you have, you will be,” replied Claudine.

“Silence! Claudine,” cried Madam Bell, interrupting her—“Who gave you permission to speak? Can you so entirely forget yourself?” Then turning to Florian she said—“Pardon me, Monsieur Florian; but we must break off a subject that cannot be agreeable to either of us. Hermione is not well. Give the poor girl time enough to become a little familiar with her hard fate; and then perhaps you will learn what you wish to know; and which, against Hermione’s will, we have no right to divulge.”

With this explanation Florian was compelled to be satisfied. He departed and wandered alone in the woods and on the mountains to dissipate his thoughts or rather to collect them. Much as he revolved in his mind every circumstance that had brought him together with Hermione, and every word he had ever said to her, he could not discover how he could have contributed to her unhappiness. His suspicions fell on the Sybil of Le Gros Taureau. She undoubtedly had discovered Hermione’s love, and filled her breast with superstitious fears. Some peculiar circumstance also might be attached to the mysterious letter which the maniac had delivered on the preceding night.

When he returned from his roamings, George hastened to meet him before the garden of Staffard’s house, and said,—“Something very extraordinary must have happened at Madam Bell’s house; for the whole conduct of the ladies has undergone an entire change. They are as dumb as a post. Mother Bell appeared alone; Claudine was not per-

mitted to show herself. There is some secret, Florian ! and it must regard yourself. Give me some clue to it. The rest, I will know to-morrow."

Florian repeated to him the events of the previous day. "Perhaps Hermione repents," he added, "that her heart, in being overcome by the power of the most singular accidents, has revealed too much. It may be female pride, at having given her heart and her hand so thoughtlessly to an adventurer and a fugitive. She may fear also the prophecies of Mother Morne, whose hatred I seem to have incurred. Perhaps it is all this taken together."

"Oh, no ; you wrong her !" exclaimed George, "Hermione loves you, and 'were he a beggar,' she once said to Claudine, 'and were he the greatest outcast among men, he would exercise no less a power over me. My existence is interwoven with his life. But I know that I shall perish with and through him, and he will perish with and through me !'"

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE RIVAL.

ON the next day George was again on the watch, but on arriving at home he was greatly out of humour, and said—"I believe the devil is playing his devices in that house. As I was going over there, I found Hermione and Claudine sitting on a bench in the garden ; but when the girls perceived me in the distance, they got up and went into the house. I followed them, but found only the mother. To all I said or asked I received no answer, excepting a shake of the head or a shrug of the shoulders, or various proverbial sayings, such as,—'We should look before we

leap ;' 'at night we are wiser than in the morning ;' 'we should not discard every presentiment.' "

"And did you not see Claudine ?" asked Florian.

"Certainly, only listen," replied his friend ; "she entered, and her mother left us together. Now I thought my game was won. I commenced immediately interrogating her. But she would not suffer me to ask a question, and interrupted me, by saying, 'My dear George, I dare not leave Hermione longer than three minutes ; therefore allow me to be brief, and to make a request of you.' I answered her by saying that I would grant it immediately. 'Well then, you are a dear, good soul ; I therefore request of you not to ask any questions in respect to anything that may excite your curiosity. Furthermore, tell Florian, that I feel very sorry for him, and that he must forget the fairies' temple, and all that occurred on that day ; and for the sake of Hermione's peace of mind, that he must avoid visiting at our house without being invited.'—Thus spoke Claudine, but I felt vexed at what she said, and asked her why ? but she shook her head, and said—'That is a question you are not to ask.' Then she sighed, and ejaculated—'Poor Florian ! But incredible things have happened ; yes, incredible and most terrible things.' I was about to ask another question, when she exclaimed—'The three minutes have elapsed.' and with that she ran away, turned again at the door, bade me a friendly adieu, and vanished. There I was, left alone. I waited a long time, but no one appeared ; and at length, tired of waiting, I left the house."

This report of honest George, in every particular, was more calculated to excite the curiosity of the Grison. At supper, they communicated the whole of it to father Staffard.

"Children,"—said the old man,—“do not torment yourselves about women's secrets. A woman's most important

affairs are those of her heart ; and there it is, where the most incredible things happen. Who knows, whether Mademoiselle Delory has not had a remarkable dream ; or whether yesterday was not an ominous, unlucky day, in Madam Bell's calendar ? Let the women alone, they will come of their own accord, and reveal every one of these incredible things. With regard to the letter, we cannot know whether it contains anything remarkable or not. I must speak with Madam Bell, she will be glad to unburden her heart of its secrets to me."

On the next morning, old Staffard repaired to his neighbour's house. The young men at home, were burning with impatience for his return and his communication. When they saw him at a distance, they went forth to meet him.

The old man laughed and said—"I thought you would endure all the torments of purgatory, until I should come to release you. Well then, the *incredible things* that have happened, I have seen with my own eyes ; and the key to this great mystery was standing in Madam Bell's door when I arrived."

"What do you mean, father ?" asked George.

"Why it is Captain Larmagne, who has taken his quarters in Madam Bell's house,"—replied the mountaineer.

"Oh, oh !" exclaimed George, "Is that all ? But why do they make so great a secret out of that ? Is it because for several years he has been one of Hermione's unsuccessful lovers ?"

"Umph !" replied father Staffard, "successful or unsuccessful, even if Hermione should reject his homage, you know that her father favours his suit, and that Hermione regards her father's word above all things."

"But she has decidedly declared," remarked George, "that she did o love the captain."

“That is all the same to me,” said the elder Staffard, “yet for all that, it explains Claudine’s incredible things. Women always dread difficulties between rivals, if not scenes of bloodshed. They know also, through you and me, that Florian has dealt rather harshly with the captain in the scuffle on the heights of Les Bayards.”

“How ?” exclaimed Florian, “Is he the same officer who was going to arrest me, as we were coming from Brevine ?”

“Certainly he is”—replied George—“I cannot bear the fellow. He was on La Côte-aux-Fées, at the command of her father, and accompanied Hermione hither. Colonel Despars is the confidential and intimate friend of Captain Larmagne. He then remained several days at Madam Bell’s ; but I became sick of him, the first hour that I saw him, and did not visit Claudine as long as he stayed there. I have never seen him since, excepting when we met him on Les Bayards. But if he dares again to raise difficulties, he may consider himself fortunate, if he leaves La Côte-aux-Fées with a single whole bone in his body.”

“Hold ! ”—exclaimed father Staffard—“No mischief. Let the captain rest in peace ; and do not spoil what the women will make good.”

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### ● AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

FLORIAN was so obedient, that he even resolved to confine himself to the house, in order to avoid meeting his rival, perchance when taking a walk.

He was seated in his own room, absorbed in mathematical drawings and calculations, when he heard a knock at the door ; and on his summons appeared Professor Onyx.

“Best of friends!”—he exclaimed; and with one bound he stood before Florian’s table.—“It was my duty long since to have visited you, but you know that a person who has so many grave pursuits, as myself, can never call his time his own; and among friends, these matters are not considered so strictly. You will therefore forgive me! I see you are buried in books. Well! I shall not stay long; and meanwhile, I shall be as mute as a fish. But speaking of fish—do you know what fate my antediluvian fish has met with? It was a sad disaster! Every thing blown into ten thousand shivers. Not a vestige of it is now to be seen.”

“I greatly deplore your loss, professor, but——” replied the fugitive.

“Pardon me, friend of my soul! I perceive with delight, that you are a mathematician,”—said Onyx,—“I see nothing there, but algebraical circles and triangles.—Friend, a higher destiny has brought us together, we will form a partnership. I will give you my local and technical knowledge; and I will avail myself of your mathematics. A man like yourself, I have long since been in need of to solve one of the most important questions. Have you ever been to Sous-le-Saunier or to Salines?”

“Never,”—rejoined Florian.

“Then you must go there with me! You must go”——added the philosopher.

“May I know the reason why?” inquired the Grison.

“You will be astonished,”—the professor cried out,—“where the salt-springs flow out of the gypsum formation, I will show you several species of stone, and then—yes, rejoice, my friend—I shall show you the same formations, not far from the lake of Neuchâtel. Now the question arises, how deep must we bore for the salt-springs? That you can calculate, with your algebraical forms, as soon as

you know the geological relation of Salines and Sous-le-Saunier. Then we two are not only provided for, but also the principality of Neuchâtel, and all Switzerland. Not an hour ago, I was saying to Mademoiselle Delory——”

“Have you seen Mademoiselle Delory?”—earnestly inquired Florian.

“But three words!—consequently I said——what did I say?—what was I going to say?—you have interrupted me,”—replied Onyx.

“You were speaking of Mademoiselle Delory,”—remarked the fugitive.

“Of Mademoiselle Delory. I carried her some fresh hermiones; she took but a single one, and put it in her bosom. The captain behaved a little uncivil on that occasion”——muttered the botanist.

“Captain Larmagne?”——said the Grison.

“Well, well, we shall speak of him anon,”——returned Onyx.—“Only think, my inestimable friend, how advantageously the superabundant turf of these marshy valleys may be employed. What new industry and commerce would be introduced! The lakes of Geneva and Neuchâtel would become more closely connected. The Pays de Vaud must supply us with wood. Through the Thielle to the lake of Brienne and the Aar, we shall command the principal water-carriage; and in a short time, we should be able to supply all Switzerland with salt.”

“But I would rather you had given the captain some salt, for behaving rudely to Mademoiselle Delory,” replied Florian.

“Oh, he was not rude to the lady; but he kissed her hand in my presence”——answered the professor. “Had I been in the uncivil fellow’s place, I should never have done it. But towards me he behaved rudely when”——

“So he seemed rather intimate?”——was the Grison’s inquiry.

“Understand me rightly”—said Onyx. “The captain and myself are old friends and acquaintances. One speaks his opinions to the other, and there the matter rests.”

“And are the captain and Mademoiselle Delory old acquaintances also?”—asked the fugitive.

“Pardon me, my dear friend”—was the philosopher’s response—“I did not pay very strict attention to it; but as I faintly remember, she only spoke in monosyllables.”

“How?”—ejaculated Florian—“you remember it but faintly! and scarcely an hour has elapsed since you saw Hermioné?”

“Of course—but an uncommonly large spider”—Onyx added—“that was swinging before the window, holding itself by its invisible threads, engrossed all my attention. You should have seen the magnificent insect!”

“In the company of a beautiful young lady, professor, I think I should not have been attracted by the charms of even a spider”—rejoined the Grison.

“Who speaks of charms? In regard to that, my inestimable friend, we are of one opinion”—retorted the entomologist—“and I confess Hermione was more beautiful than the spider. But a spider is not without its interest to the observer. For all the artificial knowledge we have of the weather, I would not give a sou. Spiders are the real prophets of nature, the most unerring hands on the atmospheric clock! Not until a catechism treating on spiders—not until an extract of arachnology is taught in schools—not until in every farm-house spiders are declared holy animals, like storks upon the roofs of houses, agriculture neither can nor will arrive at the summit of perfection.”

“And your spider”—said Florian—“prevented you from seeing all that the captain and mademoiselle——”

“Mademoiselle Delory had left me and the captain long before”—rejoined the professor—“when he took me by the



arm, and invited me to take a walk with him. Then we began, I know not how, to converse about you. He asked me a thousand questions, which I answered to the best of my ability. I could swear that Monsieur MOUSTACHE has fallen in love with you. In his enthusiasm, he dragged me to his room, and there wrote a real love-letter to you. The thing would have slipped my memory. Thus it is, my excellent friend ! but when you begin to talk, you make a person forget everything."

With those words, Professor Onyx gave the letter to Florian, who broke it open, and read it immediately.

"Am I not right?"—continued the philosopher.—"Is not the captain in extacies to make your acquaintance? But if I had told him what I now know of your mathematical knowledge—speaking however of mathematics—how is it with our boring for the salt-springs on the lake of Neuf-châtel?"

"The captain expects my answer, professor"—remarked Florian.

"I promised to carry it to him immediately"—said Onyx.—"It is well that you put me in mind of it. Farewell."

"But you do not yet know my answer"—replied the Grison.—"Have a moment's patience, if you please."

Florian merely wrote on a scrap of paper the following words :

"SIR—I shall have the honour to grant your desire." He then folded it up in a note, and gave it to Professor Onyx, who immediately ran away with it, as the younger Staffard entered his room.

Florian gave his friend George the captain's letter, which contained the following words :

"SIR—If you are the same adventurer from the Grisons, who, between La Brevine and Les Bayards, behaved so rustically brave in a scuffle with a French officer, you will

have no objection to give me that satisfaction, which, as a man of honour, I require, and which you will feel yourself obliged to give. I shall therefore expect you at sunrise to-morrow morning, on the foot-path leading to La Brevine, at the entrance of the pine-wood. I shall not be attended by any person, except my temporary servant, and my good sword. I await your answer. Do not let me wait too long at the above-mentioned place, as duty calls me to Pontarlier.

L. LARMAGNE."

George showed an angry countenance after he had perused the letter. "How will you answer this scroll?" he asked.

"That I shall meet him"—replied the fugitive—"and in your company, George."

The result of this difficulty seemed rather precarious to honest George; for should it end with bloodshed, and his friend be either victorious or vanquished, Florian would either be compelled to fly, or if wounded, he would be confined for some time to a bed of pain and sickness.

Although Florian spoke lightly of the matter, nevertheless, George made all the necessary arrangements for an immediate journey, in the event that the captain should be killed, and Florian be compelled to fly. For that purpose he despatched a messenger with Florian's most necessary clothing to Brevine, directing him to have a carriage in readiness to convey the fugitive to the house of his friend at Boudry.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### THE RENCONTRE.

THE stars were still hanging about the western horizon, like radiant wreaths and chains, and the dawn of morning was just gleaming in the east when the two friends com-

menced their walk to the pine-wood. Florian endeavoured to cheer his friend with merry jokes ; for George moved along very dejectedly at his side.

The stars gradually disappeared, and a dark red was glowing in the horizon, when they arrived at the pine-wood. That magnificent prelude of sunrise and of the waking of the world indemnified them for their enemy's procrastination. They spoke of their future consolatory prospects, and on the pinions of imagination, they floated in the magic land of already-fulfilled wishes. While they were thus revelling in the realms of visionary bliss, the sun poured his first golden rays upon the world, and spread a radiance around the heads of those young enthusiasts. The mountain-world rose in the light. On the grass in the meadows glistened the diamond dew-drops, while silent oceans of mist rolled up from the depths of the valleys.

Suddenly the sound of a human voice fell upon their ears ; and turning their heads, the friends beheld the captain, and a man carrying some baggage.

"Your pardon, gentlemen"—said the professional ruffian—"for making you wait ; but as the sun is just rising from behind the mountains, therefore let us go to work immediately. A little to the right we shall find a very convenient and open space."

The friends followed him. While on their way, George sought to make a treaty of peace ; but the captain repulsed him with a short and impertinent speech. "With you, young man, I have nothing to do. I merely seek your companion to chastise him a little for his rustic demeanour."

"Captain"—said Florian—"you can at least see that I do not fear you. Nevertheless, I am not inclined to fight with you, since I consider it a perfect absurdity. You may be a very estimable man ; but on yonder mountain that here you can see, you were the wilful instigator of the quar-

rel between us. Let us now settle this difficulty like reasonable men. Perhaps I did hurt you a little more than I intended."

"This will avail you nothing"—replied the captain—"you have demeaned yourself like an assassin. I only wish to give you something by which to remember me." Saying this he drew his sword from the scabbard.

"And if one of us should fall"—said Florian—"of what advantage would it be to the victor? I know how you are circumstanced in Madam Bell's house."

The captain's face became crimson, and his eyes sparkled as if on fire.—"That is the very thing that urges me on," retorted the bloodsucker—"an outlaw and vagrant, like yourself, must not dishonour the rights of hospitality."

"Where have I dishonoured them?" abruptly exclaimed Florian.

"I am not called upon to account for that," vociferated the soldier; "but blood for blood. Mademoiselle Delory will thank me. Draw, fellow, draw!"

"No," replied Florian calmly, "I demand an explanation. You are angry. A person who is going to fight should be collected and cool. Compose yourself, therefore, else the odds against you are too great."

"Oh, thou vagrant, rebel, and murderer of my brave comrades in Disentis," roared out the would-be assassin; "prepare thyself, for thine hour is come! Therefore draw! villain, draw!"

"Give me the explanation!" mildly rejoined the Grison. "However, I am neither a rebel of Disentis, nor the murderer of your comrades."

"Draw!" roared the captain.

George cried out, "How can you stand there so composedly? I wish you had broken the fellow's neck above Brevine."

The captain, instead of an answer, gave George a blow across the shoulders with the flat end of his sword. Florian rushed at the captain, their weapons clashed ; and in about a minute, the captain's sword flew high in the air, and fell against a tree. Florian held the point of his sword to the captain's breast, and said, " Captain, you are in my power ; I demand once more the explanation I require."

" Oh, it is a fencing master's trick," exclaimed the captain. " Well, now finish the business."

" Never," replied Florian. " I forgive you." Saying this, he turned away from the captain ; but no sooner had he done so, than he was compelled again defend himself ; for the captain having picked up his sword, attacked Florian anew.

" Not until I have left my mark upon you, you villainous scoundrel," roared the captain, and they both were engaged again in mortal combat.

" If you are desirous of seeing blood, you shall be gratified," coolly retorted the fugitive.

" Attention ! Be careful !" exclaimed Florian ; and at the same moment, the blood gushed in a stream from the captain. Florian's sword had passed through the captain's shoulder, a little below the neck. The soldier and George ran to his assistance. Florian flung away his sword. They laid the captain on the grass, and examined his wound. George had provided himself with the necessary bandages, but it was long before the blood could be staunched.

" That was a rough thrust," said Larmagne, as they were wiping the blood from his clothes. " I can go no further. Carry me back to Madam Bell's house. And you," he continued, turning to the soldier, " hasten to Brevine, send back the carriage, and say an accident has befallen me. I resign myself to the care of these gentlemen."

George gave a little scrap of paper to the soldier, with orders to carry it to a surgeon.

"My accursed temper," said the captain to Florian, as he was throwing his cloak over him. "My accursed heat, and—and—your accursed luck. But I must confess that you are a man of honour and magnanimity. If I live, I shall become your friend. You fence remarkably well. You keep your temper very cool. I owe you my respects, therefore give me your hand."

Florian gave him his hand, and so did George, of whom the captain asked forgiveness. "Through the whole of my life, I have been a hot-headed fellow," said Larmagne. "As true as I live, I believe I am dying."

George, observing that the captain was fainting from too great a loss of blood, rubbed his temples and forehead with *Kirschwasser*! The captain drank some of it, and felt himself strengthened. When he attempted to rise, in order to return leaning on the arms of the two young men, he was taken with a trembling, and sinking down again, he said—"I shall never leave this spot. My sand has run out."

They consoled him, made him sit on a thick pole, and then lifting it up from the ground, so that the captain could support himself, by laying his arm upon one of the young men's shoulders, they carried him to the first house which they saw, where they received more assistance. After which he was conveyed to Madam Bell's house.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE BANISHMENT.

MADAM BELL, with Claudine and Hermione, and all her servants, came to meet the wretched procession, before they had reached the dwelling. George had gone in

advance, to prepare the ladies for their additional perplexity.

“Do not be angry with me”—said Larmagne—“my dear madam, for being compelled to return again to your house ;”—then taking Florian kindly by the hand, he continued—“And much less must this young man incur your reproaches, for he is indeed like a saint, but he fights like a demon. Had he so willed, I should not now be here before your door, asking you to extend your hospitality to me ; but before the gates of another mansion, whence there is no return.”

The ladies stood round the man, shuddering at his bloody and pale countenance. Hermione cast a reproachful look at Florian. The captain was carried into the house, followed by all. Florian also was going in, to give his assistance, should it be required, when he was surprised by the touch of a soft hand. It was Hermione’s, who drew him into one of the rooms.

She made several attempts to speak, but her voice faltered, and her lips trembled. She lifted her hand to heaven, as if imploring strength from above, and then said, “For the sake of heaven, tell me what new calamity this is, and what again you have been doing ?”

He endeavoured to tranquillize her, and to justify himself, by giving her a minute account of the whole transaction. “Oh !”—she exclaimed, with a pitiful look at Florian—“I believe it. But what avails a justification ? Our destiny is hastening on to its fulfilment. You have dragged me down into the abyss of ruin. It is already accomplished. You can no longer save me. Fly, oh, fly ! for I am destined by my wretched fate to drag you on to the abyss of destruction.”

“Hermione, I conjure you, for the sake of my comfort and your own peace, not to give way to superstitious appre-

hensions. Remember your promise in the fairies' temple"—replied the fugitive.

"Of what avail is it to me? I am already bereft of all the felicity this life affords!"—added his betrothed.—"Oh, if the rocks in the fairies' temple had fallen upon us, at your side I should have breathed out a life, which now has become a source of endless sorrow and pain."

"You alarm me!"—uttered Florian. "What has happened? What connection is there between yourself and this miserable Larmagne?"

"There is none"—rejoined Hermione.—"But to you, unhappy man, to you, I am linked for your destruction. I love you, Florian! and from my hand you are destined to receive the cup of despair! Do not doubt but that it will happen! Yes, it will happen, as surely as I have become wretched through you!"

"Through me!"—exclaimed Florian, turning as pale as ashes.

"Read, and know all"—said Hermione, placing in his hand a letter that was lying on the table. The seal with three swords crossing each other, and encompassed with a crown of thorns, brought Mother Morne to his mind.

The letter was more than three months old, and had been written in Bellinzona, by a friend of Hermione's father-in-law. By it Hermione was informed, that Colonel Despars was very ill with wounds that he had received in quelling the insurrection in the Grisons; that there was some slight hope of preserving his life, by amputating his right arm; but that from want of the necessary attendance, the wound had become more dangerous, as the colonel had been removed from one place to another, and been greatly exposed to the inclemency of the weather. Then the writer gave a minute detail, how the colonel had received the wound, on what occasion, and on what day. The letter



concluded with particular directions from the colonel to his beloved Hermione, in case he should have to bid adieu to the world.

Florian became as pale as a corpse, when in the description of Colonel Despars' murderer, he beheld himself. The letter fell out of his hand, as he exclaimed—"Why could he not have been somebody else!"

After a pause, he approached Hermione, who was sitting beside the window, with her face buried in her handkerchief, and said—"Mademoiselle Delory, although I know not from what source you have learned that it was I who wounded your father-in-law, yet I confess that you are correctly informed. Under similar circumstances I could not do otherwise to-day. You are right, Mademoiselle, we must separate! You can never yield your heart and hand to the man who has spilled your father's blood. Never could I, blameless and guiltless as I am, have the courage to require your hand. Yet I would ask one more question: Is this the latest intelligence you have?"

"A soldier, going to Besançon"—replied Hermione—"received this letter in Bellinzona, and was the bearer of it. That soldier, who at the same time was ordered to escort a division of the battalion, as prisoners to France, afterwards received other commissions, and could not say any thing regarding my father. As they were marching away from Bellinzona, it was reported among the soldiers that the colonel was dead, because he would not consent to the amputation of his arm. But as the numerous battles, skirmishes, and retreats cut off all means of communication, it is probable that some of the letters may have been lost."

"But whither has your father's battalion or brigade marched? And where is General Menard at present?" asked Florian.

Hermione replied sadly and softly—"Mother Morne,

who received the letter from the soldier at Couvet, inquired in vain. If my father were still living, by some means or other he would have informed me."

Florian stood in gloomy consternation before the distressed maiden, still more unhappy than herself.

"Well, then"—he said, after a long silence—"so let it be! I am almost inclined to believe that virtue is vain—destiny is blind—sound reason is rubbish—and that superstition is the greatest wisdom. Who could have believed that the ravings of an insane old woman should be full of meaning, and the most dutiful actions in the end turn out pernicious? You are wretched, Hermione, and I am the cause of it. I may have killed your father-in-law. You loved him, and without my knowing or wishing it, I have thrown you into an abyss of sorrow."

Hermione wept silently; and Florian narrated the facts, as they actually occurred in his native country.

"I have known it long since, through Claudine and George," she said. "When I heard the circumstances related for the first time, and I knew not who it was that fell before your unfortunate sword, I admired your valour and your success. Man should never praise a deed; for he knows not but it may become his curse! Alas, unhappy man; you first killed my father, and now the blood of the friend of his youth is cleaving to your sword! Farewell! your arm that should have cherished has destroyed me! I shall forever love, and yet forever avoid you. Leave this district, as soon as possible—to-day—now! Alas! the greatest of all horrors yet awaits me. As surely as the prophecy has partly been fulfilled, I shall yet be the instrument by which you are to be hurled into the abyss of dire destruction."

Florian stood before her, agitated by conflicting passions. His brain was bewildered, and he could not comprehend

his impending fate. Now that Hermione with her own lips had spoken of an eternal separation, he discovered for the first time, the force and extent of his unconquerable affection for her.

After a long silence he aroused himself, and with a tremulous voice he asked—"Will you allow me to write to you, when I am far distant?" But when he extended his hand to bid her a last farewell, she drew hers tremblingly back, and he remarked that a convulsive shudder ran over Hermione's whole frame.

When he saw this, tears fell from his eyes ; and he turned away from her, covering his face with his hand, and walked towards the door. As he was about to open it, Hermione, unable longer to restrain her feelings, rushed after him, in the excess of her grief, flung her arms around his neck, and cried—"Farewell, thou who art my first and my last love !—Farewell ! thou man of my blessings and my curse ; thou man of my regard and my horror ; of my longing and of my terror. Farewell, forever ! O, hate me not ! although I have brought thee to misery, and destroyed thee, yet hate me not. My heart is broken—adieu !" She rushed out of the room. He passed into the open air, looked once more back to the spot where he had pronounced his farewell to happiness, and as if he had been seized by desperation, ran into the open fields.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### VENGEANCE.

HE had proceeded for some time, not knowing whither he went ; when a voice from behind the firs called out to him, "Turn back, turn back, thou child of perdition !"

He looked up, and saw Mother Morne, brandishing her crutch before him, with a countenance expressive of the greatest anxiety. She was standing between two fir trees, with the perspiration running from her face, and gasping for breath. Florian saw blood at her feet, and remembered where he was. It was near the place where he had wounded Captain Larmagne, and an involuntary shudder crept over him.

“Turn back!”—exclaimed the old woman, “once more.”

“Wretched woman!”—said Florian—“must thou be the last whom I am to see on these heights, as thou wast the first who came to meet me on Le Gros Taureau? Away! and suffer me to go on unmolested. What have I to do with thee, that thou art meddling with my fate?”

“Not a step farther!”—answered the sybil.

“Why?”—rejoined the fugitive.

“They seek thee!”—said Mother Morne.

“Who seek me?”—asked the Grison.

“VENGEANCE AND DEATH,”—vociferated the wandering seer.

“So much the better!”—exclaimed Florian; and he pushed the old woman, who was about to obstruct his passage, so vehemently aside, that she could not keep her balance, and fell to the earth. He walked down the mountain, through the wood, on the way from La Côte-aux-Fées to Les Verrieres. He experienced some satisfaction at having found this road. It seemed to him a work of providence to fly immediately from that place. The carriage which George had bespoken, and furnished with necessary articles to convey him to Boudry, was still waiting for him. He had not gone far when his attention was aroused by the sound of human voices. Florian recognised distinctly that of Professor Onyx. Soon afterward, several men ascend-

ing the mountain with luggage, emerged from behind the trees. They greeted the fugitive politely, and passed on. Soon after, he saw Professor Onyx in company with a man wearing a military cloak and hat, followed by a servant, leading his horse.

“See there, our most estimable friend”—exclaimed the professor, pointing to Florian.—“Come hither, friend of my soul. We have this moment been speaking of you. Did not Mother Morne tell you we were coming? The woman ran like a frantic creature to announce us, I suppose; but unless she rode like a witch upon a broom, it is impossible for her to have reached Madam Bell’s or Mr. Stafford’s house. So we must thank an accident for meeting you. See here, best of friends! this gentleman is desirous of making your acquaintance. I almost suspect you of being a very distinguished person, *incognito*.”

As Mr. Onyx hailed him from a distance, Florian had approached the gentleman closely, when the professor finished his address. The fugitive and the professor exchanged a cold and formal bow.

“So this is the Grison gentleman that escaped from the French guards who escorted him towards Besançon?” inquired the stranger—addressing himself to the professor.

“Of course, of course,” exclaimed Onyx; and then turning to Florian, he added—“No person can convince me to the contrary, but that you are a distinguished person. For to whomsoever I mention your name, he is sure to express a desire of seeing you. Tell me, I pray you, on what subject have you written your best work?”

“Allow me, professor,” interrupted his companion, “to speak a few words in private with your friend. Do me the favour to conduct the people, with my luggage, to the house of Madam Bell; and to announce my speedy arrival. I shall soon follow.”

“Oh! when we are once up there,” said Professor Onyx, “you can again mount your horse, for the road then is tolerably fine. Did we not live here in a land of savages, we might have the best possible carriage-road from Les Verrieres to La Côte-aux-Fées. Good roads go farther towards civilizing a nation than any other thing. It is said that commerce makes roads, because it stands in need of them. False, false! First make roads to facilitate commerce, and the land will soon be blooming with prosperity. But here, sir! I have been preaching to deaf ears. All my admonitions are like pearls cast before swine.”

“Very good! excellent professor,” said the stranger; “but I think we can better settle that point at La Côte-aux-Fées. At present, however, you will much oblige me, by conducting those men who already are far in advance of you to Madam Bell’s; will you do me that favour?”

“Most willingly, most willingly,” replied the professor; “and as soon as you arrive there, I will explain to you my theory for constructing mountain roads.” The professor hastened away.

In the meantime, Florian had scanned the officer, as he appeared to be, from head to foot; but he could not recollect that he ever before had seen him. He was a large, muscular man, with a broad breast, and about fifty years of age. His countenance, a little bronzed by the sun, was noble and expressive; and his voice well-toned, but his manner somewhat abrupt and imperious.

“We once knew each other,” he said to Florian, when the professor was out of hearing.

“I do not remember that I ever had that honour,” replied Florian.

“But I do. So much the better!” responded the officer, and threw a meaning look at Florian. Then turning to his servant, he said,—“Take off my cloak, I am too

warm." The servant obeyed the command. As the cloak was falling off his shoulders, Florian also recognised the stranger, who now stood before him in the uniform of a French *chêf-de-brigade*, with the right sleeve of his coat fastened at the extreme end to the breast-buttons.

"You are Colonel Despars!" said Florian, in joyful surprise.

"So you recognise me!" answered Despars; "you have left me a memorial by which I shall remember you as long as I live. But go on, sir, this is not the place to settle our business; I must therefore request you to accompany me."

"If you desire it, certainly," replied the fugitive.

"Desire it, nay, I command it," said the colonel, taking a pistol out of one of the holsters of the saddle.—"You shall not escape me, and if you attempt it, I will send a bullet through your brains."

"I fear neither you nor your bullets, colonel;" said Florian, and he returned with the officer towards *La Côte-aux-Fées*.—"There is also a great deal that I would say to you. I lament my misfortune which enjoined on me the necessity of crippling you. On your account I have lost my liberty, my country, and my highest happiness. But I feel delighted that I have not innocently deprived you of life. I rejoice that the report by which you were said to be dead is unfounded."

"You have no cause for joy," muttered the colonel between his teeth.

"More than you believe or know," retorted the Grison.

"How so?" inquired Despars.

"Mademoiselle Delory, your daughter-in-law, is nearly desperate. She considers me the murderer of a father whom she loves above all things. For that very reason I was even now on my way leaving this country, out of which I am banished by her command. God be praised that you

are still living! I shall now go hence with a more tranquil mind."

The colonel was anxious to know what relation could subsist between Florian and his daughter-in-law. The Grison spoke frankly and fearlessly, but with that respect due to the man whom Hermione called father. The colonel with a stern look scrutinized the young Grison. He then walked on, asked a few questions, and Florian acquainted him with all that had occurred.

"This is a romance!" said the colonel, standing still again; but his look became less stern. He examined the narrator deliberately. The strength, fearlessness, and handsome figure of the young man, the firmness and decision of his character, made a great impression on the heart of the warrior.

"It is well! I consider you a *man of honour*," said the colonel.—"My daughter could not have thrown away her regards on a villain. Be it so, I will now treat you as a *man of honour*! My intention was to have you arrested by the magistrate of this district, and to reclaim your person from the government of Neuchâtel, because you made your escape, and ought to be tried by a French court-martial. You are one of the assassins of Disentis."

Florian disclaimed having taken any part either in the massacre of the French, or in the Landsturm; adding,—  
"Although I am now under the especial protection of the governor of Neuchâtel, I fear not any tribunal, even were this not so."

"But me, sir, you must fear," exclaimed Despars, "and this left hand must revenge the right arm that is in the grave! I have sworn ten thousand times that you shall die; that one only oath would I joyfully have kept. Your evil star has led you in my way! Do you know how to handle pistols?"



“Certainly. But I shall not fight with Hermione’s father-in-law,” sternly answered the fugitive.

“Young man, I shall be under the necessity of teaching you obedience,” added Despars—“If you are a coward, I will shoot you as I would a mad dog.”

With these words he walked to the side of his horse, drew a pair of pistols out of the holsters, told the servant to take care of the others, and offering one of them to his opponent, said,—“Your choice, sir; both are equally good and well loaded. Take your choice, sir, take a pistol, or else I deal with you, as I would with a blackguard street boy.”

“You may shoot me, sir; but I shall never level a pistol at you,” said Florian, very composedly—“I care not for my own life; but every thing for yours.”

“How? has Hermione shown attention to a man who has not the courage to give satisfaction to a *man of honour*?” asked Despars.—“You are right, colonel!” retorted the Grison, “you demand satisfaction for the loss of your arm; but you lost that arm in an ignoble quarrel. You demand satisfaction. Very well; here is my head, or my breast, bare for your shot, fire!”—He then took one of the pistols. The colonel walked a few paces towards the opening among the bushes where the other rencontre had taken place on that same morning. Despars saw the blood that had flowed from Larmagne’s wounds; and in tones of surprise, asked—“What is this? I see fresh blood.”

“It is the blood of your friend, Captain Larmagne,” said Florian. “A few hours since he forced me to defend myself, as you would do now.”

“Where is he?” cried Despars, turning pale.

“He lies wounded at Madam Bell’s house,” answered the fugitive.

“Well, then, accursed villain, here is a double vengeance to be satisfied; and either you or I must fall,” exclaimed

the colonel, taking his position.—“Allons ! no time shall be lost. I am ready—the first fire is yours—fire !”

“I shall not fire at Hermione’s father-in-law,” coolly remarked the Grison.

“I will fire with you at the same time,” hastily retorted Despars.

“You will not compel me ?” said Florian, firing his pistol into the air.—“Now, it is your turn.”

“Young man, pray a *pater noster*, for your time is come !” Despars angrily vociferated. The colonel dropped his pistol, and seemed for a moment to relent—then raised it again and took his aim. Florian, when he saw it, said,—“Take sure aim, and give my last greeting to Mademoiselle Delory.”

The colonel fired, and the bullet passed close by the Grison’s head—“You are a bad marksman”—said Florian.

“What !”—exclaimed Despars—“I miss my aim at twenty paces ? Give me the others.”

He took the pistols out of the servant’s hands, and told Florian to take his choice. Once more he took his first position, and commanded his antagonist to fire.

“Look over head”—said Florian, pointing to a crow that flew high in the air. The Grison fired, and the bird fell between them.

“Well done !”—said Despars, looking at the bird, as it lay fluttering and beating its wings in the agonies of death.

“I could hit a dollar between your fingers without doing you the least possible injury”—said Florian—“I now await your fire. Give my greetings to your daughter.”

Despars seemed embarrassed. He took a long, deliberate aim, and fired. The ball passed through Florian’s hat, which fell off his head. “You aim too high !”—said Florian, taking up his hat from the ground, and apparently without any emotion, examining the holes made by the bullet.

“What!”—cried the colonel, with great consternation—“am I bewitched, or are you bullet proof? But I cannot do anything with this left arm.”

“Load again”—said Florian, with perfect sang-froid—“we stand too far apart. Place, the next time, the muzzle close to my heart.”

The dying crow struck the colonel’s feet with its wings. He called to the servant to pull a feather for him out of its wing. Florian however was swifter than the servant, and gave the colonel what he desired.

“The bird died for me!”—said Despars—“I therefore shall keep this feather, as a token of remembrance. You crippled me—I would have satisfaction for the loss of my right arm, and you have given it to me. Accompany me to Madam Bell’s house. Is Larmagne badly wounded?”

“Not dangerously. At first, however, he suffered much from the loss of blood”—replied Florian. The colonel having desired to know the particulars, received a minute detail of the whole transaction.

“Accompany me!”—said Despars—“Hermione suffers her imagination to get the better of her reason. She has banished you, because she fancied you her father’s murderer. But I shall tell her that I still enjoy life, as the result of your magnanimity.” The pistols were put away. The servant in advance led the horses, and Florian, with the colonel, followed.

Despars made inquiry with regard to Florian’s circumstances in the Grisons. They talked of the insurrections, and of the deplorable condition of the country, and then of Hermione. Despars often stood still, to express his astonishment, or his approval, or to give vent to his anger by muttering an oath against himself, or against Larmagne, or against the professor, and his blasting of rocks in the fairies’ temple.

“Young man!”—exclaimed the colonel, stopping again—“you have lived a desperate romance! I alone have fared the worse for it, as I have become a maimed man. But I cannot refuse giving you my respect. We must become better acquainted with each other.”

## CHAPTER XXVII:

## THE CATASTROPHE.

THEY were not far from the house, when nearly all its inhabitants, Madam Bell, Claudine, Hermione, George, Father Staffard, and Professor Onyx, hurried out to meet them; Hermione in advance of them all. Her face glowed with ecstasy, her lips quivered, and her eyes glistened with tears. She flew towards her step-father, and with an “Oh!”—rising out of the deepest depths of her bosom, she clasped him in her arms, while all the others surrounded and welcomed him as a familiar friend, with heartfelt congratulations.

“Let these people give free scope to their feelings, and enjoy themselves to their heart’s content”—said Father Staffard to George and Florian.—“Meanwhile we will go home, where we three shall have to tell one another more than enough. Here we are altogether superfluous, and shall only check the stream of their joy.”

“No, no!” exclaimed Madam Bell—“never, my dear neighbour. If terrors and horrors have brought us together, joy should not separate us. You must remain, and partake of our simple feast, but the most peaceful one in all the principality. Away! and let us two be the first in the procession.” With these words, she took Father Staffard’s arm, and walked into the house. The others slowly followed—Florian alone remaining behind.

“Halloo!”—cried Despars, looking back—“must this

banished one still be separated from our joys? Hermione, he bids fair to become my right arm. He must not be excluded from our festivity. Go, my child, and lead him in by force, if persuasion will not avail with him."

Hermione obeyed her father's command, and arm in arm, they followed the others into the mansion.

By numerous questions and answers, recapitulations and interruptions, light was diffused over all that had happened. Despars conducted Hermione into the garden, and held a long conversation with her. When he returned, he took Staffard on one side, and held a secret conversation with him.

"I see very clearly that this Grison must become my right arm"—cried the colonel. As they sat down to the table, he arranged it so that Hermione was placed between him and Florian. When his health was drunk, he cried—"No, the hero of the day is this Fugitive of the Jura! Both my friend Larmagne and myself are indebted to him for our lives; and though he were less wealthy, he would be no less worthy of your love, Hermione! Even when in his own village he crippled me, he did only what was right! Therefore, my child, give him your bridal kiss!"

At that moment Mother Morne's gray head appeared at the half-opened door. With a hasty glance, she examined the guests at the table, and then nodding to them in a friendly manner, she devoutly uttered—"God hath done all things well!"

# MARBLE AND CONRAD:

## MEND THE HOLE IN YOUR SLEEVE.

### CHAPTER I.

#### EARLY YEARS OF MARBLE.

**MANY** strange characteristics and practical oddities are narrated of a person, whose name I dare not mention ; but as he must have an appellative, we will call him **MARBLE**. One of his eccentricities, which was most salutary in its consequences, should be universally known.

Marble was a straight-forward man, of plain sense, without arrogance, without any desire to distinguish himself, and honest in all his actions. The people considered him a kind of fool, with whom not much could be done ; but he was not at all offended with them. "Those people," he said, "are perfectly right. I live according to my own convictions. That appears astonishing. But they live according to the opinions of others, and so they swim with the stream, and appear not to be eccentric. They not only clothe themselves in the newest fashion, but they also eat according to fashion ; therefore, even an oyster can tickle their palates. They are educated according to the newest fashion. They instruct, judge, think, reproach, laud, and act in everything according to fashion, and not according to their own better understanding and feelings. Therefore, the characters of those people are so entirely similar, that it seems as if they no longer had any character at all ! "

Mr. Marble was a very wealthy man, although he had commenced life with nothing. When a boy, he had served as a porter in a rich mercantile house in Hamburg, where by degrees he was employed in important transactions, and had several times been sent to the East Indies. He afterwards commenced a small business on his own account, which by degrees became very extensive.

In order to have while travelling a trusty overseer over his property, he married a virtuous orphan girl who had been discarded by all her associates. The girl was sitting on a stile, weeping, when he casually passed through a little country town. He asked her—"What ails thee?" "My mother has died, and they have driven me out of the house." Marble replied—"Come along with me. I will help thee." The girl ran by the side of his horse until they arrived in the neighbouring city, whence he had her conveyed to his home. For six months the girl conducted his household affairs, and then he married her.

"You are a fool!"—said his friends.—"You can marry the handsomest and richest girl anywhere, if you choose; but to take such a thing from the road, and marry her!"

"Do not trouble yourselves on that account"—retorted Marble;—"I selected what was best for myself—the most virtuous girl."

When he had become rich, he withdrew suddenly from business, lent out his money on secure interest, and retired to his leisure. "You are a fool!"—said his friends.—"Scarcely forty-five years old, and already retire from business; just at the time when you might make immense speculations, for you have both the experience and the means."

"Trouble not yourselves on that account"—said Marble. "I will now eat the bread I have earned."

Although he was very rich, the house he lived in was very small, and furnished in the simplest manner. In his

dress he observed the same kind of simplicity. He kept neither carriage nor horses, and gave no dinners. Every tradesman in the city lived better than he. On the contrary, when he was in the humour—and he had that humour very often—he made large donations to the common people. He would have young people married at his own expense, and would give them a dowry. He ransomed the most promising sons of citizens from military service, and paid lawyers to defend the cause and rights of oppressed persons, who were perfect strangers to him. Thus he meddled everywhere with the affairs of others, and spent large sums of money. But when men of rank and property came to borrow money of him, he shrugged his shoulders, and said he had none. “You are a fool”—said his friends—“and do not know how to use your wealth. Live in a fashionable style, and the first families in the city, and the most noted men at court will be your friends. Do you wish for a title? Do you want a patent of nobility? Wherefore are you rich? Surely not on account of that pack of paupers, with whom you are continually holding intercourse?”

“Do not trouble yourselves on that account”—said Marble.—“I am poorer than you think. I must not squander a penny, since I have necessary uses for all the money that I can command.”

“It is impossible!”—they retorted.—“You must have an annual income at least of thirty thousand florins?”

“May be”—answered Marble—“but I need two thousand florins of it for my own household; and the balance belongs to those who have not enough. God has made me the administrator of those poor people.”

Mr. Marble lost in one year, and by the same disease, his amiable wife and two lovely children. He was again alone. His friends endeavoured to divert and exhilarate him. “Trouble not yourselves on that account”—he



said.—“I am anything but sad, for I enjoy more real happiness than I formerly did. I now live in two worlds. My wife and children are mine everywhere, and I am theirs. Whosoever needs consolation for the highest phenomenon this life shows, is only inconsolable for not being a beast. I pray you, do not act your jokes with me ; do not try to console me.”

## C H A P T E R   I I .

### THE HURRICANE.

THE loss of his wife and children however, had made this world almost desolate, and life itself a little irksome to Mr. Marble. He felt lonesome everywhere, and often travelled to dissipate his gloominess. This availed for the moment. He often departed with eyes red with weeping, out of his little study. Then his servants would look at him with heartfelt pity, for they loved him like a father. “You are right, children, pity me ! for I deserve it, but do not console me. Pity I need, but not consolation. I can find better consolation within myself, than you can give ; but human sorrow, and the loss of those whom we have loved—all this, time will assuage, although it has not done so yet.”

He felt that if it were possible for him to divert himself, it would be of the greatest benefit to him. He therefore visited every public place around the whole city, and was on all the promenades. On a certain time he was in the park, when many persons, as is customary on fine summer days, were amusing themselves on the green. To be in the stirring tumult of the joyous, had always a salutary effect on Mr. Marble. But the amusements of that day were interrupted by a thunder-storm, which was preceded by a hurricane. The tall trees waved to and fro like thin

straws, and rustled in the wind ; the booths were closed ; the traders packed up ; the music in the bushes was hushed ; and the dancers dispersed.

Mr. Marble remained, and stood tranquil amid the voice of the storm and the people. He felt delighted with the aspect. The broad walks were soon cleared, and whirlwinds blew up clouds of dust. At that moment the young Countess Emilie came running on a by-path, out of the pleasure grounds. At her side were some attendants, and behind her a few officers, who had much trouble to protect the plumes of their hats from the assaults of the wind. Suddenly the storm and whirlwind swept over them. The veil of the countess flew high into the air. Terrified, she reached out her arms, endeavouring to catch the lost ornament. The veil remained hanging like a cobweb, on the top of a large fir tree.

“Get me my veil again !”—said the countess.—“Oh ! get me my veil again. I must have it. It is a New-year’s gift from my mother. I prize it above all things.”

The gentlemen held fast to their large hats and plumes, and shrugged their shoulders.

“I must have it again, and should I perish here, I declare that I will not move an inch from this spot until I have it,”—said the countess, and her eyes were filled with tears.

The gentlemen looked up into the top of the fir tree with bitter embarrassment. One sighed, the other scratched himself in the neck, the third in his desperation took a pinch of snuff, the fourth bowed silently, as if by that he wished to express the impossibility of fulfilling the princely demand.

“Have you not often sworn that you would risk your lives for me ; and why will not one of you climb this tree ? It is not at all difficult from below. Captain, you are the

youngest : try to get me the veil ! ” exclaimed Emilie, weeping.

The captain, with a countenance of terror, looked at his white cassimere pantaloons, and then at the tall fir tree—it measured about seventy feet. He made a movement, as if to prepare himself for the dangerous enterprise, and coughed, but would not stir from the spot.

Besides Mr. Marble, a ragged beggar boy, about twelve years of age, who stood not far off, overheard the conversation. “ If you wish it, I will get that thing up there for you,” said the boy, and he measured the height of the fir-tree with a quick eye.

“ Allons ! get yourself up quickly,” exclaimed all the attendants of the countess simultaneously, in a loud tone of voice.

The boy did not hesitate. He climbed upward from branch to branch, parting the smaller branches with his hands, and was not seen for some time, until at last he appeared in the top of the tree. The storm blew afresh, and threw the trees whizzingly together. The boy clasped firmly the slim top of the fir, as it waved about with him in wide circles. Mr. Marble trembled when he saw it. The officers laughed, and the countess jumped high for joy, when she saw her veil in the hand of the daring boy. “ Oh ! that the awkward boy may not tear it ! ” she said again, with renewed anxiety.

Without any accident having happened either to him or the veil, the boy came down from the tree. “ God be praised ! ” said the countess, and she skipped joyously away, to save herself from the storm. Her companions hurried after her. The boy ran with an open hand, and begged for alms. A small coin was thrown to him. The boy picked it up from the ground, and looked at its value.

Mr. Marble, though otherwise not curious, however, was

so at that time ; for the boy's open countenance, his friendly manner, and his courage, had pleased him. He had also his hand in his pocket for the purpose of rewarding him for his daring feat.

"How much did they give thee?" he asked. The boy showed him the money in his open hand, that was soiled by the bark of the fir, and wounded by its branches—"Five pence, sir!"

"Five pence!" exclaimed Marble. "My poor boy!" He took out a handful of small coin, and filled both the hands of the boy, who, quite astonished at his wealth, now looked with amazement at the money, then at his benefactor, and at last asked—"Is this all for me?"

"All; and what wilt thou do with it?"

"I do not know! I will buy new clothes. I now can live like a gentleman."

"Hast thou a father?"

"No, sir. My father was a soldier, and was killed two years ago in battle. My mother also, is dead; and now they will not permit me to stay any longer in the village."

"Give me the money back again, boy!"—said Marble.

The boy returned the money with a sad countenance, and a few tears obscured the brilliancy of his large black eyes.

"Give me also the five pence,"—continued Marble.

"No, they are mine,"—retorted the lad.

"Thou shalt no longer stand in need of money. It is not good for thee. I will take thee with me to my house. Thou shalt become my son, if thou wilt behave well. Wilt thou do it?"—asked Marble.

"Yes, sir, if you are serious,"—answered the boy.

"Hast thou any more money?"—inquired Marble.

The boy had a few more pence, and a large piece of

bread in his pocket. Mr. Marble took it away from him, and told him to accompany him.

### CHAPTER III.

#### EDUCATION.

THE little Conrad Eck received in place of his ragged and filthy clothing, a plain garment, made of coarse cloth. He had been in the habit of passing his nights in stables and in the open air. The wealthy Mr. Marble gave him a straw sack to sleep upon, and the plainest food to eat. The boy felt as happy as though he were in a palace. He was active, obliging, always friendly, assiduous, devoted, and evinced much natural sense, but he was ignorant of every thing except the experience and business of a beggar. After six months, the young cub had been so far licked, that he could be shown to the world, and be sent on errands. He had accustomed himself, although with great exertion, to order and cleanliness. Every one in the whole house loved him on account of his good disposition. Mr. Marble called him his son, and having resolved to make something of him, sent him to school. Conrad was industrious. At first he had some difficulty in learning his lessons, but eventually he surmounted it. His highest reward was to know that his benefactor was pleased with his progress; and his severest punishment was Mr. Marble's disapprobation.

But I need not describe the education of the beggar-boy. This one thing only I will mention, since it depicts Mr. Marble's character. Conrad, after having lived a few years in Marble's house, was permitted to sit at his table. He was allowed to eat of all the dainties, but Mr. Marble

preferred to see him contented without luxurious food. He might have slept in soft beds, but Mr. Marble was pleased when Conrad remained faithful to his straw sack. Conrad received every week one dollar pocket money; but he was not permitted to buy anything for himself, and had to use it for the benefit of others. He was however permitted to save some of it, that Conrad might not be in want when Mr. Marble had nothing more to give him. "For thyself thou must want but little, and use but little; but what thou hast, and what thou dost, must be for the benefit of others." This lesson his benefactor taught him on every occasion. When Conrad was sixteen years old, Mr. Marble gave him four hundred dollars as a birthday gift. "Now, my dear Conrad, we will separate our household. There, take this money! Board and clothe thyself with it, pay thy teacher, procure for thyself what thou wishest. Thou canst live in my house, but thou must pay me every three months, four dollars for room, bed, and furniture. Make thine own arrangements!"

Conrad was astonished, but rejoiced at being the owner of so much money. He arranged his room. Every month rendered an account of his expenses. Mr. Marble looked after him closely, and had him watched. Conrad lived as Mr. Marble had expected; penurious as a miser toward himself, but where he could be of any assistance, lavishing like a prince. At the end of the year, however, he had a hundred and twenty dollars left. Mr. Marble told him to lend them out on interest, and presented him another sum of four hundred dollars.

Thus matters proceeded until Conrad was twenty years of age. Mr. Marble then sent the young man to the university, and gave him a fresh supply of money. "Habituate thy body to nothing, my son," he said to him, "but never deny to it what is becoming and necessary. A

good artist must have good instruments ; without having these, he is an awkward workman. The body is the instrument, the artist is the immortal mind. Furnish that. Our life is but a short span ; it is the school. Cultivate thy mind and heart ; we know not wherefore we must learn. This we may be made to understand in eternity, where our Father in heaven gives us a greater work to perform. For the three years thou passest at the university, I will settle upon thee a considerable sum of money. Thou wilt have use for it ; for thou must and shalt go into society, in order to become acquainted with all kinds of people. If thou art weak and bad, thou wilt be conquered. If thou art strong-minded, thou wilt stand a benefactor above all. In three years after this time, prepare thyself to earn thine own bread. Then I shall give thee nothing more."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE HOLE IN THE SLEEVE.

"I AM rich—what is generally called rich"—continued Mr. Marble. "The wealth itself does not make me happy, I need but little for myself. I could live on less than my servants. Of what avail, therefore, is money to me ? But it makes me happy to know that I have accumulated all my wealth by mine own industry, and by honest means. No blood, no tears are cleaving to it ; but my sweat alone. The greatest joys the soul can have are these ; active efficiency in small and great matters, and *innocence*. Every thing else includes more or less of stupidity or beastliness. For example—*ambition, love for women, love of gain, love of rule, pride, envy, hatred, or religious rancour*. Remember this, Conrad. To work vigorously and innocently in

great and small matters, is the pure, real spiritual life. Do not despise what is small, as if it were trifling. God has created nothing in vain. His grain of sand, and his worm, both are great.

“I have given thee a good education. Thou wert a wild but powerful plant. Now thou art twenty years old; an age at which the spiritual is at war with the animal in man. May the spiritual gain the victory! Man at first is reared as a plant; then as an animal; and lastly as an angel. Many do not go beyond the well-trained animal. But the animal should not be despised. Out of the impure dust the snow-white lily shoots forth. A trifling accident led me into the right path, I learned to sew, and that made me a rich man.

“Thou mayest perhaps not wish to credit this—yet it is so. I was fourteen years of age, I could read, write, and cipher. Thus far I was trained. I was the son of a poor tradesman. My father knew not what to make of me; for he was always in want of money; and that had its reasons—which now are very clear to me.

“I had a play-fellow and a friend in my youth. His name was Alfred. We both were wild and ungovernable boys. Our garments were never new, for they were very soon soiled and torn. We were punished at home for it, but no sooner was the punishment forgotten than it was the same thing again.

“One day we were sitting in a public garden on a bench, telling each other what we would make of ourselves. I wanted to become a lieutenant-general, and Alfred, general superintendent.

“‘Both of you will never be anything!’—said a very old man in a fine dress and powdered wig, who was standing behind the bench, and had overheard our childish plans. We were frightened:—Alfred asked—‘why not?’—The



old man said—‘You are the children of good people, I see it by your coats. Both of you are born to be beggars. Were it not so, would you suffer *those holes in your sleeves?*’ Saying this he took both of us by the elbows, and thrust his fingers in the holes that were in our sleeves. I felt ashamed; Alfred also. ‘If,’ said the old man, ‘nobody can sew it up for you at home, why do you not learn to do it yourselves? You might at first have repaired the coat with two stitches of the needle; now it is too late, and ye go about like beggarly boys. If you wish to become lieutenant-general and general superintendent, begin with the smallest things. First, *sew up the hole in your sleeves*, ye beggar boys; then you may think of something else.’

“We both felt greatly ashamed, walked silently away, and had not the heart to say anything bad about the austere old man. I turned the elbow of my coat sleeve in such wise, that the hole could not be seen by anybody. I learned to sew of my mother, but merely in a playing manner, for I did not tell her why I wished to learn it. When a new seam opened in my garments, or if they happened to become soiled, I repaired it forthwith. Thus I became attentive. I did not even suffer any uncleanness to be seen in my worn clothing; and as I became more clean and careful in my dress, I was glad, and thought that the old gentleman in the snow-white wig was not greatly in error. With two stitches at the proper time, we can save a coat; with a handful of mortar, a house; a glass-full of water will quench a fire, which if left alone would lay a whole city in waste; red copper coin will become silver dollars; and little seeds will become trees, who knows how large?”

“Alfred did not take it so much to heart, and it proved to his own detriment. We had both been recommended to a

merchant, who was in want of an apprentice well acquainted with writing and ciphering. The merchant examined us, and gave me the preference. My old clothes were whole and clean; Alfred's best coat gave evidences of negligence. Afterwards my employer said to me: 'I see you take good care of your own, but Alfred will never be a merchant.' Then again I remembered the old gentleman and the hole in the sleeve!

"I perceived very soon that I still had in many other things, in my knowledge, in my behaviour, in my inclinations, a goodly number of holes in the sleeve! Two stitches with the needle, at the proper time, meliorate all things; else the tailor is needed for the gown, the physician for health, and the punishing law for the moral holes. There is nothing that is indifferent or insignificant, be it good or bad. Who thinks so, knows neither himself nor life. My employer had also a horrible hole in his sleeve, for he was obstinate, quarrelsome, despotic, and capricious. This gave me oftentimes a great deal of annoyance. I contradicted; and then we quarrelled. 'Halloo!'—I thought, 'this may make a hole in the sleeve, and I may become as quarrelsome, and invidious, and unsociable as my employer.' From that hour I let him have his way, and I was contented with doing what was right, and endeavoured for my part to keep the peace.

"After having served my apprenticeship, I took a clerkship in another mercantile house. Habituated to be happy even with the mere necessaries of life, for he who lives in abundance never is contented, I saved a considerable amount of money. Accustomed never to excuse in myself a hole in the sleeve, and to look with charity upon those in others' sleeves, the whole world was satisfied with me, and I with the world.—Thus I always had friends, always assistance when I stood in need of it; confidence and

employment. God blessed all my undertakings! A blessing lies in honest actions and honest thoughts, as in the kernel, the fruit-bearing tree.

“Thus my wealth increased. Wherefore? I asked myself; you do not need the twentieth part of it.—Live in an ostentatious style for other people to envy me?—That is nonsense. Shall I yet, in my old days, show a hole in the sleeve?—Help others, as God through others has helped you. That is settled. The greatest blessing riches can bestow is this, to be independent of other people’s caprices, and to have a wide circle to act in. Now, Conrad, go to the university, learn something substantial; remember the man in the snow-white wig; *beware of the first little hole in your sleeve*, and do not act like my companion Alfred.—He at last enlisted in the army, and was shot in America.”

## CHAPTER V.

### THE TRAVELLING JOURNEYMAN.

CONRAD went to Gottingen, studied law, and *camerale*. He was very industrious, without depriving himself of the society of his fellow-students, or denying himself needful enjoyments. But he was saving, for he had a great project in view. He contemplated making a tour through Europe. Mr. Marble encouraged him, but declared that he would not aid him with a penny. Nevertheless, to make a tour through Europe, cannot be done without money. Conrad soon resolved:—After he had received his diploma as *Doctor juris utriusque*, he bound himself apprentice to a cabinet maker, and learned that trade: his skill in drawing, his taste, his chemical knowledge,—all were of great advantage to him. In one year he had become so skilful a

mechanic, that he competed with the best journeymen, and even with his master. With twenty louis-d'ors he shortened his term of apprenticeship; and received his certificate as a journeyman cabinet-maker.

One evening when Mr. Marble had returned from his usual walk, and was leaning in the window, a travelling journeyman came with his knapsack on his back, saluted him, held his hat in his hand, and spoke not a word. Mr. Marble threw him a piece of money. The mechanic thanked him, put the donation in his pocket, and desired to speak with Mr. Marble alone. He was admitted.

The mechanic brought friendly remembrances from Conrad. Mr. Marble appeared as glad as a child. For nine months he had not heard from his adopted son, who was dearer to him than he had supposed. But while Mr. Marble was looking at the face of the stranger, he suddenly took a few steps backward, and cried with astonishment, "What! is it thyself, Conrad? Art thou playing a joke with me?—Is that the appearance of a Doctor?"

Conrad smiled and said—"The Doctor is here in my knapsack; when travelling, he is a journeyman cabinet maker. With his trade he can find bread everywhere, and may be permitted to live simply. Here is my doctor's diploma, and here are my indentures of apprenticeship. Now I am on my tour through foreign countries. I have come to see you, my dear father, once more, and to take your blessing with me on my journey.

Mr. Marble was greatly affected, and his eyes moistened with tears. He fell on Conrad's neck, pressed him to his heart, and exclaimed—"Yes, thou art my son, and I will be thy father."

Mr. Marble detained him for four weeks. He then gave him his blessing, and permitted him to go on his journey. "Hast thou any money left?" he asked him at his departure.

Conrad replied,—“Twenty-five dollars is all I have been able to save.”

“Money enough for a travelling journeyman!”—said Marble, with a smile. Here is one dollar more for thy journey, and now thou hast twenty-six! God be with thee! Write to me every three months, how thou art doing, what thou art learning, and what thou seest. *Beware of a hole in thy sleeve!* and thou wilt prosper.”

## CHAPTER VI.

### TOUR THROUGH EUROPE.

WITH twenty-six dollars, Conrad commenced the tour of Europe; first through Germany, then across the Alps, towards Rome and Naples. He was anxious to see the crumbling ruins of the glorious ancient world. Thence he sailed for France. He took employment at Lyons and Paris, to perfect himself in his trade, and crossed the channel to London, where he remained nearly a year. Then he spent some time in several of the principal cities in Holland, whence he sailed for Denmark, pursued his route by way of Stockholm to Petersburgh, and thence he started again for his home.

When he arrived in a city where something memorable was to be seen, or where it was advantageous to remain, if it was but for the purpose of recruiting his purse to defray further travelling expenses, he engaged as a cabinet-maker. A few classics were his constant travelling companions. He earned some money, and then started off again. The masters would often have been very willing to keep him longer; for a more skilful journeyman they could not easily find; and at his literary science they were perfectly astonished. Many a beautiful master's daughter

would joyfully have detained the wonderful stranger, and have made him *master*! For Conrad was a fine youth; his black eyes were full of spirit, his manners were like those of a person used to the higher walk of life; he held no intercourse with common people; and yet to persons of his station he was affable, prepossessing and modest. Every body loved the singular man, who sewed up the hole in his sleeve!

However, once in Lyons, and once in London, an agreeable girl made his heart feel heavy; but he tore himself away, and never suffered his inclinations to grow into a passion; for that he would always call *a new hole in the sleeve*! He longed for his home, his native land, where he could pass his life near his second father, either as a cabinet-maker, or as a lawyer.

After having wandered about for several years, he stood again before the house of father Marble. For three years he had not received a line from Mr. Marble. Nevertheless, he had written to his benefactor every three months. The question now was, whether the honest man was still alive?

Conrad became pale as death when he was saluted by strangers, who informed him that Mr. Marble had sold the house, and left the city for more than two years. He walked dejectedly from one street to the other. "Might not my father have had the kindness to give me at least some intimation about this change? Now he is gone, and I even know not whither!"

He went with his knapsack on his back to a house of entertainment, where he remained during the night. On the next day, attired in his best, he visited the banker Smith, formerly Mr. Marble's most intimate friend, to see if he could there gather some intelligence with regard to his benefactor.

The old banker recognised him immediately, and received

him with heartfelt joy. "God be praised, doctor," he exclaimed, "that I see you once more ! Our old friend is, as you are aware, gone to the East Indies. He has left with me two hundred louis-d'ors, which he desired me to give to you, whenever you felt inclined to establish yourself somewhere in your vocation."

"Is he gone to the East Indies ?" exclaimed Conrad, and the tears rolled over his cheeks.

"Do you not know then that he had a great deal of trouble in this town ? The sovereign intended to knight him ; but in accordance with his disposition, he sent the patent of nobility back to his highness ; being of the opinion that every man had an inherent nobility, but that by a stranger hand nobody could be made noble. This gave the first rise to misinterpretations and annoyance, and at last to a kind of persecution. They called the good Mr. Marble a jacobin, and suspected him of carrying on a correspondence with rebels, and of his having an intention to form a party among the people. One thing was added to another, until they troubled and annoyed the good old man beyond endurance. Now you know very well what his disposition was, altogether too good and too credulous ! He lost considerable sums of money ; then he came to me one day and informed me of his having still a considerable capital in the East Indies, which he would draw by going there himself. The objections I raised were of no avail. He sold and gave away what he had ; gave the sum he left for you to my care, and took his departure. It is nearly three years since."

Conrad stood as if benumbed. Had he only known where in the East Indies to find him, he would immediately have followed him there.

Mr. Smith would not listen to any objections. Conrad was compelled to make his house his home, until he had come to a conclusion as to what course in life he would

pursue. Conrad had firmly made up his mind to establish himself as a cabinet-maker. Mr. Smith dissuaded him from that purpose, and advised him to open a law office, as then he could be of greater benefit to the world.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE SUPERINTENDENT MAGISTRATE.

A FEW weeks afterwards, Mr. Smith entered Conrad's room with a face beaming with joy, holding in his hand a newspaper.—“Friend!” he exclaimed, “you must follow me to Lord Wallenroth. He is in want of a manager on his estates. He is owner of a whole village. He needs a man like yourself. He is my especial friend. Here is his advertisement in the journal. Seven hundred dollars salary, free board, light, fuel, and most probably many rich perquisites besides. What more do you want? Does it meet with your approbation?”

Conrad shrugged his shoulders.—“No objection.”

“Follow me then, doctor!” continued Mr. Smith.—“Allow me to become the representative of father Marble. There is a situation for you!”

Conrad and Mr. Smith departed in a carriage to pay Lord Wallenroth the visit.

Lord Wallenroth, an elderly man, very courteous and good natured, said to Conrad—“Although I have not the honour of your acquaintance, it is sufficient that my friend, Mr. Smith, has recommended you to me. You and none other shall have the situation. But I must yet acquaint you with various little matters. I must go to Paris on business of the court, and shall probably be absent for several years. Into your hands I place my estates, the superintendency of Alteck. You are not only to perform the duties of the



magistrate, but you are also to represent my own person. My steward is subject to your commands. I wish you to bring my neglected estates into some kind of order again ; and what I have most at heart, to humanize the peasantry, for they are wretched beings, rude, poor and ignorant. The manor has only a year since come into my possession ; and as yet I have not been able to pay much attention to it. Everything is in decay. I leave it to yourself to employ and send away whom you please. You must exercise all my rights. The revenues and accounts you will send every year to my friend, Mr. Smith, by him to be forwarded to me."

Conrad made excuses, by saying he was too little acquainted with agricultural economy ; but his modesty availed him nothing. Both the old gentlemen importuned him with kindness. Lord Wallenroth thinking Conrad considered the amount offered for conducting so extensive a business too small, offered to raise the salary, and at last nearly doubled the sum of seven hundred dollars, first mentioned. Conrad was amazed and glad at the same time.—"But," he said, "how have I deserved this unaccountable confidence ?" Lord Wallenroth pointed towards Mr. Smith, and said—"The heart of this gentleman and mine are one."

The contract was properly made out in writing. Afterwards Lord Wallenroth put in a clause, to which he seemed to attach great weight.—"All, he said, are subjected to your commands, with the exception of one person whom I greatly esteem, and to whose deceased husband I was bound by many obligations, although she scarcely knows me. She is the widow of a preacher by the name of Walter. She has her rooms, board and servants, in my own house for life. You will therefore live with her under the same roof. She is a most excellent woman. I hope

and wish that you may keep in good harmony with her."

Conrad could not make any objections at all against that clause, and was only happy to find immediately a woman who would take the little cares of housekeeping off his hands.

In the same week, Lord Wallenroth set out with Conrad for Alteck, installed him with all proper form in his office, and left him with Mrs. Walter.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### COMPANY.

THE manor-house, as it was called, was very pleasantly situated, in the midst of gardens, upon a hill above the village, and was supplied with stables, barns, and a large square courtyard. Order reigned every where, and much cleanliness in the manor-house. Everything bore an inviting aspect. The best rooms had been fitted up in a simple yet tasteful manner for the Bailiff-justice. Nothing was wanting. Even a small library and a piano were there. Mrs. Walter had put the house, garden, and cellar in the most beautiful and the best order.

Mrs. Walter, a lively and yet sombre woman of about forty-five, displayed much cultivation of mind and good manners. The paleness of her face, the silent, dignified expression of her eye, which only became serene when she was engaged in conversation, bespoke her having experienced many hours of sadness. No one felt himself a stranger in her presence. On the first day of their acquaintance, Conrad felt as though he had known her for years—for she showed him the surrounding country, made him ac-

quainted with the domestics, and initiated him in every thing within her management.

“With that woman a person can live!” thought Conrad, after the lapse of a few days; for he had been timid when Lord Wallenroth spoke in so serious a manner respecting Mrs. Walter.

“A person can live with that woman”—he thought, after the lapse of a few weeks, when he had begun to feel at home in Alteck; for he revered Mrs. Walter, and she had become necessary to him. He was happy, when in the morning and evening the meals called him from his business, for except at those times, they saw each other but seldom. Then she and the steward, a good-tempered, but ceremonious man, were his company.

Conrad was so satisfied with his condition, that he wrote a letter to the banker, expressing his heartfelt gratitude. “Never while I live,” he wrote, “do I desire a more agreeable lot. I am happy to be placed in a situation where I can do much good; and it shall be done, as soon as I am better acquainted with my sphere of action. Here the people have become as wild as the land, a great part of which must be cleared and cultivated! I hope to be able to win Lord Wallenroth’s entire satisfaction.”

Matters, however, were destined soon to undergo a change, and peace was not permitted to dwell long in Conrad’s breast. Mrs. Walter had informed him of her having a daughter, whose return home from a visit to a neighbouring town, she expected daily; and Conrad thought “if the daughter is like the mother, she will not mar my comfort at Alteck.”

He was returning one evening from the forest, where some surveyors had been employed by him. He met a carriage on the way that was occupied by two ladies. They seemed to have come from the manor, and were apparent-

ly returning to town. When he entered the dining-room, he saw a young lady of about seventeen, of a fine physiognomy. Conrad bowed very respectfully. The stranger blushed slightly, and returned the salutation. Mrs. Walter introduced him to her daughter Josephine.

Conrad forgot surveyors and forests, although he had to give the steward many directions regarding them; he even forgot to say something agreeable to the new inmate, while she addressed him with all female tact and sweetness. At table, where he formerly had been so talkative and open, he was reserved, and only spoke in monosyllables.

When Conrad was alone, the form of the new inmate appeared to him in every corner of the room. He shook his head, and thought—"With that girl a person cannot live! Why was the clause silent about her?" And when he had thrown himself into his bed, and closed his eyes, the vision would float before his imagination, a still lighter and still more beautiful being.

Next morning, his first thought was of Josephine, not of the surveyors. But how could it be otherwise, for he heard Josephine's voice accompanying the harp? He shook his head, and thought—"A person cannot live with that girl!" He walked into the field without taking his breakfast.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE PREACHER AND HIS CONGREGATION.

WE become at last familiar with the most disgusting objects, why should we not also get used to those which are beautiful? Conrad, however, could not be at ease with Josephine, even after they had lived in the same house for weeks. It was very singular that on no day did she ap-

pear as she had done on the preceding one ; but seemed every day a different being. He was friendly and intimate with all in the house, and each person was so with him. But with Josephine, he could not be so. Notwithstanding her vivacity—and she was seldom sedate—she was always as great a stranger to him as she had been on the evening when he first saw her. He loved to converse with her ; she was intelligent and easy in her manner, without being pedantic or affected. But when he spoke with her, it seemed as if an impenetrable gulf was fixed between them. She was familiar with every one, whom she treated in the same friendly manner, and all loved her ; but to him she paid no more attention than common courtesy required.

“I shall have a tedious time of it here,” thought Conrad : “I wish Alteck was behind Kamschatka, and I had never come into it.” But that Josephine might not have come to Alteck, he did not wish ; and he would not have taken any gift as a compensation for her going away again.

Much as he feared *ennui*, he never experienced it. The manor, with all the estates, was surveyed ; the agricultural economy, with all its defects, was taken into consideration ; a new school-house was erected, and a new teacher appointed. Willingly would Conrad also have changed the minister, but that he could not do ; and yet he had at first counted greatly upon his exertions to improve the moral condition of the peasants. When the superintendent spoke to him about improving the school system, or about the brutality and ignorance of the people, he assented with a smile, and supported Conrad’s opinion with many examples from experience. But on the following Sunday he would thunder against sectarians, who would destroy religion with worldly improvements. He hated their blasphemous improvements of the mind, improvements which threatened in the end to rob the pope himself of his triple crown, and his

smokehouse of all the sidelings ; he would be harmless as the dove, but yet he was wise, like the serpent.

The peasants of Alteck bore a great similarity to their minister. Their religion consisted more in fear of the devil than in love to God ; for they had from time immemorial been used to severe task-masters, and when one showed them too much leniency and kindness, they laughed at him. In their household and agricultural affairs they acted like their forefathers, who, as they said, had been no block-heads. Poverty reigned everywhere. Their houses were full of filth, and they lived with their lean cows and ragged children, on potatoes and water. Towards strangers they were uncouth and deceitful—towards their “*parson*” they were hypocritical—towards the inhabitants of the manor-house they were as if crawling in the dust, and towards each other they were hateful, envious, backbiting, proud, and rude—such was their manner of life !

## CHAPTER X.

### A HOLE IN THE SLEEVE.

CONRAD soon knew how to strike the proper string of those people. After having imprisoned about a dozen of them on account of some offence, and after having had another dozen of them whipped, they considered him an extremely sensible man.

When at last they began to confide in his sense, it became an easy matter for him to work much good. He wished to establish order and decency among the people, for most of them walked about like beggars, with their clothes torn. Then he remembered how he had been educated by his venerable father, and his tale about the man with the snow-white wig and *the hole in the sleeve* !

Except one sempstress, no woman in the whole village knew how to handle a needle skilfully. What the mothers did not understand, the daughters understood yet less. If a new gown had the first hole in the sleeve, it became, without any difficulty, larger and larger, until at last it was past mending. Thus the garment became old before its time. The unattended hole in the sleeve was the cause of much uncleanness in their domestic lives; this uncleanness was followed by its usual consequences—sickness in every shape. We are more ready to excuse in ourselves, when wearing a ragged garment, indecencies of every kind, low behaviour, depraved conduct. The hole in the sleeve is the cause of a thousand effronteries, of a thousand disgusting words and actions, and leads to vices, not to be banished from a village by any pulpit oratory. As in the higher ranks of life the females soften the rough manners and dispositions of the men, so must also in villages the ennoblement proceed from woman, for it can have no other source.

Thus thought Conrad. The first thing he did, was to establish a sewing school for grown girls. But envy of trade made the sempstress refuse to instruct others in her art. The minister's wife complained of want of time, which prohibited her from devoting herself to the instruction of the daughters in the village, notwithstanding the high praises the parson lavished on the notion of the superintendent. On the next Sunday the peasants heard again a most edifying sermon against sectarians, and people of that sort, who wish to introduce sewing schools.

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE SCHOOL.

WHILE conversing at table, Conrad introduced the object of his heart to his familiar companions. Josephine listened, as she always did when he spoke, most attentively, and gave the most lively approval. She asked permission to be herself the instructress. Mrs. Walter had expected as much.

“Sewing alone, is not sufficient”—said Mrs. Walter. “The women in our village do understand neither how to plant in their gardens, nor to cook in their kitchens. Suppose we dismiss our cooks and other servants, and instead of them take alternately the village girls. I will be their instructress in the kitchen as well as in the garden. The art is simple, and soon learned. Small rewards, a new bonnet, will incite them to ambition and rivalry, and will be productive of taste in dress, and of a little emulation. Were it not for the vanity of women, men would sink down to the level of brutes. Love for the beautiful is the first germ of man’s greatness, which also unfolds itself in the savage, and makes him more human. To be economical is good, but not every thing. The heart must be considered, and the heart of man is easiest changed by the beauty of woman.”

Mrs. Walter spoke on various subjects with her usual vivacity. Conrad at times threw a timid side-glance towards Josephine. Had she looked at him, she might have read in his countenance how true her mother was speaking. But Josephine was too flirting to pay any attention to her mother’s fine discourse, and was teasing the steward. She never would tease Conrad. It almost seemed as if she



liked the steward best. When taking a walk, she would always hang to his arm. It generally fell to Conrad's lot to accompany the mother.

The school for learning to sew, and the business of gardening, forthwith were organized. The teachers were industrious, and when the village girls heard of red ribbons, straw hats, and new aprons, they all strove to become proficient in the art of housekeeping. The minister vented his spleen against the heretics, the girls sewed, the boys learned, and thus every thing proceeded in regular order.

But every thing was not seemly with Conrad. While the peasants were mending the holes in their sleeves, he himself had so large a one, that he could not mend it by any means.

He was aware that Josephine's presence caused his uneasiness. He examined himself, and endeavoured to find some means by which this unpleasant condition might be meliorated. When sometimes he was in a cheerful mood, and felt inclined to jest with her, she would become serious, and look at him with surprise. Was he serious, she could be extravagantly merry. If he succeeded in making her his companion when walking, she spoke in monosyllables; but with all others, and they often had visitors from the neighbourhood, whose visits they frequently returned, she was talkative.

## CHAPTER XII.

### CLOUDS.

JOSEPHINE'S aversion was thus made manifest in all trifling and important matters. Conrad's love increased, and with his love, his struggle against a hopeless passion. He assumed the greater air of indifference the less he felt it.

The airs we assume, he thought, become second nature. The young man shunned Josephine's society as far as was in his power. He became a stranger in company. Since books had more attraction for him, he doubled his undertakings in improving the estates, conducted a few law suits in behalf of Lord Wallenroth, which kept him often away from Alteck, and did everything in his power to bring himself to an equilibrium, but he was only half successful.

It seemed as if Josephine scarcely took any notice of his absence. In her behaviour there was no difference. She was, as she had been before, friendly and yet estranged. She and her mother contemplated, when spring announced itself, to take a journey to the distant capital. Josephine spoke of it enthusiastically, Conrad approvingly. Mrs. Walter received a letter. They prepared for the journey on the same night, and took leave of Alteck on the next morning.

"And is it so easy for you, dear Josephine, to leave our silent Alteck?"—asked Conrad.

"I can find an Alteck everywhere,"—she answered with a smile.

"I believe you. You will scarcely consider it worth your while to think of those you leave behind"—replied Conrad.

"You are not serious when you say so. I feel, indeed, sorry for my flowers and my girls'-school—but what are four weeks? I have promised to bring for my pupils—who, meanwhile, will certainly be the most industrious of all the others—some beautiful presents."

"And what will you bring for me?"—asked Conrad, taking her hand in his, and looking into her eyes with a steady gaze.

She smiled. "For you? why, Mr. Eck, if you take good care of my flowers, I will bring you a new watering-

ot!"—and as she said so, she skipped merrily away. Conrad stood annihilated.

"Now she has acknowledged that she loves you not." He bade farewell to Mrs. Walter, but not to Josephine. He walked into the field, and did not even see them depart.

All the fragrance of nature and the beauty of spring were brushed away. Every object laid spiritless and meaningless before him. A tree was a flourishing piece of wood, the nightingale a singing bird, the lake, with its surrounding bushes at the foot of the western hill, a great earthy vase full of water. He was annoyed with a world in which nothing was new, nothing fresh, a world that looked like an old garment. Even the poets were no longer able to lend wings to his imagination, greatly as at times he desired it—and the singers of nature he found somewhat irksome, and the singers of love somewhat foolish.

"Alas! thou art thyself the cause of all this trouble!" he would sometimes exclaim—"Conrad, Conrad, *thou hast an enormous hole in thy sleeve!*"

Four weeks passed, as if they had been so many years. Josephine and her mother returned. He had determined to receive them with coolness, and a kind of tranquillity had actually again returned to his heart. But the provoking girl!—As if to defy him, she was more beautiful than ever. Her joy at being again in Alteck was evident. She threw a glance towards Conrad, out of which her soul laughed. She gave him hastily her hand, then—at that moment the old steward came out of the house, and walked towards the carriage—she fell with out-stretched arms around the neck of the stiff old gentleman.

Conrad was afraid to look at this. Something vexatious ran over his heart. She loves *him* then! he thought, and

as soon as it was compatible with decency, he walked into the field and whistled away his thoughts.

Peace deserted the house. The harp and piano became dumb. Conrad spoke but seldom to Josephine; and his answers to her were more in monosyllables, than hers to him. When he came, her hilarity vanished; when he walked away, she looked silently and timidly after him.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### NEWS OF MR. MARBLE.

ONE morning, when the family were at breakfast, a messenger, sent expressly by the banker Smith, entered the room. He brought letters. Conrad read them and became pale as death. The others kept modestly silent, but his change of colour did not escape their observation. He gave his directions to the messenger, went to his room and locked himself up. He also did not come to table at dinner time. Mrs. Walter carried him his dinner to his room. She was about leaving him without allowing herself an inquisitive question; but her countenance bespoke that she pitied him.

He understood that language. He took the estimable woman by the hand, and said—"To-morrow at break of day I go hence. You will have another superintendent in Alteck. Accept my thanks for your friendship. To-night I may perhaps tell you more."

"How!"—exclaimed Mrs. Walter, with amazement—"You leave us? But surely not for ever?"

"Very probably," replied Conrad.

She said—"Why? Can Lord Wallenroth—"

“To-night you will hear more”—answered Conrad.

Mrs. Walter left him silently and wept. Conrad continued his work—his resolution was taken. For the time, and by authority of Lord Wallenroth, he had appointed for his successor a young talented jurist, from the neighbouring town, with whom he was personally acquainted. He had given to him, and likewise to the steward, written instructions relative to the business transactions ; and then at sunset he began packing his most necessary articles ; for he contemplated nothing less than making a tour to the East Indies.

Mr. Smith had sent him a letter from Mr. Marble, which that gentleman had written from Calcutta in Bengal. Mr. Marble stated in this letter, that he had been cheated out of the whole of his property, to which he had the most just claims, and that he was living in a most wretched condition, neither having the means of seeing a lawyer, to conduct his suit, nor having sufficient left him to live in decency. He should like to return to Europe, but had not the money to defray the expenses of the voyage ; he would like to work, but he was old and weak, and unacquainted with the English language. He therefore requested Mr. Smith to make inquiries about the young Conrad Eck, whom he once had educated ; to inform him of his destitute situation, and that all his hopes rested on him. Mr. Smith should write to him and ask him if he were willing to undertake the journey, and come to Mr. Marble, prosecute the suit, and prolong the old man's days, by his manual or intellectual labour. Mr. Marble requested Mr. Smith, that if Conrad could make up his mind to do this, he should have the kindness to furnish him with the necessary money to defray the expenses of the journey, in case Conrad should have used the two hundred louis-d'ors, which had been settled upon him for establishing himself in business.

“If Conrad”—so ended the letter—“cannot come and assist or support me, or should you not be able to find out his place of abode, or should he perhaps be dead, I request of you, my friend, to pity my destitute situation, and send me some money for old acquaintance’ sake. I need but little for the few years that are granted to me in this life.”

On this letter Mr. Smith had made in his own writing several comments, whose import was nearly this:—

“You need not, my dear Mr. Eck, trouble yourself about the fate of the good Mr. Marble; for I shall most certainly, for old acquaintance’ sake, render him some assistance. Leave Alteck, and run to the East Indies in order to prosecute for an old man—who knows whether you may find him still alive?—a prolonged suit, or to support him, should the necessary means be wanting, by establishing yourself as a cabinet-maker, of course is impossible for you. I cannot comprehend how the good old man can have come to such an idea? True, he is now sixty-two, and the annoyances about miscarried plans may have made him older still. Besides, you are too much restrained by your contract with my friend Lord Wallenroth. He is at present in Regensburg, where he remains only until the twenty-ninth of the present month, then he will most probably return to Paris. You must, of course, settle the business first with him, for he alone has the right to free you from your obligations. No gentleman like yourself will break his word. In the mean time, should you think it necessary to let Mr. Marble have some money, I am prepared to remit it to him by secure drafts. In that case I would request of you to give me the speediest information in regard to the sum, for we must not lose time. I shall at the same time tell Mr. Marble that I have not found out your place of residence, and then you will stand sufficiently excused by him.”

After Conrad had read the letters, he exclaimed, with a

quivering lip, and with tears in his eyes, "Mr. Smith, you are a villain of *bon ton*, and under the garb of a gentleman, most despicable, as *such virtuous* people now-a-days generally are. I am Marble's son and principal debtor, for he has made me a man. Away, Conrad! away to the East Indies, and help thy father!"

He prepared every thing for his departure.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### STRUGGLES.

CONRAD instructed the steward in what was most necessary, that on account of his sudden departure nothing might be neglected. He also told him that he would go by way of Regensburg, ask Lord Wallenroth for his dismissal, and persuade him to sanction the proposed new Bailiff-justice.

Mrs. Walter shed a flood of tears; Josephine sat dumb and dejected, in a corner of the dining-room, when Conrad entered.

"Are you then serious?"—asked Mrs. Walter.

"I am indeed"—said Conrad.—"I must away; perhaps for ever. I am going to the East Indies."

"To the East Indies!"—exclaimed Mrs. Walter, and in the same moment Josephine became pale as death. Her hands, with her knitting implements, fell lifeless into her lap.

Conrad, too busily engaged with picturing to himself his father's misfortunes and destitute condition, did not look at Josephine. He did not see how she lay in the arm chair, like a nipped lily, motionless, speechless, without shedding a tear, and her half-closed eye directed only towards him. He spoke of his situation in regard to Mr. Marble, of his

misfortune, then of Mr. Smith's base advice, then what he was in duty bound to do.—“I should be a villain were I to remain at Alteck, had I even here a paradise, and should I have to meet death on the sea!”

“Ay, ay,”—said the steward—“it is a dangerous enterprise.”

“No,”—exclaimed Mrs. Walter, and sobbed more vehemently—“your principles are beautiful, yet perhaps a little too hastily acted upon. If you were to give yourself a few days' time;—better counsel often comes over night. Why, it is terrible!” With that she looked at her almost lifeless daughter.

She turned with a face, in which death was depicted, towards her mother, and said in a loud tone of voice, as if she were summoning her last strength,—“Mother, dear mother, make not his heart more heavy than it is already. He must go, he must! He dare not stay.” Then she sank down as if dead, and lost breath and consciousness.

Mrs. Walter gave a shriek. Conrad flew to the apparent corpse, the steward called the servants for assistance. Josephine was carried to her own room. Fifteen minutes elapsed before she regained her recollection. But then she opened her eyes, and said softly—“What have you done?”

Mrs. Walter had sent Conrad out of the room. In ecstasy to know her Josephine alive, she sought him again. He stood in the garden, his face pale, and his trembling arms wound round a tree, for his knees tottered under him. “Come”—she called out to him—“she has recovered from her swoon, and has asked for you.”

With great exertion he dragged himself to Josephine's room. She sat in an arm-chair. He took a seat beside her, said not a word, and merely observed her pale countenance, to which a soft red had returned on his entering the room.



"I have frightened you"—she said, and smiled at him. "I am sorry for it—I could not help it."

"And now?"—asked Conrad, trembling.

"I only wished to see you, as long as yet I may. Is it not so; you will not refuse me that?"—replied Josephine.

Conrad gazed at Josephine, and felt as if in a dream. A sympathy so tender he had never expected to see in that girl, for he had never known her possessed of feelings so deep.

"Can you then feel sorry at my leaving Alteck?"—he asked at last.

"No!"—she answered.—"It is well done in you to go. You dare not, you cannot do otherwise. God will be with you. You cannot fare ill. You follow a holy duty."

"But, Josephine!"—rejoined Conrad—"I go with a broken heart. I leave this beautiful place very reluctantly."

"You will wean yourself from it, as you have used yourself to it. You need not give yourself any uneasiness on that account. The thought of your unfortunate father, from this time, must be all your thought."

"Will you also remember me in my absence?"—said Conrad.

"Most certainly, and with everlasting gratitude"—replied Josephine.

"Gratitude, Josephine?"—exclaimed Conrad.

"I know for what I am indebted to you, but spare me the confession of it. No, I will tell you. Through your intercourse, I have become better than I was. Take this confession with you on your journey. It is not very probable that we shall meet on this earth again; and so the last time we are together, we may at least be candid"—answered Josephine.

"You confound me, Josephine,"—said Conrad. "You have never spoken to me so kindly before. If you but

knew how dear you have been to me! If you but knew how much I lose, since now fate calls me away from you!"

She turned her face away from him, when he said this; but in the same moment Josephine became again serene. Then again she turned to Conrad. "May you prosper in your journey, my dear Mr. Eck. Good night. Write to my mother when you are far distant, before you leave Europe. To-morrow, after you are departed, I shall feel well again. May you be happy!"

She gave him her hand. His heart was as if broken. Mrs. Walter wept aloud. Josephine drew her hand quickly out of his, hid her eyes, and exclaimed—"I conjure you to leave me!"

## CHAPTER XV.

### CONRAD'S DEPARTURE.

AT break of day the carriage drove up to the door, and all the inhabitants of the village assembled, surrounded the carriage and the house, to have one more look at their benefactor, and bless him; for Conrad, during his stay at Alteck, had become dear to every family in the village. He had been a domestic friend to all, and to every one in a different way. He had worked more good in silence than was believed. Now they told each other weeping aloud, how he had administered medicine to the sick, had clothed the naked, given bread to the hungry, and security for the oppressed debtor. Every father believed that Conrad had done him the greatest services; and that he had loved his family more than all the others in the village. He had imposed silence upon all, but the general sorrow at his departure broke the promises of every one.

When Conrad entered the dining-room, to take his last breakfast, he found the steward and Josephine's mother in tears. They took their breakfast, and Conrad endeavoured to comfort those mourners. After every thing was ready for his departure, he suddenly left his seat, begged to be remembered by them, and left the room. He had not had the courage to ask for Josephine ; but now, when he bade farewell, he took once more the hand of Mrs. Walter, and said with a voice nearly choked with pain,—“ Remember me to Josephine : tell her that I have loved her beyond all bounds ;—that I will love her on the other side of the ocean.”

When he left the house, and proceeded towards the carriage, the steward and Josephine's mother were hanging on his arms. All the people seemed as if bent down by a weight of sorrow ; and all wept, sobbing aloud. Conrad, already too much agitated, wished to conquer his emotions, jump into the carriage, and to hasten away ; but at that moment he heard a voice behind him, which riveted him to the spot. He turned. Josephine, pale, with eyes red from weeping, full of unspeakable suffering, stood in the door of the house, calling his name. She was embarrassed for a moment, when she saw the carriage surrounded by people, who were weeping and kneeling ; but in the next moment she walked towards Conrad. “ Farewell ! ”—she said, in a feeble tone of voice.—“ Forgive me, I am but mortal ! ” and ran back into the house.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## VISIT TO MR. SMITH.

“WHAT is it?”—thought Conrad; but hours elapsed before he became capable of tranquil reflection. “What is it? All is delusion! Our whole life is a delusion! The most tender and deepest feelings of my existence are crushed before me. It may cost me my life. But what more is it? delusion! Josephine loves me! She may fall a victim to this sorrow, and so may I. What more is it? We understood each other too late, but had it been sooner, it would still have been too soon. Sink into thy grave, Josephine! there thou wilt be at rest. Have I not to pay a holy debt to a father? There is no stay under the skies, no glory, no happiness! Here the highest blessedness and the deepest despair are sisters. But why is it so? God is incomprehensible. My dream is not yet ended. Wherefore do I moralize. I do my duty. I sacrifice the world, friendship, love, Josephine, myself, to the duties that I have to fulfil. God wills it so;—may he direct me, may he rule. I will be silent!”

Thus soliloquized Conrad. But he manned himself, and looked boldly towards his fate. “Thou art thyself the cause of these sorrows!”—he said to himself—“for thou mightest now go laughing to the East Indies, didst thou not love Josephine. And that thou dost love her so much is self-indulgence. *Thou hast a hole in thy sleeve*, would Father Marble say. Ah, did but Josephine not suffer!”

Towards night he arrived at the capital. He hastened immediately to the banker Smith. This gentleman was astonished, yet glad to see him. “I bring the answer to your letter myself.”

“And what have you concluded to do?” asked the banker.

“To go to the East Indies. I owe my father too much”—replied Conrad. “I should be a monster were I to leave him, old and feeble as he is, to his misery. I should become desperate were I to know that the venerable, virtuous old man held out his hands to me in vain.”

“All this is very excellent, all this is very noble, my dear Eck”—said Smith—“but you must not act without reflection. A journey to the East Indies is not a walk. Who will be your security when you arrive there? Can you find immediately a ship? May you not become sick on your journey, be wrecked, or sink?”

“Very possibly. But then I shall have done my duty, and Providence will guide all the rest”—rejoined Conrad.

“Very good. But how, if Mr. Marble—for he is old—should have died, before you arrive in Calcutta? Of what avail would then be this journey round the world? For what purpose would then your present course of life be interrupted, and your property be sacrificed?” rejoined the banker.

“My course of life will never be interrupted. The course I run is called ‘*duty*.’ And should I return a beggar, very well! I know how to support myself. I am young. Let me have my way. I only beg of you to give me a bill of exchange on London for all the ready money I have. For that purpose I have called on you. If you will add something more for Mr. Marble, so much the better. I will be your personal debtor, and on my return I will pay you back with accumulated interest, even should I have to work for it like a slave.”

“Very nobly thought in you”—said Smith—“but let us also take the matter deliberately into consideration. Mr. Marble cares certainly less for the pleasure of your company than for a certain sum of money which will either enable

him to prosecute his suit, or to return to Europe. If he has money, he will be contented, and will find means for all he needs; and then you are perfectly unnecessary to him. Well, then, tell me how much you wish to settle upon him, and how much of my own I shall add to it. We will remit it to him. Drafts can be sent from England to India with greater facility than people. That is connected with peculiar difficulties. Follow my advice."

"No, Mr. Smith, I cannot do it. I am of greater service to my father Marble than your or my money can be. He is old and feeble; he needs a son to cherish and foster him, to assist and protect him. Ah! in such a condition a friend is worth more than mountains of gold. A warm word of consolation is worth more than all the service well-paid hirelings can render. Let us pursue this talk no farther. To-morrow I go from here to Regensburg, render an account of my transactions to Lord Wallenroth, give him my resignation and thanks. He is an honest man, and will not throw any impediments in my way. If you wish to be mine and Mr. Marble's friend, I would beg of you to give me a letter to Lord Wallenroth, recommending to him my purpose. I have seen how much your word avails with him."

Mr. Smith looked at Conrad a long time in silence. But he stood before him fixed in his purpose, and what he said proceeded from the utmost recesses of his heart. Even Mr. Smith seemed for a moment to be moved at this outburst of filial love and gratitude, yet he endeavoured by new arguments to dissuade him from his undertaking.

"It is in vain!"—exclaimed Conrad. "There are, perhaps, other causes that might have induced me to make a base choice. I loved a noble girl—you know Josephine Walter—only at the moment of my departure I became aware that I was also her love. And yet—duty before hap-

piness. Therefore, Mr. Smith, I pray you to give me the drafts."

Mr. Smith's eyes were filled with tears when Conrad spoke thus—"Come to my heart!" exclaimed the old man, and he kissed him. "You are certainly a most excellent man. I envy Mr. Marble for having such a son, and such a friend. How few fathers are as fortunate as he! You shall have the drafts you desire, and that you may not have any difficulties with Lord Wallenroth, I will myself accompany you to Regensburg."

Conrad was at this sudden emotion of Mr. Smith somewhat astonished—"There is for all"—he thought to himself—"in every man, even should he in his every-day life have become shrivelled up behind his counter to a mummy, and should he have become a stone, there is always a divine spark left, which is never totally extinguished. It requires but the breath to blow it into a flame. His original nature will rise again with victorious grandeur, however deeply it may lie crushed by the mercantile '*Shall and Have*,' or be sullied by the dust of trade, or be disfigured by theological or pedagogical systems, or be strangled by politics and military science."

Conrad forgot the letter of the banker, forgot his sensible counsels which he had just before heard, forgave him all his cautions, which he thought are subtle high treasons on man, but which are very current in this every-day world, and rejoiced that the nobler spirit was stirring within him. This is called romantic in common life, since that greatness of soul, which we admire in men of an anterior world, has now deserted actual life altogether, and taken refuge in poetry.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## VISIT TO REGENSBURG.

IMPATIENTLY as Conrad pressed for the journey to Lord Wallenroth, Mr. Smith nevertheless delayed it nearly a week—"For," he said, "I had never counted on accompanying you, and yet I must do it now. My business transactions are extensive, and I cannot leave them so suddenly, and intrust them for weeks into the hands of a stranger. You also will not lose by it. Lord Wallenroth has a letter from me. He knows of our coming, and as he is expecting us, he will not leave Regensburg."

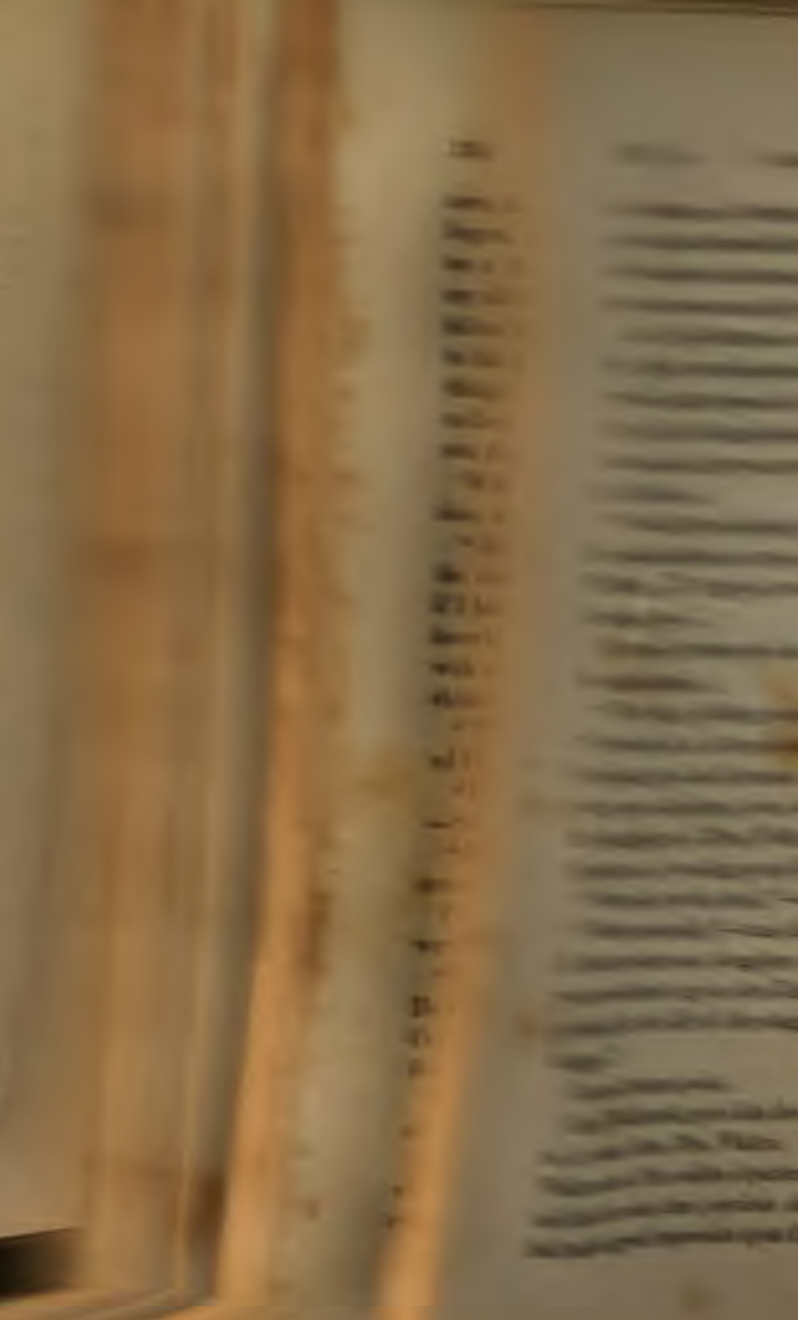
"But every day, every hour we let pass"—exclaimed Conrad—"increases on the other side of the ocean the distress and the longing of the venerable, deserted old man."

At length the day of departure arrived. Mr. Smith, however, who needed his comforts, would not travel during the night, but took his usual rest. Conrad lost both his sleep and patience. While Mr. Smith was asleep, he alleviated his sorrow by writing his journal, rather for Josephine than for himself, and he recorded his lone communings with her, which he wished to send to her before leaving the shores of Europe.

They arrived at Regensburg. On the first day, Lord Wallenroth could not be seen. Conrad drew unfavourable conjectures from this, for he doubted not in the least, that the Lord of Alteck was at home to the banker, Smith. He thought there must be some plot; although Mr. Smith wore a serene countenance when he returned at night; but even that serenity was somewhat suspicious.

On the following day, Lord Wallenroth sent a messenger to the strangers, informing them that he expected them





hine. His sudden departure had entirely changed  
hine's disposition. She was visibly fading away ; the  
ians advised her to divert herself by travelling, but  
ine would not depart from Alteck ; and also seemed  
nk to bear the fatigues of a journey. The whole  
reathed the affliction of a disconsolate mother.

ad threw himself into a chair, covered his face with  
ndkerchief, and could not forbear sobbing aloud.  
Wallenroth approached him. Conrad aroused himself.  
read your soul !"—said Lord Wallenroth—"and  
ears justify me in what I have done. I know  
ine. I also esteem her very highly. She is one of  
liest of her sex.—You love her ?"

certainly I do !" exclaimed Conrad.

on compose yourself,"—replied the baron—"I had  
ne's health, and the peace of mind of her excellent  
so much at heart, that at the same hour in which I  
l this letter, I despatched a courier with a letter to  
informing her that Mr. Eck would not go to the East  
that circumstances had altered, and that Mr. Eck  
again return to Alteck. The letter is undoubtedly  
in the hands of Mrs. Walter, and so will prevent  
harm. Have I done well ?"

ou have done well !"—said Conrad.

ad you go not to the East Indies ?"—inquired Wal-

ou have done well, I say, and it is done well, when in  
e we have dried a tear, should it even have been done  
the veil of deception. I thank you, Lord Wallenroth,  
I Conrad, I myself will write from here to Alteck,  
eep the hope alive. If we win time, we gain a  
deal. Time exercises a greater might over man,  
the power of his principles. Josephine by this ex-  
le device may be saved ; but I go to the East Indies.

“How, Mr. Eck, would you have me become a liar?” asked Wallenroth.

Conrad shrugged his shoulders.—“Would you have me, Lord Wallenroth, become a monster towards my good father, through whom I am what I am?”

“No!”—exclaimed Lord Wallenroth:—“I feel the importance of your choice:—there a father, and a benefactor, who has indeed the claims of a father on you,—and here a loved one.”

“And the claims of the father are older, holier, than those of the loved one,”—retorted Conrad.—“She would be compelled to desist loving me, were I capable of a base action. Josephine would be bound to despise me.”

“Let us look at the matter from another point of view,”—rejoined Wallenroth.—“You would hasten to the relief of an old man, to whom, perhaps, better and more speedy assistance might be rendered with a sufficient sum of money; and you let a noble girl, overpowered with grief, perish—whom all the gold in the world cannot compensate for the loss of her friend. You go to the East Indies for the purpose of making more serene the evening of an aged man, whose life perhaps is spared only for a few months; and on that account you let a young life, which only now is beginning to bloom, *perish with all its hopes.*”

“I act from this principle,”—sternly replied Conrad,—“that when conscience calls us to the right and to duty, we ought not to regard anything termed accident or advantage. The life of my father and the life of Josephine are in the power of Heaven, but the righteous deed is in my power. I do as duty commands me, and over the rest He rules, who knows how to regulate everything for the best. That is not my business. Am I sure that by weakness—No, it is not that!—that by a base action I can prolong Josephine’s existence?”

“ You did not suffer me to come to the end, Mr. Eck,”—replied Lord Wallenroth,—“ I told you I had written that circumstances had altered. And this is indeed the fact. I could lay you a wager that you will not go to the East.”

“ How? Is Mr. Marble dead already? Or do you wish to make me believe so?”—exclaimed Conrad, terrified—“ Or perhaps you have certain intelligence, that my father is already on his return to Europe? I pray you keep me no longer on the rack, I am miserable.”

“ It is nothing of all that,”—replied Lord Wallenroth, with a smile,—“ But you will be astonished,—you are the proprietor of Alteck. I am not. I was only so for a short time. I bought the manor for Mr. Marble, who destined it for you. This, however, you were not to be informed of, till after you had been a year home from your travels. It was his intention to probe you first: and did you prove yourself such as Mr. Marble wished you to be, then the manor was to be yours. I will now deliver to you the deed of gift. You have acted in Alteck in the spirit of your benefactor. The manor is yours by right.”

Conrad was perplexed. He knew not what to say. At last he exclaimed with a trembling voice, and his eyes full of tears lifted towards heaven,—“ Good Marble, thou hast ever thought of others, but never of thyself! Now thou art no longer poor! If this is true, and I hope, that at this serious moment you are not jesting with me, I offer to you or to Mr. Smith immediately an advantageous contract. The manor of Alteck brings at present an annual rent of seventy thousand dollars. In a few years it will be worth a hundred and twenty thousand. I will mortgage it to you for thirty or forty thousand. Will you give me that amount in drafts on London?”

“ Before we can enter upon that business”—said Lord

Wallenroth with visible emotion,—“ it is necessary that you should first have the deed of gift in your hands.”

As soon as Lord Wallenroth returned with the document in his hand, Mr. Smith silently pressed Conrad's hand, and left the room. Lord Wallenroth was not less agitated. He gave the parchment to Conrad, and hastily followed Mr. Smith out of the apartment.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### THE DOCUMENT.

CONRAD could not understand the behaviour of those two old gentlemen. He looked for some time after them,—“ What are they doing ? ” he thought—“ They seem to be moved ! My resolution to go to the East Indies evidently meets with their approbation, why do they resist it ?—What have they to win or lose, either by my going or staying ? For with men who have grown rusty in a worldly life, it depends at last only on loss or gain, on *shall* or *have*.”

He sat down beside the window and opened the parchment. When he saw Mr. Marble's name beneath, written by his own hand, he kissed the place upon which the revered hand once had rested. Then he read.—It was indeed an assignment of the manor to Conrad Eck, whom he called his dear adopted son, with all its rights and privileges. But when he came to the signature, Conrad was alarmed. The whole document seemed to be false. It was dated in Regensburg ; and the date was only two days old—but Mr. Marble's signature was so perfectly counterfeited that it was difficult to decide whether or not he had written it himself.

He started up from his chair to look after the gentlemen.

With a joyous countenance, Lord Wallenroth entered the room.

“Was not I right, my dear Eck?”—he exclaimed with eyes beaming with joy.—“Now you will leave the East Indies where they are.”

“By no means,”—exclaimed Conrad—“this document is false!”

“No! it is not, it is true and authentic,”—replied Wallenroth—“upon my honour: authentic!”

“But the date is only two days old!”—retorted Conrad.

“Exactly”—said the Baron.

“Who has written my father’s signature?” inquired Conrad.

“Who else than he himself?”—answered Wallenroth.—“You certainly ought to know his signature.”

“That is the very reason, because I do know it,”—said Conrad.—“When did he write this?”

“Cannot you see it? cannot you read it?—on the day before yesterday,”—added Wallenroth.

“The day before yesterday?”—exclaimed Conrad.—“You drive me mad with your jests. How is this? How can he write? Is he come from Calcutta? Has he returned? Is he come home from the East Indies?”

“No, Mr. Eck.”—calmly replied Wallenroth.

“Not returned? That is a contradiction!”—exclaimed Conrad.

“No, not a contradiction—no! he never went to the East Indies!”—called out a reverend voice in the next room—and the next moment the door opened, and hand in hand with Mr. Smith, old Mr. Marble walked into the room. He held out his arms towards Conrad and exclaimed—“MY SON!”—and embraced the young man, who stood motionless, like a statue,—and did not seem to understand what had occurred to him.

“ No, thou dear boy. I was not in the East Indies. Come, press me to thy brave and gallant heart, thou art the joy of my life ! Thou art just what thou shouldst be. May God in heaven bless thee ! ”

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE EXPLANATION.

THE joy of old Marble was not less than the ecstasy of the surprised Conrad, who for a long time could not find words to give vent to his feelings. They had to tell each other so much, that after the lapse of several hours Conrad did not understand how all this had happened.

“ Now child,” began Father Marble, “ I will tell thee everything in the order it occurred. Take a seat ! It is true, I had a great deal of trouble in the capital. I know not how it entered the head of the sovereign to hang upon me that hair-bag of knighthood. There must be a difference of rank, although the wool distinguishes the sheep from the goat better than the name. He who as an officer of state wishes to make his fortune, so called, and to stand near the person of his sovereign, and is desirous to attain a greater sphere of action, let him get himself knighted ! He acts wisely. It is a good and profitable inheritance for his children. One like myself, who has no children, no influence, who wants no public offices, and is contented with what no prince can give—a pure heart that wills and does as much good as it can, to one like me, that parchment only brings real trouble and disagreeable circumstances. But I perhaps took that trifling matter too seriously. However, by my refusal I offended the prince, or perhaps his lords. They began to annoy me by many little acts. I felt vexed at them—therefore I left the capital. It was

at the time when I desired thee to write me regularly, even if thou shouldst not receive any answers from me—for correspondence by letter was troublesome to me—and to direct thy communications to my old honest friend, Mr. Smith.

“ I removed to a small estate, where I lived happily and in retirement. There I was visited by God, that I might not think heaven was on this earth, and I became sick of a bilious fever. I then was urged to make my last will and testament, as I might possibly die. Those people were in the right, for whosoever is not prepared to die every day, and to stand before his Heavenly Judge—oh! *he has indeed a great hole in his sleeve!* Thou understandest me, Conrad.

“ But then, poor man that I was, I had no children; perhaps some distant relatives who were eagerly looking for my death, and people who do not know what use to make of their money; that is, they only know how to count interest, save their money for themselves alone, and are striving to render themselves conspicuous before the people, keep a good table, and call it foolish when we deny to ourselves in order to have a greater abundance for the benefit of others who are in need; those people I thought have already too much. True, I had brought up many children, or had them reared; but whether they were what they ought to be, I did not know. *They all had holes in their sleeves!* I made a short business of it, and settled upon every one, without difference, a certain sum, since I could not take any thing with me; and then became well.”

When I was sick and laid on my bed, waited upon only by hirelings, I then felt for the first time deeply the want of being loved for my own self's sake. Then I often thought of you, and I longed for your return. You came. But I



would prove you, and find out, if you actually were a man *without a hole in your sleeve!* I had bought the manor of Alteck, a worthless estate. There I thought a person can give a specimen whether he has his head and his heart in the right place. My friend Lord Wallenroth was kind enough to lend his name for the purpose. Mr. Smith advertised the office of superintendent in the public journals, showed you the paper, brought you to Lord Wallenroth, and all the rest you know. I never would make my appearance, for I earnestly desired to become well acquainted with your true character.

Wallenroth made a clause in behalf of a poor minister's widow, with whose husband I had been well acquainted. He was the friend of my youth. The lady was like an angel in female form. Had she not loved my friend Walter, I would have made her my wife, for I admired the girl in secret; but she knew nothing of it, since she was scarcely acquainted with me. But I loved Walter, and conquered my passion, which—I will not deny it—nearly *tore an irreparable hole in MY sleeve!* Through Lord Wallenroth, I received from time to time tidings about the woman whom I had loved; and when the noble Walter left her without property, I had the widow provided for through him. We brought her to Alteck; “for that woman,” I said to Wallenroth, “yet is an earthly angel.”—“If she is an angel,” said he, “then her daughter Josephine is certainly a seraph.” Umph!—I thought; if it is so, and Conrad the proper man, nothing will be wanting there. Mrs. Walter remained with her young seraph in Alteck, and we established you as their companion.

As often as you were with Mr. Smith in the capital to pay the money and render an account of your proceedings, I travelled incognito through Alteck. My heart felt delighted. You began with *a great hole in the sleeve*, and have mended

it considerably in one year. Then I concluded to adopt thee as my son, and to transfer to thee the whole of my property; for Conrad, I thought, follows in my footsteps. He is a noble boy! But does he also love me, like a father? That was yet a question with me, and alas! my dear Conrad, whether it be *a hole in the sleeve*, or not, to my heart it was the most important one. Then we played this little comedy, in which your heart was a little hard pinched. You have made me, an old man, happy, and led me back into my lost Eden. Now our comedy is ended, I shall go to Alteck to live with you and to assist you a little. In Alteck we will build houses of "peace on earth," and prepare for the heaven above the stars. In my gray hairs I will now confess to Mrs. Walter my unfaded true love, and with the young seraph you may settle your own affair.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE RETURN TO ALTECK.

WHAT joy, gratitude and love were felt by Conrad, can easily be imagined. At the first hour, in which he was unincumbered and alone in his room, he fell on his knees and thanked the divine and benevolent Ruler of the universe. Then with a heart yet deeply agitated, he sat down to his writing-desk. He wrote to Mrs. Walter the history of his fortune, and to Josephine the history of his heart, and its desires.

Mr. Marble had yet to order so much respecting his affairs, that three weeks elapsed before they could think of going to Alteck. Mrs. Walter, in answer to his letter, stated, that Josephine was fully restored to health, and in her silent transport that she was scarcely like an earthly being.

Josephine, however, in her letters, was just as singular as she had been in her personal intercourse. "No! she wrote—I love you not. I cannot love you. I also assure you that such a feeling for you has never entered my heart. I love my excellent mother above all things. I love the whole world. But you—there is something that pushes me away from you. I know not what to call it, how to describe it. It is veneration, devotedness. You are right to love me, more I do not deserve. It is already too much that you give a thought to so insignificant a creature as I am; that you can say, without me the world were nothing. But—for me to love you; would be too human. I fear that by this common word I should profane my sensibilities. There is something august in you, which by being near me, you have imparted to me. Every thing has become different. Nature is not as it was before. Before you came to Alteck, I looked at things as others did; but this is no longer so. A different spirit is diffused over all things. I should never have had the courage to tell you this by word of mouth, but being far away from you, my timidity has lost its sway. It is true, without you I should not like to breathe the air of life; but I cannot comprehend how I can live near you, and be continually at your side!"

Marble, to whom Conrad always showed Josephine's letters—and he loved to read them—smiled.—"Conrad," he said, "this seraph takes you for a cherub. But you children of elysium will soon become less platonic. Have only a little patience!"

Mr. Marble could not have surprised Conrad more agreeably in Regensburg, than when at Lord Wallenroth's house he was met on entering the room by Mrs. Walter and Josephine, who as yet had not changed their travelling dress. Conrad with joyful emotion embraced the mother, but his eyes were fixed on Josephine, who stood motionless,

blushing deeply, and looking at the floor. The ordinary shows of politeness of the refined world, so called, otherwise a plague to better men, are nevertheless oftentimes devices of inestimable value. By means of those, the lovers found the way to each other, who concealed in a general and polite conversation, the loud calling of their hearts. They learned to look at each other without trembling, and to speak together without being confused. Mr. Marble declared to Mrs. Walter how he had loved her in her youth, and now, an old man, he would be her best friend.

"But those two people, I mean your daughter and my son, have not told each other what they have to say!" whispered Marble to his friend, Mrs. Walter.—"Suppose we let them have an hour of conversation in the garden?"

Between flowers and bushes, Josephine and Conrad were purposely deserted by all. Meanwhile, Marble and Mrs. Walter determined upon the future lot of the young people.

One hour after another elapsed, but Josephine and Conrad did not again make their appearance. Night came on, yet they did not return.

"This matter troubles me"—remarked Mr. Marble—"they may be bewildered from mere ecstasy!" Marble took the arm of Mrs. Walter, and searched for the missing couple. No sound betrayed them. At last they found them between thick bushes. There they stood, like two statues, underneath a beech-tree, so engrossed with each other, that they heard not the footsteps of those who approached them.

"God be praised that you yet have breath"—exclaimed Marble—"but I do not like this hiding of cherubs and seraphs! Away with you; to-morrow I will drive you out of this garden. You have at last discovered that you are two very natural human beings. *You both have*, as I

perceive, *an enormous hole in your sleeve, which matrimony alone can mend!*”

Conrad and the deeply-blushing Josephine, returned with their beloved parents. The next morning, by Marble's urgency, the youthful lovers were married, and from the nuptial ceremony, he led them to a travelling carriage. “My son”—said Marble—“you are of no use here. The day after to-morrow we all shall leave this place for Alteck, and then make arrangements for our future life. Go to Leipsic, receive the amounts for me, according to my instructions, and return in a fortnight to Alteck. Josephine will accompany you to drive away dull care!”

On the twelfth day, Conrad returned with his bride to Alteck, where Father Marble, and Mrs. Walter, and the whole village, met them, exulting with joy.

# OLIVIER FLYELN :

## A FOOL OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

### CHAPTER I.

#### INTRODUCTORY.

DURING my last journey in the north of my native land, I did not repent taking a little circuitous route, once more to see one of my esteemed friends in the golden age of my life. In the following narrative I have altered the names both of the persons and places ; but the history is not less true, improbable as in some respects it may appear.

My friend was the Baron Olivier Flyeln, who had been my fellow-student at the University of Gottingen. He then was a young man of most excellent character, and of almost unmatched intelligence. Our love for the Greek and Roman classics had brought us together, and made us friends. I called him my Achilles, and he denominated me his Patroclus. But he might, indeed, have served for any artist as the subject for an Achilles. In form and carriage he was truly dignified. Energy and benevolence shone in the dark lustre of his eye. None were more active and dexterous than he ; for he was the boldest swimmer, the fleetest runner, and the most daring horseman ; and withal, he possessed a most tender and faithful heart. Through his generosity, however, he became entangled in various unpleasant difficulties ; for of his own free-will, he would often render assistance to the oppressed, in conse-

quence of which, he had been compelled several times to defend himself against rude assaults.

Since our separation we had written several times to each other; but when the waves of life cast us, the one here, the other there, we are apt to forget in the end—not each other—but our correspondence. Finally, I knew nothing more of him, than that he had been captain of a regiment of infantry. At that period he was about thirty-five years of age; and advanced in rank. By mere accident, I learned, on my journey, where his regiment was stationed, which induced me to take a circuitous route.

The postillion drove with me into the streets of a large, rich commercial town, and stopped before the most fashionable hotel. As soon as the waiter had shown me to my room, I asked if there were not with the regiment garrisoned in the place, a Baron Flyeln?

“Do you mean the major?”—asked the waiter.

“Major he may perhaps be,” I said. “Are his lodgings far from here? Is he to be found at this time? It is already late, but I should like some person to conduct me to his house.”

“Excuse me, sir”—was the reply—“but it is long since this gentleman has been in the regiment. He has taken his discharge, or rather, was compelled to take it.”

“Was compelled to take it? Wherefore?”—I inquired.

“He was very eccentric”—answered the waiter—“and acted very strangely. I know not myself what he did. He was not altogether right in his head; became crack-brained and crazy. It is said he lost his senses by too much study.”

This intelligence terrified me so, that I lost presence of mind, and the question.

“How?”—I stammered at last, to ask at least something, and to gain more particular information.

“Excuse me, sir”—said the obliging waiter—“what I know, I have merely from hearsay, for he was sent away before I came to this house. But many things are as yet related of him. He had various difficulties with the officers, addressed every one with *thou*, even the general, every one, it mattered not who it was. After having inherited a very considerable amount of property from his uncle, he imagined that he had become poor as a beggar, that he could not pay his debts, and sold every article which he had on or about him. It is also said, that in his madness he uttered the most blasphemous language. But the drollest part of the joke is this—that in order to spite his family, he married a dishonest girl, the daughter of a sharper. His dress, also, is said to have become finally very nonsensical and clownish, so that all the boys in the street ran after him. He was greatly pitied in the city, for before that time he was much beloved, as he must have been a most excellent gentleman ere he lost his wits.”

“And where is he now?”—I asked.

“I do not know. He has left the town”—said the waiter. “Nothing is heard or seen of him. His family perhaps have placed him somewhere for the purpose of having him cured.”

More information the waiter could not give. I had already heard too much. Agonized, I threw myself into a chair. I pictured to myself the heroic form of the talented young man, of whose future course I had entertained the most flattering expectations, who, on account of his rank, as well as through his extensive family connexions, might have aspired to the first offices in the army or state; who, through his knowledge and rare gifts of mind, seemed to have been destined for all that is great, and who then was one of those unfortunates, at the sight of whom, humanity shrinks back with compassion. Oh, that the angel of life



had rather taken him out of this world, than let him stand here a deplorable caricature, and a sorrowful spectacle !

Glad as I should have been to see the good Olivier, I felt rejoiced to know that he was out of the city. Alas ! he would no longer have been Olivier, no longer my glorious Achilles, but a deplorable, unrecognisable Torso. I had no desire to see him, could I even have found him without any trouble ; for had I been compelled to change in my memory, my Achilles of Gottingen with the form of a madman, it would have robbed me of one of the dearest and most agreeable of my remembrances. I did not wish to see him again, for the same reason that I do not like to look upon any of my friends in their coffin, as I am desirous of retaining in my memory the form they bore while living ; or as I avoid visiting rooms which formerly I occupied, and now are inhabited by others, and are furnished in a different manner. That which *was*, and that which *is now*, form a confusion of ideas in a manner most intolerable and painful to me.

I was lost in various contemplations on the nature of human life, and how the same spirit which measures the spaces of the universe, and anticipates what is most sublime, by a pressure, or by a hurt of an invisible part of the nervous system, will become like a distressing untuned stringed instrument, an incomprehensible stranger to itself and to the rest of the world !

I found the supper-table in the well-lighted dining-room of the hotel filled with guests. It happened that a place near to several officers garrisoned in the city was assigned to me. I led the conversation, as soon as it had commenced between us, to my friend Olivier. I specified minutely as many individualities as I recollected of him, in order to avoid every change of persons ; for it might have been possible—and I believed in the possibility—that this

crazy Baron Flyeln was altogether a different person from my friend of Gottingen. But all I said, all I again heard, confirmed my belief that there was no mistake.

“It is a great pity!”—exclaimed one of the officers—“every body liked the baron. He was one of the bravest and most daring men in the regiment. He proved it in the last campaign in France. What none of us dared to attempt, he would do playfully! Everything he undertook, was crowned also with success. Only call to your minds the battery of Waterloo! We had lost it. The general tore his hair. Flyeln exclaimed—‘We must have it again, else all is lost!’ We had attacked it three times without success. Then Flyeln advanced once more with his company, entered into a conflict with a whole battalion of the guards, cut his way through in a most frightful massacre, and captured the battery!”

“But he lost half of his company!”—exclaimed an old captain at my side. “I was an eye witness. He, as usual, did not receive a scratch. Enormous luck accompanied that man. The most common soldier cannot even now be dissuaded from believing that the baron had made himself cut, thrust, and bullet proof.”

I listened with real delight to the praises thus bestowed on Olivier. I again recognised him by all the *virtues* ascribed to him. His benevolent actions were particularly lauded. He had founded and improved a school for the children of soldiers, and had expended much money on it. He had silently performed a great deal of good; had always led a simple, sequestered life; had never given himself up to the mischief or the extravagances to which youth, beauty, fulness of strength, and riches so easily entice men. The officers acknowledged that the baron had considerably influenced the improvement of military manners, with their own morals, and the cultivation of their minds; and that

he had lectured on various subjects, of the utmost benefit to military men, until he had been prohibited.

“Why prohibited?” I asked, with astonishment.

“Why, even in those lectures,” rejoined one of my companions, “he evinced the first signs of a disordered state of mind. No Jacobin in the national convention at Paris ever denounced with greater rage our monarchical institutions, the various courts of Europe, and their politics, than he sometimes did. He said without any hesitation, that at an earlier or later period the people would free themselves and the kings from the arbitrariness of their ministers, from priestcraft, and from the oppression of trade. He also said, that this revolution would inevitably pass from nation to nation, and in less than half a century would change the whole political form of Europe. He was very properly and justly prohibited from continuing his lectures. At times he would declaim most furiously against the nobility and their privileges; and when he was reminded of his being a baron himself, he answered—‘You are foolish enough to call me so; but I am a sensible man, and by birth no more than our provost.’”

“Those were only the first *indications* of the disordered state of his mind!” exclaimed a young lieutenant—“but the first *act* of his madness was, when he caught hold of the Lieutenant-colonel Baron von Berken, boxed his ears, and threw him down the stairs, and afterwards did not dare to accept a challenge; by which circumstance he insulted the whole corps of officers.”

“He used to be a very good fencer, and did not greatly fear cold steel,” I replied.

“Until then we also had known him as such,” replied the officer. “But, as I said before, his whole nature underwent a change. When he arrived at the place of action, he carried no weapons but a whip in his hand; and in

the presence of us all, with a sardonic smile, he said to the lieutenant-colonel: 'Thou contemptible monkey, were I actually to maim thee with my sword, wouldst thou be the worthier on account of it?' When the lieutenant-colonel, no longer master over his wrath, drew his sword, the major, with perfect sang froid, presented his open bosom to his stroke, and said: 'If thou art in the mind of becoming an assassin, strike!' When we were about to take part in the altercation and compel Flyeln to fight the lieutenant-colonel, as duty and honour commanded, he called the whole of us FOOLS, who, with our nonsensical principles of honour, ought to be in a mad-house or a jail. This confirmed us in our opinion of his being actually mad. Some of us abused him. He only laughed at us. We repaired to the general, and informed him of the whole proceeding. The general was greatly mortified, and the more so because he had received on that same day a badge of distinction for the major from the court. He requested us to keep quiet, and he would make him give satisfaction. On the next morning at the parade, the general handed him, according to his directions, the order of knighthood, with an appropriate address. The major did not accept of it, but answered with words most respectful, but things most disrespectful—*That he had fought against Napoleon in behalf of his native land, and not for a piece of ribbon; and if he was deserving of praise he would not carry it on his breast like a show-thing for all the world to look upon!* The general was beside himself with terror. No prayers, no menaces could induce the major to accept of the token of royal favour. Then the officers came forth and declared that they could no longer serve with the major, if he would not give the lieutenant-colonel satisfaction. The matter was put on trial; the major was taken into custody and dismissed by the royal court. Then his madness broke

out fully. He let his beard grow like that of a Jew ; dressed in ridiculous garments ; to spite his relatives, married a common but pretty girl, a foundling, on whose account he had previously had some difficulties with the lieutenant-colonel, and considered himself for a long time the poorest of the poor ; committed various follies, and was at last, by a royal mandate, taken under control, and exiled to his own estates."

"Where is he now ?" I asked.

"He lives on his estates in Flyeln, in the castle of his deceased uncle, about fifty miles distant from here," was the reply. "For a year nobody was permitted to visit him without having permission from the court. Even the administratorship of his own property was taken from him. It has again been resigned to him, but he is compelled to render an annual account of his proceedings. He also is not allowed to go a step beyond the boundaries of his own dominions ; and in return, he has most solemnly pronounced his anathema upon the whole world, and suffers neither relatives, nor acquaintances, nor friends, to see him. Nothing has been heard of him for several years.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE VISIT.

By all that the officers said, it was evident that the unfortunate Olivier, after having lost his reason, had remained a good-natured FOOL, and that probably the GERMANOMANIA, which several years since took possession of men's minds, might have laid a strong hold of him, or at least given a colouring to his derangement.

All this wrought a powerful effect on my mind. It was

late at night before I could sufficiently compose myself to lie down to sleep. When I awoke on the following morning, the sun was already high, but I felt refreshed and strengthened. The world appeared to me in a much sereener light than on the night before ; and I concluded to pay my deplorable friend a visit in his place of banishment.

After having taken a superficial look at all the objects worthy of being seen in the city, I proceeded towards Flyeln, in the neighbourhood of a small seaport. The village of Flyeln is situated ten miles from that town. When the postmaster heard whither I was going, he smiled and said, that I might perhaps be taking a fruitless journey, since the baron did not admit any strangers to his presence. He also informed me, that the state of his mind had by no means improved ; but that the good man possessed an idea that the whole world, some centuries since, had become mad, and the cure was to go out from Flyeln. In this process, in which the world thought him, and he the world mad, he had separated himself from all mankind. His peasants and tenants—for he is lord of the manor—feel none the worse on account of his whims, for he does much good for them. But they must obey his caprices in all trifles. They are compelled to wear wide pantaloons, long jackets, and round hats. They must let their beards grow, and are commanded to address all persons, at least those who live within his dominions, and even himself, with “thou!” Except this freak, he is the most sensible man in the world.

Notwithstanding the postmaster’s warning, I started on my journey to Flyeln. What did I care to travel a few miles in vain, for Olivier’s sake, after I had gone so far on my adventure ? I did not find any cause for fearing that he would refuse to see me, since his memory had not

sustained any loss. The road was certainly very miserable, and at that time was but seldom travelled. It led through deep sands, overflowing rivulets, marshy ground, and pine bushes, so that my carriage was several times nearly upset.

About two miles from Flyeln the country became higher ; and a fine broad road, on either side of which luxurious fruit trees were planted, announced the proximity of the rich lord of the manor. The fields in the broad valley were in a high state of cultivation ; to the right in the distance spread a dark green forest of oaks, like an enormous sheet of leaves ; to the left the infinite ocean, a wide waving mirror, which mingled together with the brilliant clouds at the edge of the horizon. Before me spread the village Flyeln, situated between fruit trees, willows, and poplars. On one side I could see a large antique building,—the castle,—which rose in a wood of wild chestnuts. Below, nearer to the ocean, was the village of Lower Flyeln, also belonging to Olivier's domains, leaning in a picturesque manner against steep rocks, which at last becoming small cliffs, surrounded with bushes, extended like little islands far into the ocean. A few fishing-boats with sails swarmed around the shores ; while far out on the sea a ship in full sail was discernible ; and a multitude of sea-gulls fluttered in the air.

The nearer I approached the village and the castle, the more picturesque and inviting was the surrounding country. There was in it that peculiar charm which every country in the vicinity of the sea bears ; a charm growing out of the combination of rustic sweets with the majesty of the immeasurable ocean ; and out of the retirement and peacefulness of simple huts, with the wide, stormy life of the treacherous elements. The place of banishment of my friend, I thought, is in every respect so charming, that

without grief a man may sacrifice the liberty of living amid the noise of a city.

I saw already in the fields and in the gardens the announced "*Flyelnish beards.*" The tavern-keeper, before whose house I halted and dismounted, was ornamented with a copious growth of hair around his chin and mouth. He returned my salutation with a friendly mien, but seemed to evince some astonishment at my arrival. "Art thou going to see the lord of the manor?" he asked politely. I did not comment on this somewhat surprising "thou," and answered his question in the affirmative. "Then I must request thee to give me thy name, rank, and dwelling-place. Of this Mr. Olivier must be informed. He receives strangers very unwillingly."

"But he will most certainly receive me"—I replied.—"Have a message conveyed to your master, that one of his oldest and best friends is desirous of passing a few hours with him. You need say no more."

"As thou wilt"—replied the host;—"but I can predict that thou wilt be refused admittance."

While the host was looking for a messenger, I walked slowly through the village, and proceeded in the straightest direction towards the castle, to which a footpath running between houses and orchards seemed to conduct me. However, I mistook the road. Beyond a meadow, ran a rather broad rivulet, behind which, casting their beautiful shade, rose the high wild chestnut trees of the antique mansion of the Baron von Flyeln. I resolved upon the enterprise of introducing myself to Olivier, without being previously announced. I had purposely not given my name to the host, to see if Olivier, should I be admitted, would recognise me. I walked across the meadow, and found a road running over a bridge, and then through underwood back to the wild chestnuts. Those cast their shade over an



open place beside the castle, which was round, expansive, and covered with green turf. A broad road, covered with sand, passed around the whole place. To the right and left, beneath the broad branches of the trees, stood neat benches for reposing, and upon one of them sat Olivier. He was reading a book. A child about three years of age was playing at his feet on the grass. Beside him sat a beautiful female, with an infant at her breast. There was a loveliness in the group, which excited my admiration. I stood still, hidden from their sight by the thick bushes. My eyes were fixed only on Olivier. Even the black beard which curled around his chin and lips, and then connected with the dark locks of his head, became him well. There was something peculiar, and yet nothing surprising, in his dress. On his head he wore a kind of bonnet, with a screen from the rays of the sun. His breast was bare, and his broad shirt collar fell over his shoulders ; a wide green jacket, buttoned up in front, with skirts meeting before and reaching down to the knees, wide and white sailor trowsers, and half-boots to his feet, completed his attire. His dress corresponded nearly with that which I had seen his peasants wear, except that his was made of finer stuff and more tastefully. The expression of his countenance was calm and reflective. His beard gave him a heroic appearance. I fancied myself looking upon a noble figure of the middle ages.

While I was gazing on his noble form, the messenger from the keeper of the tavern stepped into the circle of trees. The young fellow took off his little bonnet, and said,—“Sir, a stranger, who is travelling through this country, wishes to speak with thee. He calls himself one of thine oldest and best friends.”

Olivier looked up, and said,—“Travelling through this country ? Is he on foot ?”

“No, he arrived in a chaise”—said the youth.

“What is his name? Whence does he come?”—asked the baron.

“He will not tell”—was the reply.

“Tell him not to disturb me. I will not see him”—exclaimed Olivier, and motioned to the youth to depart.

“Thou must see me nevertheless, Olivier,”—I exclaimed, stepping forth from my place of concealment, and bowing an apology to the lady. Without moving, without returning my salutation, he turned peevishly his head towards me, gazed at me for some time intently, became more serious, laid down his book, stepped before me, and said, “Whom do I address?”

“How? Does Achilles not recognise his Patroclus?” I replied.

“O, Popoi!”—he exclaimed in great astonishment, and spread out his arms.—“Welcome, my noble Patroclus, in a French coat and powdered wig!” Saying this, he locked me in his arms. Despite of his sarcastic address, we both were moved to tears. In that embrace vanished a space of twenty years. We again breathed as we did on the shores of the Leine, or at Bovenden, or in the ruins of the castle Gleichen.

He then led me, with eyes beaming with joy, to the charming young mother, who blushed with confusion, and said to her—“See, this is Norbert, thou knowest him by many of my narratives!”—and to me, “This is my dear wife.”

She smiled at me from under her locks, with affectionate benignity, and with a mien and voice in which was immeasurably more of goodness than in her words, she said,—“Noble friend of my Olivier, thou art indeed welcome. I have long desired the pleasure of a personal acquaintance.”

I was about to say something kind, but her surprising, confidential, and friendly, "Thou," with which she addressed me, a stranger, and which fell so naturally from such lovely lips, confused me.

"Noble lady!"—I stammered at length—"by a circuitous route of more than a hundred miles, I have not bought the pleasure dearly, of passing with you and your husband, my oldest friend——"

"Halloo ! Norbert !"—interrupted Olivier, with a smile. "Right at the beginning of a preliminary remark and a request. Call my wife as thou wouldst thy God, simply Thou. Do not break in upon the simple manners of Flyeln, with the buffooneries and compliments of German masters of ceremonies, for that would make a disagreeable discord in our ears. Now imagine thyself separated from Germany and Europe, by two thousand years, or by as many miles ; and that thou wert again living in a natural world, somewhere, if thou wilt, in the age of the all-wise Ulysses."

"Thou canst very easily comprehend"—I answered—"that to be with a woman so lovely, on terms of Thou and Thee, we need not be told twice ; therefore, Baroness, Thou ——"

"Stop once more !"—exclaimed Olivier, laughing loudly—"Thy *baroness* suits to thou, like thy French coat and shaved beard to the name of Patroclus. My peasants are no longer bondsmen, but freemen ; and my wife and myself are no more nor less barons, than my peasants are. Call my Amelia as she is called by every one here, mother—the noblest name a woman can bear."

"It appears"—I replied—"that you good people here have founded a new republic in the midst of a kingdom, and that you have done away with all nobility."

"Exactly so ; with all nobility, except that of the

heart!"—responded Olivier.—“And by this, thou canst perceive that in this country we are infinitely more aristocratic than ye are in your Germany; for you value not the nobility of the heart at all, and your nobility of birth is sinking into the mire, where by right it ought to be!”

“Pardon me, when I say you are disposed to be a little jacobinical”—I answered.—“Who informed thee that the nobility of birth is falling in the opinion of the public?”

“O, Popoi!”—he exclaimed—“must I yet instruct thee? Many years since I knew a poor ragged Jew, whom your pious Christians would rather have known unborn than being born. But he soon bartered so much together, that the predicate “WELL-BORN” was [prefixed to his name when he received letters by mail. A few years afterwards he became a man of wealth, and the polite Germans comprehended immediately, that he could not be otherwise than a man of pure and noble birth. From that time he received the title of “His excellency the banker.” But the banker assisted the ministers of finance and happiness—aided the ministers of the war department when they were pinched for money, and the useful *millionaire* was made forthwith a “right honourable baron.” This improvement of the German minds, this mockery of nobility, in a few decades, will lead farther than you would be willing to credit. But I hope, when nobility of birth has become a mere cipher with you, the nobility of the heart and mind will again receive validity.”

The baroness left us with her children, in order to put her babe to rest, and to arrange my room. Olivier led me through his garden, where the beds were filled with most beautiful and precious flowers. Round a fountain, upon high sockets made of black stone, were placed white marble busts, with golden inscriptions. I read—Socrates,

Cincinnatus, Columbus, Luther, Bartholomeo des las Casas, Rousseau, Peter the Great, Franklin, and Washington.

“I see thou art still fond of good society!”—I said.—  
“Can we find among the living, persons more lovely than thy comely wife, and thy children with their curly heads; and among the dead, men more venerable than these?”

“Didst thou doubt my good taste?”—responded Olivier.

“Not exactly; but Olivier, I am informed thou hast withdrawn thyself from the whole world!”—I replied.

“Because I love good company”—said Flyeln—“which in all Europe is nowhere less to be found than in your society of *bon ton*.”

“But thou surely wilt admit, dear Olivier”—I remarked—“that good society can exist in other places besides Flyeln.”

“Most certainly, Norbert, but I should not like to waste years and money to find it”—answered the baron. “Let us break off this subject. Ye Europeans have swerved so enormously from the holy simplicity of nature, both in matters of the greatest importance and in trifles, have degenerated into such artificial animals, that nature has become unnatural with you, and you are no longer able to understand a man of simple manners. Ye have inwardly and outwardly become such caricatures of the human race, that a healthy being must needs become horrified in your midst. Nay, honest Norbert, let us break off this subject. Thou wouldst not understand me at all were I to speak freely. Thou hast my respect, love, and pity.”

“Pity! and why pity?” I asked.

“Because thou livest among fools, and against thy knowledge art compelled to be a fool with them”—said the baron.

When he said this, I observed that Olivier was now going over to his fixed idea. I began to feel rather uncomfortable. I was eager to turn his attention to other objects,

looked anxiously about me, and commenced, as then his beard rather surprised me again—praising his beard and how well it became him—“How long hast thou worn it?” I asked.

“Ever since I returned to reason, and have had the courage to be a sensible man. Dost thou indeed like it, Notbert? Why not wear one too?” asked Flyeln.

I shrugged my shoulders, and said—“If it were the general custom, I would do it with cheerfulness.”

“There it is!”—answered Olivier. “Because foolishness has made it customary to exterminate every vestige of nature even on men’s chins, thou hast not the courage to be sensible even on this trifle. Mother Nature, in bestowing upon us this manly ornament, did it for as good a reason as when she gave us the locks on our heads. But man in his madness imagined himself more wise than his creator, smeared soap around his chin, and smoothed it with a razor. As long as nations had not entirely fallen off from nature, they retained the beard. Christ and his apostles wore it; Pope Gregory VII. first put his anathema upon it. Yet the clergymen retained it longest, as at the present day the Capuchins still do! But when old fops began to be ashamed of their gray hair, they commenced exterminating it from their chins, and to conceal it on their heads beneath wigs. When people became accustomed to belie one another in all things, they also endeavoured to belie their age. Old men skipped about like effeminate young men with light hair and a smooth chin; and thus their dispositions became also more effeminate. And since no one any longer had courage for the truth, everybody followed their example. Place beside the heroic form of an Achilles, Alexander, or Julius Cæsar, one of our field-marshal, or generals, in their tasteless uniform; one of our *elegants*, with his thick cravat, and a dandy with his dancing-master’s

strut beside an Antinous ; thee, Mr. Secret-counsellor von Norbert, beside a Senator of Rome or Greece, should we not be compelled to laugh at our self-caricatures outright ? ”

“ Thou art right, Olivier ! ” I said, rather embarrassed, for who will deny that the old Roman or Grecian dress is more noble than ours ? But we of the North, we Europeans, always habituated to it, and in need of tight-fitting clothing, should feel rather uncomfortable in the picturesque drapery of the Orient and South. ”

“ Look at me, Norbert ! ” said Olivier, smiling ; and he placed himself before me, pressed the bonnet on his head a little on one side, put his left hand firmly and boldly upon his hip, and said, “ Would I, a northman, in my tight, comfortable, and simple dress, make a bad figure beside an old Roman ? Why do we still admire the Spanish, Italian, and German costumes of the middle ages ? Because it is beautiful, notwithstanding it is northern. Julius Cæsar, even at the present day, would look with pleasure at an Austrian cavalry man in his helmet, or even at a hussar. Why do the rest of you stiff gentlemen not follow the better fashion already begun by our ladies, since they have left off wearing trains and toupés ? Were you once ashamed of being walking caricatures in outward appearance, you might then, perhaps, become inwardly more natural. There is some truth in the adage : ‘ *Dress makes the man.* ’ ”

While Olivier spoke thus, he stood before me, like the picture of a powerful hero of the former ages, as if he had gone forth alive from an old painting, or as if he were of a world which we can only admire, but not re-establish.

“ In good sooth ”—I said—“ thou dost almost reconcile me to an honest beard, and I should be a gainer withal, as then I might escape three times a week the tortures of a barber. ”

“ Friend ”—exclaimed Olivier, smiling—“ it could not

rest there ! The beard makes many other things necessary. Imagine thy figure in a curly beard, add to this the three-cornered Jewish hat, the powdered wig, with the rat-tail in the back of thy neck, the French coat, the skirt of which looks for all the world like a swallow's tail, or that of a wag-tail. Away with that nonsense. Dress thyself modestly, warm, comfortably, but with taste, so that it may please the eye, and not distort man's noble figure. *Banish all that is unnecessary ; for what is unnecessary is nonsensical, and what is nonsensical is unnatural.*"

While we were discussing this subject, the baroness sent a messenger to inform us that dinner was ready. I walked silently at the side of Olivier, my head full of thoughts, which, alas ! I dared not communicate to him. The feelings I had were strange indeed ; and I could not help looking several times sideways at Olivier. I never in my life had heard a madman philosophize in such a manner, and I could not oppose any radical objections to his observations on European dress. What he said appeared to me correct. The adage that children and fools speak truth, might very properly have been applied to him.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE DINNER.

WHILE on our way to the castle, I felt, on account of Olivier's predilection for the old Romans and Grecians, a little concerned in regard to our dinner ; for if I were to judge by his bonnet, beard, and the rest of his attire, I could expect nothing else, but that I should have to assume a position at table not at all agreeable to me, either to lie according to the old Roman fashion at full length on bolsters, or perhaps to sit like a tailor, in the precise Oriental style, with my legs crossed under me, and thus take my soup.



The amiable baroness came to meet us, and conducted us to the dining-room, and my apprehensions subsided when on entering I beheld European tables and chairs. Twelve plates were upon the table. The rest of the dinner party soon assembled, being the baron's clerks and servants. A comely young woman remained without a chair, and attended in the capacity of Hebe at the patriarchal meal. Before we sat down, the baron offered up a short prayer. We then began to partake of a nutritious soup. The meats were excellent, though served up in simple style. I observed that the whole which his table furnished, the wine excepted, consisted of the productions of his own soil, and of the neighbouring ocean ; and that all strange spices, even pepper, were missing.

The conversation was merry and general ; it related most to agricultural business, or to what occurred in the country surrounding Flyeln. The domestics in the presence of their master and mistress behaved neither bashful nor indecorous, but very politely and becoming. I felt among those fine bearded men in their plain attire, with their brotherly and yet respectful "*Thou*"—I might almost say, rather foolish and ridiculous. There I sat, with my powdered wig, stiff queue, dress-coat, and smooth-shaven chin, in the midst of Europeans, as if I were in a strange part of the world. It was very agreeable to me that, greatly as I personally contrasted with all by which I was encircled, and frequently as between the "*Thou*," particularly when I addressed myself to the baroness, a "*You*" slipped from my lips, not one of them was disposed to laugh at my singularity.

In half an hour the domestics left us to ourselves, and as we three enjoyed our dinner alone, our conversation became more confidential.

"I could see it in thy face," said the baroness, as she

placed on the table a few sweatmeats, "that thou didst miss in Flyeln the kitchen of Hamburg or Berlin."

"And I can by thine, my amiable friend," I answered, "that I owe to the kitchen of Flyeln the praise it deserves, which, without flattery, I am bound to bestow upon it, at the expense of the Berlin and Hamburg kitchens. Nay, I will confess, that for the first time in my life, I have learned to admire the delicious fare our native soil can serve up, and how easy we might do without the Moluccas."

"Add, friend Norbert," said Olivier, "to the Moluccas the over-excitement of our nerves, and those strange vices which, in our sickly bodies, are the products of over-excited nerves, or of nerves blunted with excitement. Mind and body are intimately connected, and the one cannot be vivid and energetic without the other being in a healthy condition. Most Europeans of the present day, with their arts of cooking, commit suicide and murder, both on body and soul. What your Rousseaus and Pestalozzis would make good, ye kill again with coffee, tea, pepper, nutmegs and cinnamon. Live simply, live naturally, and ye may save two-thirds of your books of morals, jails and dungeons."

"I admit it," I said, "and it has long been known, but  
 \_\_\_\_\_"

"Well, then," exclaimed Olivier, "even in that consists the until-hitherto madness of the Europeans. They know what is good, and yet avoid it. They detest what is bad, and yet seek it. They mix with their food and drink, expensive poisons, and employ doctors and apothecaries to make them well again, that they may be enabled to renew the poisoning. They accelerate the premature maturity of boys and girls, and are afterwards terrified at their intractable propensities. They stimulate by laws and rewards the corruption of morals, and punish them afterwards with

the gibbet and scaffold. Are they not altogether like the inmates of a mad-house ?”

“ But, my dear Olivier,” I replied, “ has not this been at all times so ?”

“ Yes, Norbert, at all times,” added Flyeln, “ that is, as soon and as often as man moved one step further from nature, and approached closer to barbarism. But we, who are at last warned by the deleterious effects it had on our fathers, ought not only to know more than they did, but we ought also to have more wisdom ; else, wherefore our knowledge ? I hold him the most sensible man, who with the innocence and purity of a child of nature, can unite the manifold knowledge and intelligence of the age. Dost thou admit this, Norbert ?”

“ Why should I not ?” I rejoined.

“ How, thou dost admit it ? And why not make a commencement for the better in thy house and innerself ?” said Olivier.

“ Under certain circumstances this might become possible, but I must confess, Olivier,” was my reply, “ that we artificial men, as well as the most simple children of nature, are fettered by the chains of habit, difficult to be rent asunder. Our artificial being and manners in themselves, have become already a kind of nature, which we cannot lay suddenly by, without feeling the worse for doing so.”

“ At first, I thought like thyself, Norbert,” remarked the baron ; “ experience has convinced me of the contrary. It wanted but one severe moment, a strong heart first to endure the combat with the madness of the world, and then to break the way to happiness and peace. I wavered, and struggled long in vain. A mere accident decided me, and that accident determined my happiness, and the happiness of all those whom I call mine own.”

“ And this accident, give me also to know it !” I said,—

for I was eager to be informed, what had wrought so powerful an effect on the heart and mind of my friend, as to entice him to the most singular whims, and the most fanatic manner of living and acting.

He arose and left us.

“Is it not so, Norbert,” asked the baroness, after having looked at me for some time in silence; and in the sweet smile of her eyes, there was a question to my heart—“Thou dost pity my husband?”

“Only the unfortunate, not the fortunate command our pity,” I answered, endeavouring to evade the question.

“Thou knowest, perhaps,” she said, “that his relatives and former acquaintances despise him, and that all the world treat him like a maniac.”

“My amiable friend,” I replied, “perhaps with the exception of a few trifles, which seem to me exaggeration, and which by a prudent circumspection might be avoided, so as not to become offensive—with the exception of this, I must acknowledge that I have found in Olivier nothing worthy of disgust and contempt. But as yet I know him too little.”

“My friend,” she continued, “has the voice of public opinion no weight with thee?”

“At least none regarding Olivier,” I answered, “for I know very well that the public opinion of Jerusalem once cried out to crucify innocence; that public opinion has called destroyers of nations great; that it has considered wise men maniacs; and that it has ornamented the priests of folly and luxury with the title ‘DIVINE’!”

“I am greatly rejoiced at this,” said the baroness with vivacity, “thou wilt love my Olivier, thou art a noble man, and worthy his friendship. Ah! believe me, Olivier is a true dignitary of mankind, and yet he is expelled by human society, as if he were a criminal or a madman.”

While we were conversing, Olivier returned. In his hand he carried a small book. He threw himself into a chair, and said—"Behold here the instrument of an all-wise Providence, for the healing of my weakness and for the awakening me out of my madness. It is an unimportant book. Its author is neither named nor known. It treats on much which is common and every-day matter ; but it contains also unlooked-for rays of light. Even the title, "Reveries of a Philanthropist," does not promise much. When I was at the garrison, I found it one day on the table of an acquaintance, and put it in my pocket for the purpose of having something to read during a walk, which I was about to take on the greensward before the gates of the city. When I was lying under the broad shades of a maple, and felt fretted about the various perversities of this life, I opened this book, and my eye fell upon a section, entitled—"Fragment from the Travels of the Younger Pythias in Thule."

"Let me hear," I said, "what the old Greek of Massilia has to say of our North. It is recorded, that he was a contemporary of Aristotle."

FRAGMENT FROM THE TRAVELS OF THE YOUNGER  
PYTHIAS IN THULE.

———"BUT I speak truth, O friends, notwithstanding it appeareth incredible. Yet ye must bear in mind, that in those rough countries of the North, even nature herself doth push her children away from her bosom ; and in denying them many things, that she compelled them to make many ingenious inventions whereby life is rendered supportable. Such things we stand not in need of in our native land, since nature has been more kind to man, and since in summer and winter we live in the open air, and

gain without labour what is necessary for the prolonging and comfort of existence. But they, who are suffering from the severity of a winter lasting half a year, must endeavour to find means wherewith to create in their dwellings an artificial summer. And since nature repulseth them, and banisheth them within themselves, they are more than we are, driven to occupy the mind with vain dreams; beautiful but unpracticable designs; and to the exploring of all things worthy to be known, on account of which they are rich in knowledge, and well informed in objects, neither conducive to wisdom, nor to the establishment of human happiness. They write also voluminous works about things that are useless, to which we pay no attention, and the names of which are scarcely known to us. Yea, for that purpose they have erected also even schools and pulpits ———.”

“——— But the weather is of such a nature in that northern side of the world, that heat and frost, days and nights, pass from one extreme to the other extreme, so that they scarcely ever experience a pleasant middle state, which is beneficial to mind and body. For in their summers they suffer as much from excess of heat, as in their winter from the severity of cold. One half of the year their days consist of eighteen hours, in the other half they scarcely number six. Just as unsettled and extravagant in that country are the dispositions of the people, and as changeable as their weather. They lack nearly all firmness of mind and will. From one year to the other they have new costumes, new kinds of poetry, and new philosophies. Those who yesterday overthrew tyranny, return to-morrow again of their own free-will into bondage, after having extolled the benefits of liberty with their lips, and abused it with their mode of living ———.”

“——— There exists consequently among those barba-

rians the greatest inequality in all things. One part of the people, consisting of a few families, are possessed of every comfort and the greatest wealth, who revel in abundance ; but the great majority are poor and altogether dependent on the favours of the wealthy. A very small body of those people are in possession of the treasures of knowledge, and the multitude pass their lives in the darkness of ignorance. Princes and state priests find such ignorance conducive to the promotion of their own dignity and emoluments, in consideration of which they keep the people in debasement, who through poverty and laziness are already so inclined to be. The vulgar people love the accustomed manners of their ancestors, in all usages, regulations, and other things appertaining to the mind, and only in matters of bodily enjoyment, are they inclined to a change. They will, however, approve of any innovation, whether just or unjust, if it yields them money, or some domestic advantage ; for those barbarians put a much higher estimate on wealth and spirituous drinks, than on moral habits, honour and piety.

“Of liberty, those people in Thule know nothing ; and whatever liberty they may have had in the days of yore, by degrees they have been despoiled of it, through the power and cunning of the mighty. They are governed by kings who pretend to be the sons of gods, and the kings and their satraps are more often ruled by their concubines and favourites, than they are by their counsellors. The people are divided into hereditary castes, similar to the Egyptians and the Indians. The first caste includes the kings themselves and their children. To the second caste belong the nobles, so called, whose children, without regard to merit, are intrusted with the highest offices in the army, in the state, and even at the altar of their imaginary deities. For what would seem incredible to us, is with those barbarians an

old custom ; that **THE CASTE OF BIRTH STANDS ABOVE ALL OTHER MERIT.** In the third caste, live the lower officers, the mechanics, the merchants, common soldiers, the shepherds and cultivators of the soil, also the artists, men of science, and the common priests. In the fourth caste, are the bondsmen, or the slaves, who, like other domestic animals, can be sold or given away! With a few nations, however, who have already laid their first barbarism in part aside, this fourth and last of the castes is no longer in vogue. Several nations also can be found, among whom good princes, after having become sensible of the tyranny practised by their great men, make no laws except by the consent of a senate, who are elected out of the various castes of the people.

“The kings in the countries of Thule live among each other in an almost continual state of enmity. The weaker are only secure through the mutual envy of the more powerful. But wheresoever the more powerful lose this mutual jealousy, under some bad, fictitious pretext, they assail the weaker states with war, and divide them among themselves. For this wickedness they permit the titles of the just fathers of their country, or of heroes, to be given them ; since such tyrants, vain by names, everywhere, and at all times, have been admired by those barbarians. But as often as the lower caste in any country, making use of their better understanding, rebel against the inordinate preferences of the higher caste, all the princes and higher castes of the other dominions discard their particular quarrels, and unite to re-establish on the foreign soil, the former order of despotic oppressions under false pretexts of being entirely disinterested, and the glorious title of a “Holy Alliance.” Those wars the stupid barbarians always deem just and sacred, because they believe that kings and the other castes have been instituted by the gods themselves.



“Among all public expenses, that which sustains the splendour of the courts is the greatest ; and next to this, the expense for the maintaining of the armies, even in times of peace, is the most important. For the instruction of the people, for agriculture, and for every thing enhancing the happiness of man, the least amount is given. In most of the countries in Thule, where the working caste has the greatest number of duties to perform, and where they enjoy the least privileges, that caste is generally compelled to satisfy the luxury and the cravings of the commonwealth, by paying taxes. In regard to the religion of those barbarians, they all assert that they have one and the same, and they all pride themselves on one and the same founder of their doctrines. But their external services are various, and also the opinions entertained with regard to the founder of their religion. The different parties, on account of this, show great reciprocal animosity. They persecute and despise each other. There is, however, vast superstition prevailing among all parties, which is kept alive by their priests. Their notions of the Divine Majesty are quite unworthy of such a being, for they endow Him even with human passion ; and when the kings lead their people against each other to war, the priests on all sides are commanded to call on the Supreme Being for the destruction of their opponents. After the victory is achieved, they give thanks to the Almighty Sovereign, for having destroyed their enemies.

“Their books of history, with few exceptions, are scarcely worthy to be read, for they generally contain little information about nations, but speak merely of kings and their marriages, successions, wars, and violence. The names of the most useful inventors and benefactors are scarcely touched upon ; but the names of devastating generals occupy everywhere the first place, as if they were the bene-

factors instead of being the destroyers of mankind. Since the customs of those people differ so much from ours, their history is very difficult to understand. For neither at all times, nor at one and the same time, nor in all ranks, prevails the same notion of honour and virtue. In the higher castes, licentiousness, dissipation, a rage for gambling, and abuse of power, are called praiseworthy, or at least appear as a graceful weakness; but in the lower castes, they are denounced as vices and crimes, and are punished with incarceration and death. Against cheating and theft, the law has instituted for the lower castes the severest punishment; but when a great man defrauds the country by subtlety, or enriches himself at the public cost by knavery, he is frequently advanced in honour, or dismissed with a pension. As it is with virtues and vices, so it is with honour. The members of the higher castes need no other honour than that of their birth, to become worthy of all preference; but the lower castes seldom can rise by means of their virtues to an equal respectability enjoyed by those favourites of chance. But the honour which has its origin in chance of birth, just as accidentally may be annihilated by a mere word of abuse. Yet stranger far is their manner of redeeming that honour! He, who by a word has violated that honour, and he who is the sufferer, according to a prescribed form, like madmen meet in arms, and endeavour to wound or kill each other. So soon then, as a wound or death has been inflicted, no matter to which of the combatants this may happen, they believe sincerely that their honour is redeemed!

“These barbarians, however, have one common and universal propensity; the whole mass are bent upon gain, for which they will jeopard both virtue and life. It is one of the rarities which excite both astonishment and laughter, when a person works for another without renumera-

tion, or when one sacrifices his property for the benefit of the commonwealth. They prate, however, constantly about noble sentiments and generous actions, but only on the stage in a theatre, can those be seen in their purity. The inhabitants of Thule, almost without exception, bear resemblance to those players, and they have great skill in the art of assuming a character which they do not possess. Scarcely one of them will speak to another as he thinks, wherefore they call the knowledge of human nature the greatest and most difficult of arts, and craftiness the height of wisdom.

“They cannot, however, dissemble so much as to make their own knavery or awkwardness undiscoverable. For as they are living in a continual contradiction with human reason, teach, and act, and feel, and speak differently from their real intentions, and often choose for their purposes the most absurd means, their rudeness and duplicity become apparent. In order to incite to agriculture, they burden the husbandman with the heaviest taxes, and heap upon him the greatest contempt. To stimulate trade and commerce, they build custom-houses, and prohibit the importation of numberless articles of merchandize. To punish and amend fallible men, they incarcerate them together in public jails, where they poison one another with more vices, and whence they return into society accomplished villains. To maintain healthful constitutions, they pervert the order of living. Some keep awake during the night and sleep in the day-time. Others consume the saps of their bodies with spirituous drinks and spices, so that scarcely a poor family is found who are contented with the production of their own soil and hearth, without adding stimulants from Arabia, and spices from India.”

Here Olivier stopped reading, and looked at me inquiringly.

I replied with a smile—"It must be acknowledged the tone is well sustained. One of the old Grecian philosophers would nearly have spoken so of the barbarous nations of Asia, had he visited them. Very clever! Even the stiffness of style indicates its being a translation. I do not, however, believe in its authenticity, for as far as I know, we have nothing of Pythias, except—"

Olivier interrupted me with immoderate laughter, and exclaimed—"O thou child of the eighteenth century, who for ever art fumbling about the shell of things, forgetting the kernel on account of it, who for ever dost cleave to the shadow without penetrating the substance, dost thou not hear and see, that thou thyself art a citizen of Thule? What? Asia? Nay, thus would a Greek philosopher of the anterior world have written about the Europeans, could he have visited you at this time!"

"Very true, Olivier"—I replied—"but thou didst not suffer me to finish my sentence. I yet would add, that those fragments are a sort of '*Lettres Persannes.*' We are meant by it. The pointed truth cannot be mistaken."

"I understand thee but half, thou artificial man"—retorted Flyeln. "Dost thou judge of the author's special art, whether he has hit the truth? Or dost thou mean the truth has hit thee?"

"I mean both! But, my dear Olivier"—I remarked—"a little while ago thou saidst, that it made a more painful impression upon thee. Thou didst lie with this book beneath the shades of a maple. Go on with thy narrative."

"Well, there I lay"—Olivier continued. "When I had read these fragments, I threw the book from me, sunk with my head back into the grass, and gazed above me into the dark blue of the eternal ether, and into the depths of the unbounded universe. I thought of God—the All-fulfilling; with the love and glory of the all-penetrating Creator. I

reflected on the eternity of my existence in this infinitude ; and at that moment of exaltation I understood much better the words of Christ, when he said—‘ In my Father’s house are many mansions—Become like children—Whosoever wishes to become my disciple, let him deny this world, and take up his cross.’ I never saw the divinity of Christ so clearly as at that time. I thought of the degeneracy of the human race ; how from one thousand to another thousand years, they had always gone further away from the paths of truth, simplicity and rectitude, towards the brutal, artificial, mad, and sorrowful road of life. My thoughts carried me back to the primitive world, to the first nations, and to the ancients. I sighed ; and my eyes were bedewed with tears. My thoughts made me long to be a child of God. Why cannot I feel truth, think truth, speak truth, and act truth like Jesus Christ ? Can I not strip off the fetters of habit ? Is it not merely a stupid timidity, that prevents me from being amongst madmen, amongst perverted barbarians, *a reasonable man !* to be a man of God ? Thus I spoke. In my imagination I was so already. I closed my eyes. I experienced comfort unspeakable, at being freed from a world tormented by its brutalized condition ; and at being again reconciled to God, and nature, with the universe and eternity. In this manner I long reposed ; for when I opened my eyes, the sun was below the horizon, and the red of evening floated about and gilded every object.”

“ I know that holy condition ”—said the baroness.

“ When I rose to return again to the town ”—continued Olivier—“ and my eyes fell upon my uniform, I felt as if a stroke of lightning had shot across me. With loathing I looked upon the foolery and inconsistency of this world. Never did I see so clearly the frightful falling off of mankind from what is eternal, true, and holy, as at that mo-

ment. I perceived, that were Socrates now living, he would have again to drink the poisonous cup—that Christ, were he walking about among us, would again find a Jerusalem in every city—that the Christian sects with unanimity again would nail him to the cross—that the princes of the kingdoms a second time would condemn him, as an enemy of the established order, as a misleader of the people, and as a FANATIC!—I shuddered; and then asked myself, in a loud tone of voice—‘Hast thou the courage?’ The firm will grappled my soul, and I answered to myself in the same tone of voice—‘I have the courage; it shall be so. I will become a rational being, whatever the consequences may be.’”

“On the next morning I awoke from refreshing sleep, and had nearly forgotten all that I had thought of on the previous evening—when my eyes fell again on this book. I remembered my resolution—and perceived the danger of my hazardous enterprise. I vacillated; and yet I was bound to acknowledge the truth of my convictions. ‘Whosoever wishes to be my disciple, let him deny himself,’ said Christ. I scanned my domestic and public circumstances. I appeared to myself, like the rich young man in the Gospel, who parted in sadness from Christ. Then I asked myself again—‘Hast thou the courage?’—and in a loud voice I answered—‘*I will have it.*’ From that hour, I resolved to act rationally in trifles as well as in matters of the greatest moment. Make but the first step without taking heed of the scoff of the world, and the difficulty will grow less at every following step.”

“I tremble for thee, thou noble enthusiast!”—I exclaimed, and pressed his hand. “But wilt thou not tell me the end of thy hazardous enterprise?”

“Why not? But something of that kind must be done in the open air, in the face of heaven, under the trees, in

the sight of the wide ocean!"—said Olivier. "For, my dear Norbert, in a room between walls, many things appear reasonable, which in the open face of nature, where the soul, as it were, dissolves in the large pure universe, have the aspect of a phantom or a dream. On the contrary, we find without, every where in God's creation, where perfection and truth forever have their home, that many things are correct and beautiful which between the walls of a family chamber, full of domestic considerations, or in a philosophic lecture-room, or in an audience saloon, or at a dancing festivity, or in a gorgeous parlour filled with gay company, appear in the light of exaggeration, or stupidity, or enthusiasm, or madness—Therefore come into the open air!"

The baroness withdrew to her children. Olivier conducted me through the garden to a hill, where we lay down in the shade by a rock. Above us, in the wide expanse of air, waved the tender branches of a birch tree, and beneath us were the glittering waves of ocean, floating in the limitless space.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### OLIVIER'S NARRATIVE.

OLIVIER thus commenced his narrative :—" Providence favoured me greatly just then as my reason was about establishing her prerogatives. My father led a very extravagant life ; and his wealth decreased every day. At his death he left me a very scanty inheritance. But I had the prospect, after my uncle's death, of becoming a very respectable proprietor. That fact was known to the world. Moreover, I was betrothed to the Baroness von Mooser, daughter of the president of the finances. She was one of the 'first

*matches*'—as affairs of that kind generally are called—in the whole country; for she was very handsome, very rich, and niece to the minister of the war department. Our marriage had been contrived by my relatives; and the old uncle and I, in accordance with the custom of the world, were compelled to consent. My uncle's bad state of health, who stood to me in the place of a father, alone delayed the marriage. Major I was already. At the next advancement I was to be commissioned as lieutenant-colonel; and it could not fail that in a few years I should be commander of my own regiment.

“Thus matters stood at that period. But after I had returned to my reason, I discovered that the affair was very disagreeable. I began to feel uneasy that I, a free man, should have suffered my relatives to couple my existence with a girl for the sake of money, descent, and patronage, without knowing whether, with her peculiarities, views, faults and inclinations, she would suit me. The baroness was certainly handsome and virtuous; but not one jot different from ladies of the same education. She was kind by nature, but being spoiled by art, she was vain; lively; frivolous; proud of her connections, rank and beauty; witty at the cost of all that is best in the world; and in every thing more French than German. Whether she actually loved me, I knew not; but I felt that I regarded her no more than I did any other refined and handsome woman.

“A letter summoned me to the presence of my sickly uncle. I obtained a furlough from the general, bade farewell to my betrothed and her parents, and started on my journey. On my arrival, my uncle already was buried. An old steward gave me the keys to the coffers and the testament. I paid a few small legacies to the household, gained the steward to keep my secret, and then publicly proclaimed



myself to be poor, because the property of my uncle was involved in debt.

“Thus I returned to the garrison, and made my fable known. I did it only to probe the disposition of my betrothed, whether with me she had the courage to bid adieu to the world, and to become like myself. In order to give my plan the greater appearance of truth, I sold all I could spare to pay my debts. My comrades laughed at me, particularly when I said, that *I would at least remain an honest man!* Even the president of the board of finances and his lady advised me to desist—‘I ought not to make an eclat, I should expose myself and their house, I should render them and myself ridiculous!’

“I remained firm in my mind :—That honesty surpasses splendour—that poverty is no disgrace—and that he who can abstain from luxury ‘is rich.’ Those mean expressions, as they were called, pleased the baroness least of all! Her parents gave me to understand, that their child had been ‘used to certain ‘*aisances*’—that they themselves were not rich enough, at so late a period of their lives, to make a respectable outfit for me and their daughter. In short, a few days afterwards, they avowed that they trusted, without any more difficulty, that my own sense of delicacy would prompt me to resign my claims to her hand. I did not hesitate to comply with their wishes ; and to declare, since not a mutual choice of hearts had taken place, but merely an agreement and a settling of money accounts, that I deemed our separation to be both proper and just.

“But my pretended poverty brought about many other good results of a different kind. My old friends and jocose brothers began to be less desirous of my company. I felt, however, happy that a few thought me still worthy of their respect. The most of them became cool and more reserved. The interest which they had felt in me vanished

with my money. So much the better, I thought ; and so much the truer canst thou speak and act.

“ But I met with just as little success, in truth, as all others have done before me. For a few winters previous I had been in the habit of lecturing to the corps of officers on scientific subjects. I continued the course, but spoke my inmost sentiments more freely, and without restraint. Nevertheless, when I advanced propositions like the following—*Every war, when not carried on against foreign oppressors in behalf of the independence and security of our native land ; but for the purpose of gratifying the wishes of sovereigns, the intrigues of ministers, the ambition of courts, or for the purpose of vanquishing or of meddling with the affairs of other nations, or of exercising revenge ; is unjust. Standing armies are the plague of every country, the ruin of the public finances, the jailors of despotism, when the sovereign would be a tyrant. Soldiers are citizens. All kinds of nobility at the present day are sheer nonsense, which among the ancient savages and barbarians, had a sort of sense in it*—that I hoped yet to see the time when all the kings in Europe would unite by agreement to disband their enormous standing armies, and that *duellists ought to be in a mad-house or a jail*. When I advanced these and similar axioms, and proved their correctness by arguments which sound human sense could not doubt, I was forbidden to lecture, and was severely reprimanded by the general. I was contradicted, and finally arrested.

“ All this however did not pain me, for I had expected it. I did my duty every where and on all occasions. After I had incurred the displeasure of the general, all the higher officers began also to withdraw from my society. I was greatly the subject of jeers, laughed at, and ridiculed. Some of the most witty thought me mad, and believed it was the effect of the shock that I had received on hearing

that my hope of a large inheritance was frustrated. I was soon entirely deserted. Even the valet, who until that time had served me, would do so no longer, because my table was too simple for him ; because I gave up drinking coffee, and seldom took wine ; and because I wished him to wear a plain suit, nearly such a one in which thou seest me now, instead of the costly livery that until then he had worn.

“In return, however, at that time I received a letter which recompensed me for every vexation that I had endured. A few years before the time of which I am speaking, I found a poor beggar girl weeping before the barn of a farm-house. In the barn, upon hay, in rags, lay the mother of the girl in the last struggles of life. The dying woman, still very young, informed me that she was a native of Southern Germany, and the daughter of poor but honest parents ; that there she had entered upon the service of a wealthy family, had fallen a victim to the seduction of their son, and then with a small sum of money had been driven from the premises ; that after her confinement she had sought employment, but on account of her child, not being able to procure a situation for any length of time, she had been roaming about ever since, and obtained the means of subsistence by begging alms, and that now she could do nothing more than pray for her daughter. I ran to the farm-house to buy refreshments for her, for the farmer had reluctantly allowed her the resting-place in the barn. On my return she was dead, and the little girl was lying across the corpse of her mother, weeping most bitterly. I consoled her as well as I could ; paid the costs of the burial, and sent the orphan girl, who did not even know the family name of her mother, in better raiment, to a female boarding school at Rastrow. Her name was Amelia ; I gave her yet the by-name *Barn*, after the place in which I found her.

“Then, when all forsook me, I received from the boarding-school at Rastrow, from this Amelia Barn, a letter, which as yet belongs to my most treasured relics. Thou shalt read it. The perusal of it brought the tears to my eyes. Its contents were nearly these:—‘That she had heard of my misfortune, and consequently ought no longer be to her father—she was in the habit of calling me by that name—an incumbrance. She would now endeavour to procure her own livelihood, either by becoming a teacher in a good family, or by needle-work, dress-making, or by giving instruction on the piano. I need not give myself any concern about her; it was now her part to be concerned about me.’ Thou must read the letter with those beautiful outbursts of gratitude. It is a reflection of the pious and pure heart. She asked permission once more to see her benefactor, whose image floated but darkly in her memory, since the day her mother died. I answered her letter, praised her sentiments, but assured her that she had no cause to be precipitate; I would provide for her, until she had found a suitable place.

“Having one day returned from the parade, I heard a gentle tap at the door of my room. A strange female with a lovely face entered. Lilies and the bloom of a peach-tree never mixed in a bouquet colours more beautiful than in that face which shone beneath a fulness of rich curls. Amid blushes, and with a tremulous voice, she asked for me; then she fell down melting in tears, encircled my knees, and when in astonishment I was about to lift her up, she covered my hand with kisses. My thoughts were at last confirmed, when she called out—‘Father, oh, my father! oh, my guardian!’ I conjured her to rise. She requested me to let her remain in this long wished-for position, and said—‘Oh, I am so happy, that my heart will break!’

It was long before she recovered and arose. I then pressed her to my heart, imprinted a kiss upon her forehead, and told her to look upon me as her father, and to call me "*thou*." She obeyed. This parental kiss, however, did somewhat confuse my senses. She had taken lodgings at a hotel. I let her remain there a few days, but these few days were sufficient to undermine my peace of mind. When Amelia was about to return to the boarding-school, I advised her to remain in the house of a citizen, and take in needlework for money. It was difficult for me to separate myself from her. But I would not acquaint her with my being rich, as I was bound to probe her. I rented some rooms, and hired a girl for her; provided her with a piano, harp, books, and in a few days also with a commission for needlework; but all at my own cost, pretending that they came from an unknown friend of hers. I visited her but once a week, to avoid evil interpretations.

"Every visit was a feast to me. Thou canst imagine how sweetly it penetrated my whole soul, when I thought to myself, there is one being living beneath the moon who is indebted to thee for every thing—a being who belongs to no one in the whole world except thyself—and who expects every thing from thy providence; and that this being, of all that beauty, piety, and nobleness of nature ever had been shown to me, is the choicest. Amelia's loveliness and humble station soon were not a secret in the city. She drew the eyes of all upon her. They spoke to me about her, and I did not conceal that I was her foster-father, and she a poor natural child. In a very short time she was burdened with work. I had forbidden her to enter a strange house. Ladies visited her less on account of the needlework, than of seeing the greatly-praised beauty.

"One day I visited Amelia, and while standing before the

door of her room, I heard a great altercation between her and a man. I recognised the voice of my lieutenant-colonel. On opening the door, I saw him in the act of attempting to kiss her. I upbraided him for his indecent behaviour; and when he retorted, I caught him by the shoulders, and threw him out of the room down the stairs. He considered his honour violated, and consequently challenged me. I refused to meddle with such abominable foolery. The corps of officers threatened to serve no longer at my side for being a coward. I am not a coward, and went unarmed to the appointed place of combat, and told *the* FOOL if he were willing to become an assassin I would give him permission. Then he and the officers began to abuse me with their vulgarisms. According to their barbaric notions, they thought my honour would receive a mortal wound, were they to disgrace themselves by their indecencies. I asked them in return, whether vulgar boys could become respectable by throwing mud on a worthy man in the open streets; or if, on the other hand, the man on that account would become a vulgar boy?

“On the following morning at the parade, the general unexpectedly handed me, with an address of set phrases, a badge of distinction awarded by the court. This was an after-fruit of my former connection with the Baroness Mooser, and the work of her uncle, the minister of the war department. In accordance with my ideas of merit, I could not accept of the piece of ribbon; and if I had actually done the state some service, I should have been ashamed to boast of it by carrying the reward of it every day upon my breast. My stern refusal to accept the RAG WITH THE LITTLE STAR attached to it, was unheard of in the annals of the monarchy. My expression—Duty and virtue could not be rewarded, and only be recognised; but whether recognised or not, the brave man would still do

his duty, and least of all would he suffer himself to be compelled to boast of his services before other people :— that expression passed for Jacobinism and nonsense ! The general became furious. The officers also came forward on account of their—as they thought—violated honour. I was arrested, and within a few weeks afterwards, received my discharge.

“ I was delighted—as then I could dress as I wished ; in a civic attire, not in the prevailing Italian fashion, but modestly, comfortably, and more in accordance with nature, as thou now seest us all in Flyelm. The people opened their eyes and believed me mad ; and were confirmed in their opinion when they heard that I was anything than poor, but one of the most wealthy men in the country. Amelia only knew, why I acted so. I had acquainted her with my views, in regard to the present world, and with my principles. She herself, a child of nature, simple yet full of spirit, approved of my views, and lived entirely according to them. I of course had no reason to be proud of Amelia’s sentiments, as they were but my own. She only thought and felt as I did ; her whole being was conformed to mine. Her reverential, filial love, without her knowing it, had passed over into the purest, most bashful and ardent maidenly affection ; and perhaps I felt too young to play the part of a father !

“ One day I said to her, I intend returning to my estates. She requested permission to let her follow me ; that she should be happy, if I would consent to her being my servant. With hesitation I told her, that I thought of getting married. She sunk her head, clasped her hands and said,—‘ So much the better, thy wife will not find a truer servant, than I shall be to her.’—‘ But ’—I answered—‘ my future wife thinks already less favourably of thee, than thou deservest.’

“ ‘What fault have I already committed towards her?’—she answered, lifting up her face, with all the pride of conscious innocence,—‘Show me thy bride, and I will endeavour to obtain her favour and respect.’ I conducted Amelia before the large mirror in the room, pointed to it and said with a faltering voice—‘Thou seest her there.’—At these words she made a movement of terror; her colour faded away from her face; she gazed on me with her large blue eyes, in which a question died; and then said with a tremulous voice,—‘I am not well!’—and fell fainting to the floor. I called the servant; for terror had paralyzed me.

When Amelia recovered from her swoon, and her cheeks received again their beautiful red, on opening her eyes, she first looked smilingly at me; and then manifested astonishment about my own and the busy servant’s sorrow. Only by degrees her memory returned. She thought she had slept. I scarcely ventured to speak of what had occurred. When we were again alone, I said—‘Amelia, why wert thou frightened before the mirror? Why darest thou not be my bride? Speak candidly, I am prepared for anything.’—She blushed, and remained silent with her eyes fixed on the ground.—‘Why darest thou not?’—I asked once more. She looked up to heaven and exclaimed—‘Dare? What else dare I, except what thou wilt? Could I be happy without thee? Whether thy servant or thy bride, it is all one, since my heart beats for thee alone.’

“ ‘Whilst I was breathing the air of delight, the town was beside itself with astonishment. My relations both by my father’s and mother’s side were in fear and desperation, when I announced my approaching marriage with Amelia. A baron of one of the oldest noble families, whose ancestors have been invested with the highest offices of their kings! A baron capable of entering the lists for a tournament, a blood relation of the first families in the country,



to form the most enormous mis-alliance, not even with the daughter of a *parvenu* nobleman, not even with the daughter of a distinguished citizen, not even with the honest daughter of a mechanic, but with a beggar girl, and that beggar girl a natural child!—I received letters from all my relatives, threatening publicly to discard me ; to cast me out from all future inheritance ; and to find means by applying to the highest authorities to compel me to their will! All came too late, for in two weeks after, the minister joined our hands in marriage.

“ Why should I speak of all the foolish acts, which people burdened with prejudice committed, when I commenced living like an honest, natural man, rigidly in accordance with truth, abolishing all buffoonries, all the frivolity of a dancing master, all foreignisms, all deceptive conventional rules, without losing, however, sight of a dignified and becoming behaviour. My simple ‘ thou,’ with which I addressed all persons, and with which I requested all persons to address me, immediately frightened every body from me, as though I was covered with ulcers. My beard was ridiculed. When I returned a greeting in the street in a friendly manner, without pulling off my hat like a slave, I was called a rude fellow. I did not allow myself to be led astray. Once the path had to be cleared, and I would see whether in the nineteenth century a person could be allowed to live in a European city, by abolishing all buffoonries, all perverted notions of honour, all morality, all right, and all decorum. Far from hurting the feelings of any one by improper conduct, or from reproaching any person for his prejudice, false opinions, or moral distortion, I became more polite to all. Man, from whom in outward appearance I was now as different as I had already been inwardly, I endeavoured to reconcile to myself by kindness and benevolence.        was in vain !

“I retired to my estates here in Flyeln. It gave me pleasure to make myself acquainted and familiar with my peasants. They were then half wild, and vassals. They crawled like slaves before their lord. Not one of them could either read or write. They were lazy and immoral. Idleness, drunkenness and fighting seemed to be their heaven. Superstition was their religion. Idolatrous hypocrisy was their religious practice. Cheating and lying were their wisdom! I resolved to make men of those brutes, by building a large school-house. Amelia and myself visited all the huts, which were filthy stables. Under pain of the severest punishment, I commanded the strictest cleanliness. He who did not obey was put in prison. On the other hand, to encourage those who were obedient, I rewarded them with tables, looking glasses, chairs, and other household furniture. In a short time every thing was well arranged and tidy in these houses. I prohibited card playing, spirituous liquors, scuffling, cursing, and swearing. Whosoever committed a fault, was severely punished. Whosoever obeyed and did not give any cause for reproof, I released from his villainage. To the old minister I gave a pension, and selected in his stead a young man, well-informed, an excellent clergyman, who entered with heart and soul into my purpose. A young man well skilled in giving various instructions, and educated by Pestalozzi in Switzerland, I appointed teacher, and gave him a good salary. With these two assistants I accomplished the work of reformation. I myself twice in the week instructed the grown young men and the young married men. Amelia taught the grown young girls; the minister’s wife directed the married women. I had all the children newly clothed, just as thou seest them now. At our expense, Amelia changed the awkward costume of the girls.

“The school and the prison had their effects; but self-

interest had still more. In order to ingratiate themselves in my favour, the young men began to let their beards grow. I prohibited the vassals from doing so ; only the freemen were allowed to wear beards. The slaves I compelled to go with their chins shaved. The gates of liberty were thrown open to them. Whosoever according to my instructions cultivated his land best, received it at the end of the year for a small, but purchasable ground rent, as his own property, and moreover was freed from villainage. He who in the second year was most saving, most industrious, and most sensible, received his liberty ; his house as his own, an advance of money, a dress of honour, fashioned like my costume, and permission to let his beard grow. At the end of the first year, I was obliged to declare several excellent families free. Previous to my arrival they were of the better class. This awakened envy in many, but emulation in all ; the more so, because I allowed the free to sit on court days at my side, and to judge with me the defaulters. Those who were my subordinate judges were elected by the freemen themselves, out of their own body.

“ While I was here, thus caring very little about the rest of the world, they troubled themselves the more about me. My relations contrived that the ministry should send a commission extraordinary, with orders to examine the condition of my health and property. It had been reported that I was mad, and squandered my property in the most nonsensical manner. The gentlemen of the commission lived here a few months at their ease. I know not what report they made, but probably, on account of my forgetting to drop a few pieces of gold into their hands, it must have been unfavourable. For without considering my difficulties and the preservation of my privileges, I was treated like a simpleton, and banished to my estates. An administrator over my property also was sent me, who was commissioned

to be a spy upon my actions, and keep strangers from visiting me. The administrator was an honest and not unenlightened man, and consequently we soon understood each other, and became friends. After he had looked over my accounts, the good man was astonished at the strictness of my economy; and perceived, that by it, and by gradually abolishing the vassalage and villainage, I gained more than I lost. Ennui often caused him to assist me in my endeavours to humanize my slaves. He had withal some very good ideas; for example:—Those who had been made free for five years should render an account of their expenses and income before our court, to make sure that they did not become worse, or secretly negligent. The good man was finally enraptured with our arrangements in Flyeln; for he perceived, that of all the well-considered steps we took, scarcely ever one was taken in vain. During the second year of my stay here, the husbandmen in our villages surpassed all others in the surrounding country in their household arrangements, knowledge and honesty. In other places they were called Moravians; and in the neighbouring villages, they believe to this day, that the people of Flyeln have adopted another religion.

“The administrator and guardian found my views respecting the world, in their principal features, perfectly correct. He even wished for the return of general simplicity, and greater truth in morals, behaviour, and the mode of living. But the beard did not please him. His stiff queue at the back of his neck, and his powdered hair, he defended most vigorously. He also took exception to the word “*thou*,” and when speaking to me or Amelia, he could not, despite of all his exertions, bring it over his lips. Meanwhile, his report of me, after the first year of his administration, and the satisfactory explanations he had given to the government, in regard to the entire management of my property,

had the happy result to re-install me to self-administration, however, with the proviso of rendering an annual account of it. That was the work of my relatives! For they would not be dissuaded from the belief, that I had lost a considerable portion of sound intellect, although my guardian had presented me merely as a great eccentric! That I might not by delirious talk and passion for innovation, by speaking freely and openly of what nature and reason approve, give offence; I was prohibited, without having particular official permission, from going beyond the boundaries of my estates; that is, I am enjoined not to visit the GREAT EUROPEAN LUNATIC ASYLUM, but merely become acquainted with it by means of the public journals. By that I could but be a gainer!

“Nearly five years have elapsed since I have lived here in my happy solitude. Go where thou wilt, and look at my fields, at the fields of our peasants, and at our forests, herds and dwellings! Thou wilt see a blooming prosperity, formerly unknown here. All my vassals are free. Only one drunkard, and another lazy rude fellow, seemed incorrigible. The drunkard died. Neither hope nor punishment could convert the other. But when all men in Flyeln wore beards, and he and the minister were the only persons left who walked about with a smooth chin, it produced a wonderful effect on the fellow. For the minister at last also ventured to let his beard grow; and so the vassal remained the only smooth face amongst us. That he could not brook. He changed for the better, and among honest people is now an honest man!

“His beard cost the good minister at the consistory much chagrin. It was in vain he proved that the beard was neither for nor against the true faith. It was to no purpose when he appealed to the holy men of the old and new covenant. It had no effect when he set forth, that by mak-

ing himself equal to his congregation in every thing, he could effect most, and that by those means he had actually changed the course of life of a person until then deemed incorrigible. His beard gave rise to many consistorial transactions. Only after he had brought forth medical men to prove, that previous to his long beard he had suffered greatly from the tooth-ache, and that now he was relieved from the calamity, he finally received permission to wear it on account of his health.

“Now with my freemen, I execute not only the business of the village court, but have also given them the privilege to elect their own administrators. Their sense of honour has been awakened; they feel their dignity. Worthy freemen with their wives, from time to time, dine with me at my table. I am their equal. Their dress being uniform with mine, produces a certain familiarity without weakening respect. The children have to rise and uncover their heads when they are met by old persons, but nobody uncovers his head before his equal. Every malicious lie which is proved, is considered with us as great a crime as theft. As now the people are their own judges, they are more severe than I formerly was. I am often compelled to mitigate their judgments. Our schools are excellent. The more advanced boys are taught history, geography, and something of architecture. In our church we are devout, and have good vocal music, the hymns being arranged for four voices. .

“But, my dear Norbert, thou shalt remain some days with us, and thou mayest judge for thyself. Rather, if thou canst make it convenient, stay a few weeks.”

## CHAPTER V.

## CONVERSATION ON THE HEIGHTS OF FLYELN.

I WILL not conceal, that all I had heard and seen in Flyeln, made a great impression upon me. I admired Olivier's firmness of character, his benevolent creative mind ; but I pitied his fate for being misjudged in so high a degree.

The persuasive powers of my friend, the enchanting sollicitations of the baroness, were not requisite to induce me to prolong my stay in that magnificent oasis. Yes—I am bound to call Flyeln an oasis, a verdant island in the desert of the surrounding country. For so soon as a person puts foot on that ground, after having passed through the sandy and marshy land of the adjacent country, the extensive wild forest of firs, the poor, filthy, disorderly villages, full of hovels and neglected people ; the soil becomes suddenly more luxurious, and man suddenly more human ! There also had been hovels, but now they are clean dwellings, which I, with the baroness, delighted to visit. There also had been swamps, but they could only be recognised by the long trenches and subterraneous water outlets, built of stone, and covered with earth. There also had been slaves, who had been used to tremble before their lord, and still more before their officers, and to cheat them when their backs were turned ; but now they maintained the upright, fearless position of freemen, and saw in the baron their equal ; and with what a childish veneration and love, did they now surround him and his family ! This transformation in the course of five years would seem a wonder, did we not know how prudently and firmly Olivier went to work ; how he passed by slow degrees from his station of feudal lord to that of a teacher, and then to that of a father ; how by placing the fear of punishment behind them as a driver, he

allured his vassals onward by their own crude self-interest ; how he never counted on their gratitude, never on their sense, or moral and religious feelings, but at first more drilled than instructed them ; and then how, after having for several years habituated them to doing good, he relied upon the strength of habit, and upon the children who were to succeed them. Therefore, he and the baroness, the minister, and the schoolmaster, took it upon themselves to instruct the whole of them, which was also the reason why the inferior judges of the court and the administrators of the congregations, were nearly all young men of about thirty years of age.

When Olivier showed me his account books, and proved to me incontestably, that far from being a loser by the present arrangement, he was, on the contrary, a great gainer, and that his had far exceeded the income of his deceased uncle, or that of any of his ancestors, he said to me with a smile—" Now thou canst see, where madness is at home, whether here in Flyeln, or at the capital of the king. While I gain I am treated like a spendthrift, and am every year compelled to submit to people, who are sent to take a survey of my accounts, and to look into my secret household affairs."

" Why dost thou not complain of it ? It is unjust—it is tyrannical"—I replied.

" My complaints would be vain"—added Flyeln.—" Not the court, but a commandment of the cabinet, proceeding from the ministry, has condemned me to this condition. This thing cannot be so easily undone ; for the ministry is not inclined to revoke their decree, since that would be condemning themselves for being unjust. The committee of examination, who come here every year, will not counsel such a step, since by doing so they would lose the enjoyment of a pleasure journey, and the gains of a daily



allowance paid with my money. Their having banished me to the estate of my ancestors, like a captive, is of no consideration at all with them. Now, Norbert, candidly, what dost thou think of all this ? ”

“ I must acknowledge ”—I answered—“ that I came with a prejudiced and sad mind ; but I shall leave here, bearing with me the most pleasant recollections. Every where thou art spoken of as being a madman ! Thou art not a madman ; but I coincide with thy former administrator—thou art a noble and great eccentric ! ”

“ Eccentric ! ” exclaimed Flyeln. “ Well, yes, it is the proper name for those who separate themselves from the common course of life and the disorders of the age. Diogenes of Sinope was also considered a fool ; and Cato, the Roman censor, a pedant. In the streets of Madrid, Columbus was looked upon as a madman. Olavides was given over to the Inquisition. Rousseau was expelled from his asylum by the people of Berne ; and by many of his countrymen, Pestalozzi was counted a demi-maniac, because he rather associated with beggars and ragged children than with powdered wigs ! Ye call me an eccentric, me, who am merely making use of the privilege I received from my Creator, to think, to speak, and to act rationally, and in accordance with nature, and nothing more—is that not an uncouth reproach against yourselves ? ”

“ No, Olivier, no reproach ”—I said—“ either against the world, or against thyself. Nobody prevents thee from thinking and acting rationally and naturally ; but spare also the privileges of others, to think, speak, and act in accordance with their present notions, habits, and even prejudices, until they or their children have become wiser. Every one cannot be a philosopher.”

“ Have I not spared them ? have I attacked them ? ” asked the baron.

“Most certainly, my friend”—I answered—“if thou wilt permit me to say so. By placing thy manners in too great an opposition to the generally-adopted manners, thou didst break peace with those among whom thou wast living; and didst but half the good thou mightst have done, yea, not even the half. Christ adopted the manners of Judea, lowered himself even to some of the Jewish prejudices, in order to work more effectually. What boots at last a ridiculous custom? whether we wear a stiff queue, or short hair? whether we let our beards grow, or shave them off? Thou knowest the signification of the word ‘*Sie*,’ they, in the German, and the ‘*Vous*,’ you, in the French language. Well, I admit that it is nonsensical to address a single person in the plural number. But of what injury can that practice be in the end? Did not the Grecians and Romans speak of themselves in the plural number? Thou knowest the signification of *Sie*, they, and *Du*, thou, in the German language. Wast not thou the assaulting party, when thou wert above paying attention to those customary innocent practices, and didst force, without regard to any person, and contrary to the hitherto prevailing notions of decorum and respect, thy ‘*Thou*’ upon everybody? Whosoever places himself in opposition to the world, to him will the world be opposed. Couldst thou be surprised at that?”

“I am by no means surprised, because I expected it”—said Olivier. “Do not quote Jesus Christ as example for the manner of those who, with a pious mien, conceal all their indolence and roguery under the cloak of perverted passages from the Bible. The Divine Messenger had to settle with his contemporaries a more important account than I have. He therefore was silent about the lesser follies, but my business is with these alone; and I will at least not suffer that I should be compelled to praise those barbarisms, or excuse them, or even to play a part in them

myself. Man living upon this earth among mankind may, perhaps, yet be allowed the simple privilege of making use of his own straight-forward common sense."

"It seems to me, my friend"—I answered—"that such a privilege has never been denied thee; but most certainly the privilege of occasioning dangerous confusions by imprudently publishing thy convictions, especially when they were at war with the present subsisting order. Here in Flyeln thou hast thyself played the part of a wise master with thy vassals; hast led them on to liberty as they were prepared for it—by degrees and not precipitately. Thou wast well aware it would be dangerous to place a knife in the unpractised hand of a child, which in skilful hands becomes a most useful instrument. What wouldst thou have said if one of thine own vassals had suddenly arisen, and spoken the language of truth before his comrades? If he had spoken to them of the eternal inherent privileges of the human race, of barbarism, and the dissoluteness of the feudal system, and of the natural equality of man? Would not such a reformer have frustrated all thy noble plans?"

"Most certainly, Norbert"—responded the baron—"but I hope this example is not applicable to me and my actions. I have never spoken against the standing regulations, even when they were bad; but I have rendered unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's, and to God, the things that are God's. I only spoke against the existing misusages and prejudices which are not even made sacred by civil or state contracts. Against your corrupted German manners and language; against your masquerades and hypocritical compliments; against your pernicious luxury; against your effeminate and stiff disfiguration, by introducing French fashions; against your notions of honour and shame, of merit and reward—I have spoken, and only in defence of my own person; when ye Europeans would compel me to condemn

my return to reason, and would coerce me to rebel against nature merely to please your perverseness."

"But, friend Olivier"—I said—"thy opinions about standing armies, about nobility of birth, about the suppressed privileges of nations, about"—

"O popoi, friend Norbert! these principles"—said Fly-eln—"generally are recognised as dead truths. In these and theories they are called correct, in practice erroneous, and that for weighty reasons. I have nothing against it. I myself, were I a prince or minister, should take care to organize Plato's Republic, before I had a philosophic people. But I have spoken of those principles among friends, and among my equals, and not preached them to the mob to create a revolution. I did what millions are doing to-day by writing and speaking. Ye would have to cut the heads off of half the population of Europe would you prevent people from thinking or speaking of such things. Even because they are thought or spoken by one-half of the world, they are also infused into the minds of the other half; and when the majority is once convinced of what is better, then, without revolutions and blood-baths, everything will come to pass of its own accord by the natural course of a meliorated legislation. In good sooth, Norbert! they did not think me mad on that account; they did not for that reason banish me from the rest of the world. Nobody would have made any objections had I, baron as I was, declaimed against the injustice, barbarism, folly, and mischiefs connected with the institution of the privileged hereditary nobility; nobody would have said anything upon that subject had I, with my declamations, married a countess or a baroness. Many are doing this. But because I acted independently, although nobody received an injury by it; because I preferred the love of a handsome, virtuous beggar-girl, to the ancestral prejudices of my relatives;

because I married a child whom I, a baron, had taken off the high road—that, Norbert, was my crime! Norbert, look once more at Amelia—then step before my parchment pedigree—and then condemn me!”

“With such documents for your cause”—I remarked—“my dear Olivier, thou art a terrible advocate. But I think nobility would in the end have forgiven thy crime against its ranks, and considered thee an exception to the general rule. Thou knowest that at the present day people judge of such matters with far greater tolerance than in times past; nobility is no longer what”—

“Dost thou think so?” uttered Flyeln. “Oh, my friend! deceive not thyself about our caste, in which not only the physiognomies, and not only the privileges, but also the notions and prejudices of families have become hereditary, and having been transmitted from one generation to the next, cannot be extirpated. Nobility has the deeply-fixed idea that by birth they are of a better mould than the rest of mankind. If it even must yield to the strength of revolutions, its rooted idea will still keep the upperhand. Didst thou not see the emigrant nobility of France in misery? They did not lose their self-conceit, even when they were compelled to mend their own shoes, and to wash their own shirts! Behold now again the young French noblemen, born and raised in misery in France. What are they doing? Instead of being reconciled to their fate, they complain because they are to share all political privileges with people of low descent. In return they are working against the Charter, until there will be no longer any charter, and until a new revolution will thrust them out again.”

“Here, my dear advocate”—I replied—“thou sufferest thyself to be caught in a weakness, of which I am much too generous to make use. What do people of that country prove for or against the people of our country?”

Who from the notions of the Indian chiefs, with their rings in their nose, would frame an accusation against our nobility here? We will leave that alone. But understand me correctly; I would reconcile thee with the rest of the world. A small sacrifice from thee, with a trifling compliance in insignificant outward appearances, and all thy opinions will be forgiven, even thy paradoxes. It is our duty to make some sacrifices. By that means alone can we secure confidence. When we are in possession of public confidence, then only can we work publicly."

"Thou demandest a small sacrifice of me, Norbert"—said Flyeln—"I know it already. Thou requirest as trifles, nothing less than that I should yield all my convictions, principles, and the duties which spring out of those principles. But when I have sacrificed my convictions and principles, that is my whole essence, of what further use can I then be to the world? Wherewithal shall I work any good?"

"With a great deal!"—I rejoined. "Look at other wise men, without quarrelling with the world, they effect an immeasurable quantum of good. Why canst not thou do it? What canst thou effect by mere example, and standing alone; when, as it is now the fact, all those by whom thou art surrounded, misjudge thee, and think that thou hast lost the better part of thine intellect?"

"This question deserves an answer"—answered the baron—"for of all the questions thou yet hast asked, it is the most important. Consider my privilege as a man; that in my own house at least and on my own grounds, I may be allowed to eat, drink, dress, speak and act according to my better convictions, when, by doing so, I do not violate the rights of another person. Since I then find the foolery, the insipidity, the artificial manners, the unnatural distortions of the present European human race, as it now is en-

deavouring to crawl out of the swamps of the old barbarism, ridiculous, pernicious, and contemptible, shall I not with all my inclination, vocation, and duty for truth and justice, make use of this privilege ; even at the risk of being jeered at by barbarians, those animals of habit and art, who know no better ? Must the circumnavigator of the world, when the wild Indians place human flesh before him to eat, conquer his horror, and imitate their abominable custom, that the Indians may not laugh at him ? So much, Norbert, of what appertains immediately to my own person."

Here Olivier was silent for a moment ; and then resumed :—"But oh, Norbert, remember the fragment from the travels of Pythias, and thine own confession about the pointing truth. Thou thyself dost admit, that human society in our part of the world have wandered a great distance from the laws of nature. Ye all acknowledge that to this very fact we can trace the cause of sufferings immeasurable ; for the violations of the eternal laws of God carry with them their own punishments against the perpetrators. None of ye will deny that the whole of your civic and domestic conditions, that your institutions, morals, and manner of living, consist at most, only in a consequent arrangement of what is averse to nature. But who of ye has the heroic spirit of reason to return to the simple eternal regulations of God ? Ye are deficient in this heroic spirit ! It is not a stranger to me. It is well, that a few individuals, unmindful of the misconceit and derision of the multitude, are setting up the example of what is good in this life. It is well, that single persons rise up, who, to make use of your manner of talking, do not capitulate nor enter into a compromise with the all-governing madness of the age, but declare open war against it. Nothing can be accomplished by preaching mere doctrines from the pulpits, rostrums, and the stage, and by advancing mere

philosophical arguments, and by eulogizing nature and truth. Ye are continually preaching, philosophizing, and writing; and the teachers ever remain what they were, and the disciples never change. Therefore it is well, that single individuals should introduce the archetype of what is better, into real life. At first they will of course be considered madmen, and be scoffed at and pitied. The eyes of their contemporaries by degrees will also be habituated to those heterogeneous appearances. At last they will say: this man's opinions are in many respects not erroneous. The boldest will finally venture timidly to adopt single ideas, and live in accordance with them. And, Norbert! whosoever has led the human race, or only a small part of it, but one step back to nature, he has done enough for the fleetness of life. Therefore, my friend, let me go on in the path I have laid out for myself! Many are in the habit of censuring him who acts correctly; only because they are vexed at not having the courage like him to do what is right. Because, in eating and drinking, I banish all luxury and all that is outlandish; because I dress more comfortably and pleasing to the eye; because I pay a becoming respect to the manly beard; because I relinquish all privileges and prejudices of my caste, and wish not to be estimated higher than is my due; because I believe that by marrying a girl of low descent and born without wedlock, I derogate nought from my respectability; because I do not wish to redeem my honour by fighting a duel, and carry upon my breast before the eyes of the world a childish bauble as a token of real or pretended merit; because I have made my vassals freemen, and my friends; and because I despise lies, and acknowledge the truth without fear—These are the reasons why, in the *nineteenth century*, I am treated as a madman; although I live in accordance with reason; have not trans-



gressed against the institutions and laws ; have harmed nobody ; done good to many ; and have never violated true morality and decorum ! Here, Norbert, is my answer to thy question. Now let us break off the subject ! ”

We closed our conversation.—I cast my arms around the noble eccentric, and merely said to him, smilingly—“ We have an old adage—A sharp tool is easily notched.”

Speedily after, we separated. The remembrance of Flyeln I shall ever consider the most pleasing episode of my life. I also cannot conceal my judgment, that if the whole world were to fall into madness like that of my friend Olivier, I would most joyfully be one of the first to become crazy. Since that period we have resumed our correspondence, and I have vowed, from time to time, to make a pilgrimage to happy Flyeln ! to look at and listen to, A FOOL OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY !

# HORTENSIA :

## ASLEEP AND AWAKE.

### INTRODUCTORY.

FOUR German officers were wounded in the battle of Mollate; but the charms, the splendour, and the loveliness of the villa to which they were removed, the hospitality and kindness of their host, *Ambrosio Faustino*, and the cordiality of his amiable wife, but most of all, the agreeable discovery that the liberal Faustino and his wife were of German origin, contributed greatly to the healing of their wounds. He had formerly been called Faust, and had been induced to settle in Italy near the Alps, and to change his name by a most singular concatenation of circumstances. The delight of discoursing in their mother tongue, far from their homes, in a stranger land, tended not a little to increase their mutual confidence.

One of them had permission to pass his hours in Faustino's library, where, among a splendid array of select works, he found some Italian manuscripts, written by Faust himself. They were memoirs of his life, intermixed with observations on painting and sculpture. Faust allowed his guest to peruse them; and opening one of the volumes, directed his visitor to the place where he commenced.

"Only read," said he, "and believe me it is truth, however incredible the details may appear. To me, although I myself experienced what I have therein described, it seems at times a mere illusion of the brain." The ensuing pages contain a fragment of Faust's memoir.

## CHAPTER I.

## ADVENTURE AT VENZONE.

ON the twelfth day of September, 1771, I crossed the river *Tagliamento* at *Spilimberge*, and was rapidly approaching the frontiers of Germany, the land of my birth, which I had not seen during many years. My soul was filled with indescribable sadness. It seemed as if an invisible power was driving me back continually, and calling upon me—"Return!" I stopped several times on the miserable road to cast a look towards Italy, and felt a restless desire to retrace my steps to Venice. Still, when I thought of what I could do there, or whereby I could gain a subsistence, I continued my way towards the dark mountains which rose in silent grandeur amid the mists and rain.

I had but little money left, scarcely enough to reach Vienna ; unless I sought aid in charity, or sold my watch, or a part of the apparel that I carried in my knapsack. The greater part of my youth had been passed in Italy, for the purpose of perfecting myself in painting and sculpture, and then on reaching my twenty-seventh year, I had come to the sad conclusion that I could never produce any thing by which I might gain a rank among the artists of renown. My friends in Rome often had the kindness to encourage me, and for some of my pieces I had occasionally received a high price ; but that afforded me little consolation, as I was obliged to condemn works that did not satisfy myself. I experienced the painful sensation that I was, and ever should be, too impotent with my brush or chisel to call those ideal images into life which dwelt in my imagination. That made me despair of my own powers. I sought not after gold. I longed for the magic

of art, and inwardly bemoaned the years which I had lost, and reviled myself. I was returning to Germany where I then had friends. I longed for some sequestered spot, in which I could forget myself. I desired nothing more than an appointment as a village schoolmaster, or something of that kind, to punish the audacious ambition which had aspired to be the rival of Raphael and Angelo!

The rain had lasted some days, and that increased my uneasiness. The thought—"Oh, that I could die!"—would often rise within me. One shower obliged me to stray from my road, and seek shelter under a tree. There I sat, dejectedly contemplating the scattered hopes and plans of my life. I found myself in a desert of wild mountains. The cold rain was pouring down in torrents; and near me rippled a swollen mountain stream, rushing through the rocks.

"What will become of me?"—I sighed, looking towards the stream, and contemplating whether it were deep enough to drown myself in it. I regretted that I had not before put an end to my earthly sorrows in the *Tagliamento*. On a sudden, I was overpowered by an indescribable and deadly fear. I felt shocked at myself; at my resolution, and my desires. I sprang up, and rushed onward in the midst of the storm, as if to fly from myself, for night began to extend its gloom.

At length, I arrived at a lonely large house, not far from the village of *Venzone*. The increasing darkness, the continuing rain, and my own fatigue, induced me to remain at the building, before which stood the friendly inviting sign of "*Entertainment for travellers.*" On passing the threshold, a tremendous shudder and the same fear of death seized me which I had experienced on the rock in the morning. I stopped at the door for breath; but when in the warm bar-room, the life of man breathed again

within me, and I felt lighter and easier than I had done for many days before. All this doubtless was the effect of corporeal weakness.

I received a hearty welcome, and with a light heart threw my knapsack on the table ; after which I was shown into a small adjoining room to take off my wet apparel. While making the change, I heard hasty footsteps on the stairs, opening of doors, and rapid questions about myself. " Will he stay in the house all night ? Did he arrive on foot ? Did he carry a knapsack ? Has he light hair ? " With similar pertinent inquiries. They left, returned again, and another voice asked other questions. I did not know how to explain it.

When I re-entered the bar room, all eyes were turned with curiosity towards me. I feigned not to perceive any thing. But I also was tormented by an insatiate curiosity to know why I had been asked for with so much concern. I turned the conversation to the weather, from the weather to travelling ; and then asked the question—" Are there any more strangers in the house ? "—" Certainly ; " was the reply, " a noble family from Germany, consisting of an old gentleman, a most beautiful young lady who is sick to death, a noble elderly lady, perhaps the young lady's mother, a family physician, two servants and two chambermaids. The family arrived at noon, and have been detained partly through the inclemency of the weather, and partly on account of the indisposition of the young lady. Moreover, I learned that both the physician and the old gentleman, in a great hurry, and almost in fear and astonishment, had inquired at the bar-room for me. The host assured me that the family knew me perfectly well ; and told me to walk up, as I should certainly meet some old friends and acquaintances, for they seemed to have expected me.

shook my head, convinced that this was a mistake. I

had no acquaintance with any noble family in the whole world, and least of all with that of a German. I was more confirmed in my supposition, when an old servant of the strangers sat down at my table, and in broken Italian, asked for wine. When I addressed him in German, his mother tongue, his countenance at once became serene. He then told me all he knew of the family. His master, a *Count Hormegg*, at present was travelling with his daughter towards Italy, for the purpose of benefiting her health by a change of air.

The more the old man drank, the more talkative he became. Gloomily as he had at first sat by my side, at the second bottle of wine he breathed more freely. When I told him that I intended to go to Germany, he sighed deeply, looked towards Heaven, and tears rose in his eyes—"Could I but go with you!" he said fervently, and in a low tone of voice—"I can endure this no longer. On this family, I believe, rests a curse. Wondrous things happen here. I dare confide them to no man, and if I dared, who would believe me?"

## CHAPTER II.

### THE MOURNFUL TRAVELLERS.

AT the third flask of wine, however, the old *Sebald*, that was his name, allowed himself to become more communicative.

"*My countryman*," he said, addressing me, as he looked timidly around the room; but no one except ourselves was there, and we sat alone by the dim light—"my countryman, I cannot be blinded. Calamity is united with plenty and abundance of wealth. Here—God have mercy on us! does the evil spirit riot. The count is enormously rich;

but he sneaks about like a poor sinner, and is very seldom heard to speak. He leads an unhappy life. The old lady companion or governess to his daughter *Hortensia*, looks at all this as if with a troubled conscience, in continual fear. The countess herself—well! a child of paradise could scarcely be more beautiful; but I believe her father has bartered her to the devil. Hark! what was that?"

Sebald, terror-stricken, sprang from his seat. His countenance was pale as death. It was nothing but the storm that had closed one of the window-shutters rather abruptly. When I had allayed his fears in some measure, he continued—"It is no wonder a person has to live in continual deadly fear. One of us will and must die shortly. So I have heard Miss Catharine say. God have mercy upon us! Could I not recreate myself occasionally with my comrade Thomas over a bottle of wine, I should long since have run away. We do not feel the want of any thing here but of cheerfulness."

It seemed as if Sebald was a little affected by the wine he drank.

"Whence do you draw the conjecture that one of you will soon die?" I inquired.

"Here is nothing to conjecture"—replied Sebald—"it is but too certain. The Countess *Hortensia* has said it, but no one dares repeat it. At *Judenberg*, the same thing occurred two weeks ago. The countess predicted the death of one of us. No one believed it. We were all well and in good spirits. Of a sudden, as we were upon the road, *Mr. Muller*, the secretary of the count, a most amiable man, was precipitated with his horse and baggage from the road, over the rocks into the abyss below, ten times deeper than the height of the spire of the church. That was a frightful sight. For a time I lost my eyes and ears. Man and horse lay crushed to atoms. When you

pass through the village where he is buried, the people will tell you of that mournful occurrence. As for myself, I abhor the thought of it. But now, the only question is this—who of us will be the next victim? But if it happens, I shall ask the count immediately for my dismissal. Such things do not occur naturally. My old head is of some value, and I should not like to lose it in the service of this strange visionary, who is always calling for Immanuel!”

I smiled at his superstitious fears. But he swore by all that is high and holy, as he whispered to me—“The Countess Hortensia certainly is beset by a whole legion of demons. A year ago, she ran several times about the roof of the Hormegg castle, more expertly than we can walk on this even floor. Often she falls quite unexpectedly into trances, and then she sees heaven open to her view, and prophecies. She looks into the inmost recesses of the human heart. *Doctor Walter*, certainly a very honest man, asserts that she can not only see into people as if they were made of glass, but that her eyes even penetrate through doors and walls. Oh, it is horrible! In her lucid hours she is perfectly sane. But alas! in her enchanted hours, when some one else speaks out of her, she rules all of us. We could have remained upon the broad highroad. But no! immediately on leaving *Villach*, we had to cross the terrible mountains by miserable roads, upon sumpter-horses and mules. Why? Because she would have it so. Had we remained upon the highroad, Mr. Muller might have been alive this day.”



## CHAPTER III.

## THE ENGAGEMENT.

THE entrance of the people of the hotel, who spread a scanty supper before me, interrupted Sebald's loquacity. He promised to disclose more secrets to me when we should again be alone, and then left me. In his place, a small, lean, and surly-looking man sat himself down, whom Sebald, on going out of the room, addressed as "*Doctor!*" From this circumstance I knew that I had another member of that mysterious and sad travelling company before me. The physician looked long and silently at me while I was eating. Then he began to question me in French, whence I came, and whither I was going? When he heard that I was a German, he was more familiar, and began to speak to me in my mother tongue. On questioning him, the doctor told me that Count Hormegg was on his journey to Venice with his sick daughter.

"How would you like"—said the doctor—"since you have no definite duty or purpose in going to Germany, to join our party? You speak the Italian language more fluently than any of us; you know the country and its customs, and the healthy regions. You would be of the utmost benefit to us. The count would immediately put you into the place of his late secretary, with free board, a pleasant life, a salary of six hundred florins, and the well-known liberality of the count."

I shook my head, observing that the count did not know me, nor I the count, well enough to foresee whether we should suit each other. Then the doctor began to eulogize the count; but I replied—"It will be difficult to tell the count as much in my behalf."—"Oh, if that is all the hin-

drance"—he exclaimed hastily—"you are already recommended to him. You may depend on what I say."

"Recommended? by whom?"—I asked.

The doctor seemed to hunt for words in order to cover his precipitancy. "By necessity! I am permitted to tell you that the count will give you a hundred louis-d'ors if you—"

"No!"—I replied—"I have never in my life aimed at abundance, but have only sought for the necessaries of life. From childhood I have been accustomed to independence. I am anything but rich, but I will not sell my liberty."

The doctor seemed hurt, but I was fully serious in the answer I made. Besides, I was determined not to return to Italy, that my passion for the arts might not again triumph over me. Moreover, I was disgusted with the sudden and urgent importunity of the doctor, and altogether with the conduct of that travelling company, though I did not believe that the sick countess was possessed of a whole legion of demons. When he found that all his persuasions were useless, and only made me more obstinate, the physician left me.

I then reflected on various little matters; compared my poverty with the comfortable life proposed to me as a follower of the rich count, and played with the few gold pieces which constituted the whole amount of my wealth. But the result of my reflection still was—"Away from Italy! God's whole world is open to you. Be firm! Let me only have peace within my breast, a village school, and independence. I must first become myself again; have I not lost my all? the whole plan of my life? Money cannot restore that."

My astonishment was greatly increased, when about ten minutes after the doctor had left me, a servant appeared, and requested me to pay the count a visit in his

room. "What in the world can these people want of me?" I thought; but I promised to attend him. The adventure, if not amusing, began at least to be interesting.

I found the count alone in his room, pacing with large strides up and down. He was a tall, strong, noble-looking man, of much apparent dignity. The expression of his face was pleasing, but gloomy. He immediately walked towards me; excused himself for having sent for me; conducted me to a seat; repeated what he had heard of me through his physician; and renewed the doctor's offer, which I firmly, but modestly refused. He turned away toward the window, crossed his hands behind him, and fell into a fit of musing. After which he sat down by my side, took my hand, and said—"Friend, I appeal to your heart. Appearances deceive me greatly, if you are not an honourable man, so be candid. Remain with me, I conjure you! for only two years remain with me. You may rely upon my gratitude. You shall have all you need; and at the end of that time, I will pay you a thousand louis-d'ors. So you will not repent the two years lost in my service."

He said this so kindly and so imploringly, that I was more moved by the tone in which he spoke, than by the promise of the large amount, which to me, with my small wants, seemed sufficient to secure to me a happy and independent life. I should at once have accepted his proposal, had I not felt ashamed to let him see that the offer of base lucre could so quickly change my mind. But on the other hand, such a splendid proposal seemed suspicious.

"For such a sum, my lord"—I answered—"greater talents than mine are at your command. You know me not." I then spoke openly of what had hitherto been my lot, and my occupation; thinking thus, without giving offence, to remove his offer and wishes.

"We must not part again"—he exclaimed, pressing

kindly my hand—"we must not part again, for only you have I sought. For your sake, wonder as you may, I have undertaken this journey with my daughter; for your sake, I chose this miserable road from Villach here, that I might not miss you; and for your sake, I have stopped at this tavern."

I stared with astonishment at his speech, thinking that he was in a humour to ridicule me. "How could you seek me, when you are not acquainted with me? and when no one could know which way I travelled? Three days ago, I myself was not apprised which route I should take to Germany"—was my reply.

"You are mistaken"—continued the Count. "This afternoon you rested in a forest—am I right? You were sitting in a wilderness, and were full of trouble, leaning against a rock underneath a great tree. You looked at a mountain torrent, and in spite of the rain, you ran hurriedly onward. Is it not so? Acknowledge it openly, is it not so?"

At these words I nearly lost my senses. He observed my confusion, and said—"Most certainly, it is so! You are the very man whom I have sought." "But"—I exclaimed,—and I will not deny that a superstitious fear befel me, as I drew my hand from his,—“but who observed me? who told you this?”

"My daughter"—he replied—"my sick daughter. I can easily understand that this appears marvellous to you; but that unfortunate one sees and says in her fits of sickness, many things still more strange than that. For four weeks, she has asserted that through your interference alone, she should be enabled to return to full health. Four weeks ago, my daughter described you, as you now stand before me. A fortnight since, she affirmed that you would come, sent by God, to meet us. We had to break up, in

order to find you. We departed. She pointed out the way we should take, at least the direction, on the compass. With a compass in the carriage, and a map in hand, we travelled, not knowing whither, like mariners in the ocean. At Villach, she pointed out the nearest road to where we should meet with you. She described every particular of it, and thus we left the high road. From *Hortensia's* own lips, I learned this afternoon how near you were to us, and also the little circumstances which I have already mentioned. Immediately after your arrival, Doctor Walter declared, by the description of the host, that in every thing you resembled the person, whom four weeks ago, and since then almost daily, Hortensia described. Now I am perfectly convinced, that since so much already has been fulfilled, that you, and no one else, can save my child, and restore me again to the happiness of life."

He was silent, and awaited my reply. I remained long undecided, and did not know how to answer, for nothing so singular had ever occurred to me in the whole course of my life. I therefore said—"What you tell me, count, is somewhat incomprehensible, and consequently, excuse me, somewhat incredible. I am, or rather was, nothing but an artist. Of medical science, however, I know nothing."

"Much that occurs in life," he remarked, "is incomprehensible. But it does not follow that all things incomprehensible are therefore impossible; particularly, when we cannot but admit the reality, and the appearance stands before us, the causes of which we know not. You are not a physician, I admit; but that power which revealed to my daughter the fact of your existence—do not doubt it for a moment—intended you also for her deliverer! In my younger years I was a freethinker, who scarcely believed the existence of a God—and now in my old age, like an

old village gossip, I can be made to believe in the existence of devilry, witchcraft, and apparitions. From all this, Faust, you may explain to yourself my importunity and my offers. The one is pardonable to a father who lives in continual fear for his only child—the other is certainly not too great for the salvation of a life so highly prized. I can easily understand that all this must appear to you alike unexpected, adventurous and romantic. But remain with us, and you will be a witness of many things that are strange, as well as unexpected. Would you have any occupations besides the diversion of travelling? It depends upon yourself to choose them, for I shall impose no work on you. Only remain my constant companion and my consolation! An hour pregnant with calamity which may be very near, is yet pending over me. One person out of our company will die suddenly, and if I have understood it right, an unusual death. It may be myself. My daughter has predicted it. It will certainly come to pass. I tremble to meet the fatal moment which I cannot buy off with all my fortune. I am a very unhappy man!”

He spoke until he was moved to tears. I myself was singularly embarrassed. All I had heard first filled me with astonishment, and then with just doubts. I often was tempted to suspect the clear judgment of the count, and then mine own. Finally, I resolved to engage in the wonderful enterprise at once, let the consequences be what they would. To suspect the count of being an impostor I thought would be unjust; and in this wide world I had neither occupation, nor wherewithal to provide for myself.

“Your liberal proffer, count, I renounce,” I said; “give me only as much as I shall need. I will accompany you. It is sufficient for me to live in hope, that I may be able to contribute to your comfort, and to the preservation of your daughter’s life; although I can in no wise comprehend how.

An individual's life is valuable. I shall be proud if, at a future time, I may permit myself to believe that I have been instrumental in saving the life of a fellow-creature. But I acquit you of all your promises. I do nothing for money. I must therefore insist upon retaining my independence. I will remain in your attendance as long as I may be of any benefit to you ; or as long as my life in your service may be agreeable. If you will accept of my services on those conditions, I am yours ; and in that case you may introduce me to your patient."

The count's eyes glistened with joy. He only exclaimed—"God be praised !" After some time, he said—"To-morrow you shall see my daughter. She has already gone to rest. I must prepare her for your presence."

"Prepare her for my presence ?" I asked with astonishment—"Did you not tell me a few minutes ago that she had informed you of my arrival, that she had described my person ?"

"Forgive me, Faust," answered the count, "I forgot to mention one more circumstance to you. My daughter is a sort of double person. Of what she hears, sees, knows and says in her transports, if I may so express myself, she knows not a word in her natural state. She cannot recall, from the period of her transports, the minutest circumstance. She herself doubts having spoken and done what we tell her she has—except as she puts implicit confidence in my words. During the hours of her transports she not only remembers every thing that has transpired in a similar state, but also every circumstance which she has met with during her usual and natural life. She only has seen and described you in her transports ; but excepting this, she knows nothing more of you than what we have told her, as a repetition of her own words. You are therefore entirely unknown to her. Let us wait for the extraordinary time ;

and I doubt not in the least, that she will recognise you immediately."

During a conversation of some hours which I had with the count, I also learned that his daughter, for several years back, had manifested a great propensity to somnambulism. In the state of her somnambulism, without being able to remember any thing afterwards, with closed eyes she had left her bed; dressed herself; written letters to absent friends; played the most difficult pieces on the piano; and done a hundred little matters with a nicety and precision, which she neither possessed in her waking state, nor could ever obtain afterwards. The count thought that that which he called transport could not be any thing else than a higher degree of somnambulism, but which debilitated his daughter to that degree that at last it might cause her death.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### A TERRIBLE OCCURRENCE.

It was late when I left the count's room. No one was in the bar-room except old Sebald.

"Sir,"—he said—"will you not speak a little in German with me, that I may not entirely forget my own honest language, for that indeed would be a great pity. Have you seen the count?"

"I have"—was my reply. "I now shall be one of your company, and shall go with you to Italy."

"Excellent!"—said Sebald—"I always feel happy when I have a German face near me; for I have been told that the Italians are not the best people in the world. Except the mad countess, you will find every thing very agreeable in our company; and as you now are one of us, I may be permitted to speak more openly in regard to our affairs.



The count would be a good master, could he but laugh. I believe he does not even like it when one of us laughs. Whosoever is about his person, wears an aspect as if the last day was nigh. The old lady also would be very good, did she not scold so much, when one does not instantly fly to do her bidding. I believe she goes to Italy only on account of the fine distilled waters, for she loves a glass of good liqueur. The young countess might also be very agreeable, were she not, laying her pride aside, beset by a whole legion of demons. Doctor Walter would be the best of us all, had he but the art to exorcise those devils. My comrade Thomas ——.”

At that moment the host, the picture of fright, rushed into the room, crying out—“Help! help! The house is on fire.”

“Where?”—I asked.

“In a room up stairs. In the yard I saw the bright flames shining through the window”—replied the landlord.

He ran away. The house was in a tumult and uproar. As I was going to leave the room, Sebald, with a face as pale as death, held me with both his arms. “What has happened again?” I told him in German to go for water, as fire had broken out in one of the rooms. “Another diabolical piece of business!”—he exclaimed, and ran towards the kitchen.

There was running up and down the stairs. The room in which the fire was said to be, was locked. Instruments for bursting the door were sought. Sebald, as soon as myself, with a bucket full of water, was at the head of the stairs. When he saw the door to which every one pressed, he exclaimed—“That is the room of the old lady!”

“Burst the door”—exclaimed the count, with death-like horror.—“Burst the door, otherwise the Lady Montluc, who sleeps in that room, will be smothered!”

Meanwhile a man had come with an axe. He burst open the strong well-jointed oaken door. All pressed forward, but every one started back horror-struck!

The room was dark. Only in the further part of it, next to the window, yellow bluish flames were playing on the floor, which however soon became extinct. A strong and disagreeable smell met us on opening the door. Sebald made the sign of the cross, and at one bound was at the bottom of the stairs. A few female servants followed him. The count called for a light. I walked through the room, and opened the window. The count approached the bed. It was empty and untouched, and nowhere was there any smoke! At the window the scent was so strong, that I almost fell fainting to the floor.

The count called out the name of the Lady Montluc. When he came near me with the light, I saw at my feet—imagine my horror—a great black spot, and beside it lay a human head, so much scorched, that it could not be recognised; an arm with a hand in another place, three fingers with golden rings, and the foot of a female, partly burned.

“Great God!”—solemnly exclaimed the count, his countenance changing—“What is this?” He looked with a shudder at the remains of what once had been a human form. When he saw the fingers with the rings, he sprang back with a loud shriek towards the doctor, who was at that moment entering the room, and exclaimed—“Lady Montluc is burnt, consumed, and yet there is no fire, no smoke—incomprehensible occurrence!”

He came tottering back, to convince himself once more of the truth of his discovery. Then he handed the light to some one else, folded his arms motionless before him, and left the room deathly pale.

I myself stood there as if petrified by the unheard-of and disgusting spectacle. All that had occurred in the

course of the day, the wonders which had been related to me, affected me so much, that I looked without emotion at the black dust, the coals, and the loathsome remains of the human corpse at my feet. The room was soon filled with servants, both male and female, belonging to the tavern. I heard their whispering, their creeping. I imagined myself standing amongst spectres. It seemed as if all the nursery tales I had heard in my childhood, were to be realized.

When I had recovered from my stupefaction, I departed from the room. As I was going to the bar-room, a side door opened, and out of it came, supported by two females each carrying a candle, a young lady in a light half-dress. With dazzled eyes, she remained standing before that new spectacle. So much nobleness of form, of carriage, and expression of features, I had never found, either in nature or in the creations of painters and sculptors. All the horrors of the preceding moment were nearly forgotten. I was all eye and admiration. The young beauty moved toward the room in which the terrible catastrophe had happened. When she got sight of the servants she stood still, and called out in a commanding tone of voice in the German language—"Drive away that rabble there!" One of the count's servants was immediately ready to obey her commands, and he did it with so much uncivil strictness, that he drove every one, and me among the rest, away from the passage towards the stairs.

"If there ever have been fairies"—I thought—"this is one of them."

Sebald sat in the bar-room, pale as death.

"Did I not tell you"—he called out to me—"that one of us would have to die? The madonna, or rather the very devil, ordained it so, and not otherwise. One had to break his neck, and the other had to burn alive. Your most obedient servant; to-morrow I take my leave; if I do not,

it may be my turn next. Whosoever is wise, like myself, will not go straight to hell. In Italy, they say, even the mountains throw out fire. God prevent me from ever coming near one. I should certainly be the first whom Moloch would roast, for I am too pious, and yet at all hours, not a saint."

I spoke to him about the young lady!

"That was she,"—he exclaimed—"that was the countess! She was no doubt desirous to smell the burnt dish. Fly with me to-morrow! Your dear young life excites my honest pity!"

"Then it was the Countess Hortensia, whom I saw?" was my rejoinder.

"Who else could it be?"—answered Sebald—"She is handsome, and therefore the devil has become enamoured of her, but—"

Here Sebald was called to the count. He walked, or rather tottered away, sighing most heavily.

This occurrence alarmed the whole house. I sat upon a bench almost a stranger to myself, amid those wonderful events.

Long after midnight, the landlord conducted me to a small bed-room.

## CHAPTER V.

### ANTIPATHY.

AFTER the fatigues of that eventful day, I slept soundly till near noon. When I awoke, the events of the day before appeared to me like the phantasms of a fever, or like the history of a delirium in drunkenness. I could scarcely persuade myself of the truth of the events, nor could I doubt

them. But now I looked upon every thing with a clearer understanding. I wavered not a moment longer to keep my word with Count Hormegg. My fate seemed to be of so novel and wonderful a kind, that I followed him with pleasure and curiosity. What had I to lose in Germany? What anywhere in life? What could I risk in following the count? It depended on myself to sever the thread of the romance, whenever its length should be vexatious.

As I entered the bar-room, I found it filled with magistrates, police-officers, capuchins, and villagers of the neighbourhood, who had assembled either officially or out of mere curiosity. Not one among them doubted, but that the burning of the lady was the work of the devil. Although the count had the remains of the unfortunate lady buried by his own people, yet in accordance with the judgment of the capuchins, the whole house had to be exorcised, in order to cleanse it, by those means, from the last traces of the evil one. That was a great expense. They spoke of arresting us and bringing us before a court of justice. A dispute arose, whether we should be delivered into the hands of a civil or an ecclesiastical court. Most of the votes were for conducting us to Udine before the archbishop.

The count, unable to converse in Italian, was glad when he saw me. In vain he had offered to liquidate the costs occasioned by this extraordinary event, by a handsome sum of money. He then requested me to settle the difficulty with those people in his name.

I walked immediately up to the capuchins and magistrates, and explained to them, that hitherto I had actually been as little connected with the strangers, as they themselves; and gave them two points to consider. First:—That the misfortune of the fire had either occurred very naturally, at least without the count's taking part in it:

in that case, by arresting so noble a gentleman they might involve themselves in great trouble;—or secondly:—The count was really in league with evil spirits, in which case, out of revenge, he might play them, their cloister, or their village, a mischievous trick. It would be most advisable to take the count's money, and let him go on his way; thus, they need not fear either responsibility or revenge, and in either case they would be the gainers. My reasoning was effectual. The money was paid. We received our horses, and rode off. The clouds dispersed.

The countess with her waiting maids and the other servants had started several hours before us. The count only with one servant had remained behind. On the way, he commenced speaking of the horrible event of the preceding night.—“His daughter”—he said—“had been much affected by it. She had suffered for several hours cramps and convulsions; then she had fallen into a gentle sleep, and on awaking exhibited great composure; but demanded instantly to leave the house of misfortune.”

Probably in order to prepare me for my future condition, he added:—“I must indulge the sick child in many whims, and forgive her many things. She is invincibly obstinate. Every contradiction, through her extraordinary sensibility, excites her to anger, and a little offence suffices to cause her suffering for several days. I informed her of your arrival. She listened to me with great indifference. I asked her if I should introduce you to her? Her answer was—‘Do you think me so very curious? There will be time enough, when we are in Venice!’—I am however of the opinion, that on our way we shall find plenty of opportunities. Let not the caprices of my daughter offend you, Faust; she is sick and unfortunate, and we must treat her with great forbearance, if we do not wish to bring her to an untimely grave. She is my only treasure, my last joy

on this earth. The death of the Lady Montluc in reality does not much affect her, for of late she had begun to feel a disaffection for her ; from what cause, I know not. She may have felt disgusted with her propensity for strong drinks. Doctor Walter asserts, that this propensity had caused the spontaneous combustion in the lady, who otherwise was a very excellent woman, and much attached to my daughter and myself. He also told me of several examples of spontaneous combustion, by which human bodies in a few moments were consumed.—Such cases can however but very rarely happen. He endeavoured to explain to me that phenomenon in a very natural manner. I understood and comprehended nothing of it. I only know, that this flaming door of death is most terrific.”

Thus spoke the count, and this was nearly the substance of all our conversations until we reached Venice. For the young countess, notwithstanding the weak state of her health ; notwithstanding the objections her father and the doctor made against it ; determined at once to proceed on their journey to Venice, without making any longer stoppages than their nightly rest required. Therefore I was not introduced to her. On the contrary, I had to keep myself at a considerable distance, without enjoying the happiness of pleasing her.

The countess was carried in her litter. Servants walked on foot beside it. The ladies rode in a separate carriage ; so did the count. The doctor and myself were on horseback.

One morning, the countess, in stepping out of the hotel to mount her litter, saw me, and asked the doctor—“ Who is this man that is for ever trotting after us ? ”

“ Mr. Faust, noble lady,” replied Walter.

“ He is a very disagreeable fellow ”—she exclaimed—  
“ send him back ! ”

"You yourself desired him! Look upon him as the medicine which you have prescribed for yourself"—replied the doctor.

"He has that which is loathsome in common with every medicine"—she retorted.

I was near enough to hear this conversation, not by any means flattering, and which almost offended me. Had the count not been so kind, I should immediately have left his whimsical Venus in the lurch. I will not assert that I was handsome; yet I was not personally displeasing to the ladies. But to be tolerated as a loathsome medicine only, was too much for the vanity of a young man, who, had he been a prince or a count, would not have hesitated to join the admirers of Hortensia.

The countess arrived at Venice without accident, and her medicine followed obediently after her. We entered a magnificent palace; and in it I received my separate apartments and servant. Count Hormegg lived in great style; as among the nobles of Venice he had many friends.

## C H A P T E R VI.

### THE REVERY.

WE had been four days in Venice, when one afternoon I was called in great haste to the count's presence.

"My daughter"—he said—"has asked for you. To be sure, not a day has passed without her having her usual trances; but only to-day, and for the first time, has she craved your presence. Come with me to her room, but softly. Every noise throws her into dangerous convulsions."

"But what will you have me to do?" I asked with secret tremor.

"Who can know it? Expect it from the future. May God guide everything!" replied Hormegg.



We entered a large room, hung around with green silken tapestry. Two waiting-maids leaned silently and timidly against the window. The doctor sat upon a sofa, observing the patient. She however stood nearly in the middle of the room, with closed eyes; one of her arms was hanging at her side, while the other arm was half-elevated, fixed, and immovable, like a statue. Only the heaving of her bosom betrayed life. The solemn, death-like stillness that reigned there, and the tragic form of Hortensia, to whom all eyes were directed, filled me with an involuntary, yet agreeable trembling.

As soon as I entered that quiet apartment, the countess said, without opening her eyes, and without altering her position, with a voice of indescribable sweetness—"At last, oh, Immanuel! Why remainest thou so far in the distance? Oh come hither, and bless her, that she may recover from her sufferings."

At this address, of which I knew not that it was directed to me, I probably made a very foolish appearance. The count and the doctor beckoned to me to approach nearer, and by gesticulation made me understand, that like a Roman priest, I should make the sign of the cross towards her, or lay my hands upon her as if blessing her.

I drew nearer, and lifted my hands above her head, and then suffered my hands slowly to fall again. Hortensia's countenance seemed to betray displeasure. Again I lifted my hands and held them outstretched towards her, uncertain what to do. Her countenance became serene. This induced me to remain in that position. My embarrassment however was augmented when the countess said—"Immanuel! not yet is it thy will to succour her. Oh give but thy will, thy will! Thou art mighty, and thy will can accomplish all."

"Gracious countess"—I said—"doubt anything rather

than my will to help you." This I said with the greatest sincerity. I felt as if I was standing before an ethereal being. Never had I seen grace and sublimity so blended together. Hortensia's face, as I had hitherto but superficially and from a distance seen it, generally was pale, as if suffering and morose ; but then how different ! An uncommonly fine red beamed upon her countenance, like rose-coloured reflection. In all her features swam a light, which man in common life can neither possess by nature, nor obtain by art. The expression of the whole countenance was solemn, not with a smile, but inward tranquillity or transport. Imagine in addition the statue-like position, the marble calmness in the expression of the features, and the eyes as if closed in sleep. I had never felt as I did then such a complex agitation.

"Oh Immanuel!" she said, after a pause—"now is thy will sincere. Now she knows that thou wilt give back to her her health. The hair upon thy head flies in golden flames—silver rays of light stream forth from thy fingers—thou floatest in a serene heavenly blue. Oh! how eagerly does her whole being imbibe this splendour, this salutary flood of light!"

This somewhat poetical manner of expression brought involuntarily the "*medicine*" to my mind, to which I had the honour of being compared a few days previous, and I mourned in silence, that I could not discover anything of the rays of gold and silver.

"Be not angry with her in your thoughts, Immanuel"—said Hortensia. "Let not her who is weak, and her sickly wit arouse thine anger, for likening thee to bitter medicines. Be thou more noble than she who is thoughtless, who is misled by pain, and who is often by earthly imbecility given over-almost to distraction."

The doctor, at those words, cast a smiling glance at me.

I returned his look with an expression of astonishment, not that the proud beauty condescended to make an apology, but that she should have guessed my thoughts.

“Oh, distract not thy attention, Immanuel!” said Hortensia. “Thou speakest with the doctor. Turn thy whole mind to her and to her preservation. It is painful when thy thoughts swerve from her but for a moment. Continue firm in thy determination to suffer the light of thy beneficent power to penetrate her whole half-decomposed being. Behold the strength of thy will! The chilled fibres soften and melt, like the rime of winter at the first warming glance of sunshine.”

As she spoke this, her raised arm fell. Motion and life appeared in her frame. She asked for an arm-chair. The doctor brought her one of those that stood in the room, with costly embroidered bolsters. “Not such a one”—she said—and after awhile she continued: “That arm-chair, which is covered with striped linen, and stands in Immanuel’s room before his writing-desk, bring that one always!”

I had actually left the chair standing before the writing-desk, but the countess had never seen my room. When handing to one of the waiting maids the key of my room, Hortensia said—“Was that the key? I did not know what that dark spot was. Thou hast in the left pocket of thy vest another key, put it away from thee.” I did it. It was the key to my closet.

As soon as the chair was brought, she seated herself in it with seeming gratification. She commanded me to stand close before her, with both hands outstretched towards her, and the fingers in the direction of the heart.

“O God! of what bliss is man capable!” she said—“Immanuel, give her thy word, she conjures thee!—for-sake her not, until the derangement within is removed, and

her cure completed. Shouldst thou forsake her, she would miserably perish. On thee hangs her life."

I promised to be the preserver and guardian of so precious a life. "Heed it also not"—she continued—"if in the state of her earthly waking, she should deal unjustly with thee. Forgive her, for she is unfortunate; and knows not what she does. All vices are sicknesses of mortal man, and lame is the power of the mind."

She became talkative, and seemed to listen to my questions with pleasure. I expressed my astonishment at her extraordinary condition. I had never heard, I said, that sickness could make man, as it were, more perspicacious, capable to behold with closed eyes what he had never seen, and what was far distant, and even to know the thoughts of another. I should rather believe that your state, which is in truth like a trance, is the most perfect state of health.

After a short silence—for such always preceded her answers—she said, "She is healthy, like one dying, whose parts threaten to fall asunder. She is healthy, as she shall be, when that which is mortal hath ceased to be, and the body breaks; this earthly lamp of immortal light."

"This entranced change"—I said—"leaves all dark to me."

"Dark, Immanuel? But thou wilt understand it. She knows much, and yet cannot speak of it. She sees much distinctly, much imperfectly, and yet cannot describe it. Man is joined together of various beings; they bind and form themselves together, as it were, round a single point; and this makes him man. Thus are all the small parts of a flower held together, whereby it becomes a flower. One holds and binds the other, one limits the other. So neither of them could stand alone, for all of them together can only form man. Nature is like an unlimited ocean of clearness, in

which the single denser points draw themselves together. Those are the created beings. Or like the wide radiant heaven, in which drops of light condense into stars. All that is in the world is condensed out of that which is dissolved; and those condensed bodies are everywhere, and absorb always more, and for that reason again dissolve themselves in every thing, as they cannot endure. Thus man is a flower, swimming about, and grown up out of various beings of the universe. But that he may be man, inferior things had to lay themselves about him, which must carry that of him which is divine. But the strange things that lay themselves about us, form the body. The more heavenly body is called the soul. But the soul is the covering of that which is immortal. Now the earthly shell of the sufferer is broken, therefore her light streams forth, her soul connects itself with objects, from which it was before separated by the earthly shell, and sees and hears and feels that which is without the same, and that which is within the same. For the body feels not, it is only a dead supporter of the soul. Without it, eye, ear and tongue are like a stone. If now the earthly shell of the sufferer cannot recover through thee, Immanuel—then it will entirely break and fall away. Then the sufferer belongs no longer to men, as she will possess nothing human through which to communicate with them.”

She was silent. I listened, as if she brought revelations from other worlds. I did not understand any thing, yet I felt what she thought. The count and the doctor listened to her with equal astonishment. Both afterwards assured me, that Hortensia had never before spoken so serenely, so perseveringly, and as it were, so ethereally as she did then; but, on the contrary, that she had always uttered broken sentences; often in pain, and often she had fallen into convulsions, or laid for several hours in a torpid state.

She also but very seldom had answered questions. But now conversation seemed not at all to fatigue her.

I reminded her of her weakness, and asked her if long talking did not exhaust her strength. She assured me:—  
“Not at all. She is well. She will ever be well, when thou art near. In seven minutes she will awake. She will pass a tranquil night, but to-morrow, at the third hour after noon, her sleep will return; then do not fail, Immanuel! five minutes before three o’clock, convulsions will appear; then outstretch thy hand in blessing towards her, with the full determination to become her deliverer. Five minutes before three, by the mantel clock in thy room, not by thy watch, which differs from the clock three minutes. Set it carefully by the clock, that the patient may not suffer on that account.”

She spoke of various things of less consequence, ordered what drink should be given her after her waking, and what she wished for her supper. Then she became silent. The previous death-like stillness reigned, until her face became pale as it usually was, and the life of her expressive countenance then vanished. Then, for the first time, she seemed actually to be in sleep. She held herself no longer erect, but fell negligently together, and nodded with her head, like sleeping persons do. Then she commenced extending her arms, and stretching herself. She rubbed her eyes, opened them, and awoke at the same minute that she had predicted.

When she saw me, she seemed surprised. She looked for the others. The waiting-maid ran towards her, and so did the count, with the doctor.

“What is your wish?”—she asked me in a harsh voice.

“Gracious countess, I await your commands”—I said.

“Who are you?”—she inquired.

“Faust, at your service”—was my reply.

“I am much beholden to you for your good-will, but allow me to be alone” — she said, rather sullenly, bowed her head proudly, got up from the chair, and turned her back to me.

I absented myself from the room with strangely-mixed sensations. How vastly differed that waking from her sleep. Vanished were the rays of silver and gold, vanished was the familiar “*Thou*” which she addressed so deeply to the inmost recesses of my heart, and even the name Immanuel, with which she had entitled me, was no longer of any value.

I entered my room shaking my head like one who has read and lost himself in fairy tales, and who still believes reality to be enchantment. The arm-chair before my writing-desk was missing. I placed another there, wrote the wondrous tale down as I had witnessed it, and of Hortensia’s words, as much as I recollected, for I doubted my believing it myself, if I had it not in writing before me. I had promised to forgive all harshness she should show toward me while waking. Most willingly did I forgive her. Only her being so beautiful—that I could not bear with indifference.

## C H A P T E R V I I .

### THE SECOND REVERY.

COUNT HORMEGG on the next day visited me in my room, and told me that Hortensia had passed a very tranquil night, and that she had left her bed stronger and more refreshed than she had done for a long time. “At breakfast” — he said—“I told her of all that had occurred yesterday. She shook her head, she did not wish to believe me, and said, ‘I must surely have had paroxysms of frenzy.’ She

began to weep. I tranquillized her, and told her this would undoubtedly bring about her entire restoration; that you, Faust, were most certainly possessed of a wonder-working faculty, hitherto unknown to yourself. I requested her also to suffer you, from time to time, to keep her company, as I promised myself much benefit from your being near her person. But to this I could not persuade her. She assured me that your aspect had something revolting to her, but that by degrees, perhaps, she might get used to you. What shall we do? We can do nothing by force without endangering her life."

Thus he endeavoured to make excuses for Hortensia in every form. He bestowed upon me heartfelt confidence, as it were, in compensation for Hortensia's insulting dislike, stubbornness and pride; spoke to me of his family affairs, his estates, law-suits, and other inconveniences, asked my advice, and promised to give me all his papers for my perusal, that my judgment of his affairs might be more precise. Initiated even in his most secret affairs, I became daily more intimate with him, and his friendship toward me seemed to increase in the same proportion as his daughter's aversion. I conducted at last his whole correspondence, had the superintendence of his income, and the ordering of his whole domestic affairs, so that in a short time I became his all. Convinced of my honour and good-will, he adhered to me with unlimited confidence, and seemed only to become irritable when he perceived that I did not demand for myself anything except what I absolutely needed, and firmly refused to accept of any of his donations.

Dr. Walter, and all the servants of the house, soon discovered the extraordinary influence that I had obtained over Count Hormegg. I was surrounded with flattery and politeness, and felt happy at their general affection. However, I would gladly have sacrificed all, if by so doing



I could only have secured the tolerance of the hostile countess ; but she remained irreconcilable. Her disgust seemed to degenerate almost into hatred. She cautioned her father against me, as a cunning adventurer and a cheat ! She spoke to her maids of me, as an impostor only, who had insinuated himself into her father's confidence, until the count scarcely dared to mention my name in her presence.

Precisely at five minutes before three o'clock, unannounced I entered Hortensia's room. All the witnesses of the previous day again were present. She sat upon the sofa, pale, and apparently suffering, in a pensive posture. When she discovered me, she cast a proud, contemptuous look at me, rose hastily, and exclaimed—"Who gave you permission to enter without announcement, and—"

A loud shriek, and a terrible convulsion choked her voice. She sank into the arms of her waiting-maids. The arm-chair that she had demanded the day before was brought. She was scarcely seated in it, when in a frightful manner, with clenched fists, and with incredible velocity, she began to strike her body, and likewise her head. I could hardly endure the dreadful sight. Trembling in every limb, I took my prescribed position. But with her eyes convulsively turned and fixed, she caught impetuously hold of my hands, and pulled them several times with great vehemence toward her. She soon became more tranquil, shut her eyes, and seemed to fall asleep, after having heaved a deep sigh. Her face betrayed pain. Frequently she muttered in hollow tones. Her pain soon seemed to diminish. She only heaved a few gentle sighs. Her mien became more serene, and speedily represented the expression of internal peace, while over the paleness of her face was cast a soft red.

After the lapse of a few minutes she said—"Thou

trusty friend, what should I be without thee?" She spoke these few words with solemn tenderness. Her tones vibrated in all my nerves.

"Do you feel well, countess?"—I asked in a low tone of voice, for I feared that she would again point to me the door.

"Very well, Immanuel"—she responded. "As well as yesterday; perhaps more so. But thy will to succour, seems more determined, and thy power greater. She breathes within the radiant circle that waves around thee, and her being is wrapt up with thine!"

To us prosaic hearers this platonic manner of expression was very unintelligible; to me, however, it was not disagreeable. I only regretted that Hortensia meant not me, but an imaginary Immanuel, and so probably deceived herself. Yet it was some consolation to me, when I afterwards heard from the count, that to his knowledge there had never been any one, among all her relatives and acquaintances, who had borne that name.

When her father addressed to her a question, she did not hear him; for in the midst of his address she spoke to me. He therefore came nearer. When he stood beside me she became more attentive. "How, my dear father, are you here too?" Then she also answered his questions. When I asked her—"Why did you not before notice him?"—she replied: "He stood in the dark; with thee only is light. Thou also shinest, my father, but less brilliantly than Immanuel, and only in the reflection of him." When I told her there were more persons in the room, she was silent for a long time, and named afterwards every one, and also the place where they were seated or standing. Her eyes, however, were always closed, and yet she noted precisely what was done behind her. She mentioned even the number of persons who sailed by the

palace in a gondola on the canal, and never was mistaken.

“ But how is it possible for you to know this ? ”—I said. “ You do not see it ! ”

“ Did she not declare to thee that she is sick ? That it is not her body which observes the outer world, but her soul ? Flesh and blood and the structure of the bones are only a shell, which encircles the noble kernel. But now the shell is torn, and the vital power of the same supplies what is wanting, but has not the power to do it without assistance. The spirit therefore desires thee ; and the soul, gushing forth into the universe and feeling about therein, finds thee, and fills itself with thy power. During her earthly waking, she sees, hears, feels quicker and more acutely, but only the exterior, that which is near, that which approaches her. But now she comes in contact with things that she wishes for and does not wish for. She touches not, she penetrates not, she conjectures not, she knows not. In thy dreams, thou also approachest to things, they come not to thee. Thou knowest them, and knowest why they do so. She now also feels as in a dream ; yet she well knows that she is awake, but her body is not awake, for the outer senses assist her not.”

She then spoke a great deal about her sickness, and her somnambulisms ; of a long swoon in which she once had lain, of what had passed in her soul, and what she had thought, while those who stood around wept for her as if she were dead. Count Hormegg heard her narrative with surprise ; for beside many circumstances which he had not known, she touched upon others which had happened during her swoon of ten hours' continuance, and of which no one besides himself could possibly know any thing—for example, how he hopelessly walked away from her, how in his room he fell on his knees, and prayed in painful despair. He

had not mentioned it to any one, and no one could have observed him; for not only did he bolt the door of his room, but it was also dark at night, and in his room there was no light. Now when Hortensia disclosed it, he did not deny it. It remains incomprehensible, that in her swoon she should have known of it, still more so that she should now remember it, since that occurrence happened in her early childhood, when she was not more than eight years of age.

It was also remarkable, that she always spoke of herself in the third person, when detailing her own history, or describing her own position in civil and social life. Once she said, emphatically: "I am no countess, but she is countess!" At another time—"I am not the daughter of Count Hormegg, but she is."

In proportion as her exterior seemed to float in enchantment, more tranquil, more elevated, and more attractive than usual, so did her words harmonize with it. If her language was ever so light and hilarious, it was still more solemn than in common life. Every expression was more choice, and sometimes poetical. Partly from this, and partly from her elevated imagination, and partly that she spoke of things and conceived them from points of view which were unknown to us, there was a mysterious darkness in her words that frequently appeared to be totally disconnected.

Moreover, she was fond of talking and of being questioned, particularly by myself. At times she would continue in a silent, pensive mood, and one might read in her features the expression either of a discontented or of satisfied research, or of estrangement, or of delight. Then she would occasionally break her deep silence with single devout exclamations.

Once she commenced of her own accord—"Now the

world is different. It is a great and everlasting and spiritual unity. There is no difference between body and spirit, for all is spirit ; and all may become body when it unites, so that it may be felt as one. As if formed by the purest breath of ether, it is all alive and moving, all changing, since all will unite, although one dissolves the other. It is an everlasting turmoil of life, an eternal wavering between *too much* and *too little* ! See you not how clouds appear on the purest horizon ? They float and wave about until their measure is filled, and being attracted by the earth, they penetrate it either as fire or as rain. See you not yon flower ? Behold ! a spark of life has fallen into the throng of the other powers ; it connects itself with all that are to serve it, gives them form, and the germ becomes a plant ; until the *too much* of the serving power overgrows and dispossesses its own strength. And when the spark is repelled by them, they fall asunder, as nothing binds them any longer together. Thus is the beginning and the passing away of man."

She spoke of many other topics, to me perfectly unintelligible. Her entrancement ended as it did on the first occasion. She again predicted the exact time of her earthly waking, and likewise the appearance of a similar state for the following day. As soon as she had opened her eyes, she gave me my dismissal as she did the first time, with the same morose expression of countenance.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### ANTIPATHY AND SYMPATHY.

THUS Hortensia remained. But in her singular malady, slight changes only were perceptible, of which I could not assert that they tended either to improve her condition, or to make it worse. Although she suffered less from her

convulsive fits ; and when awake seemed not to feel the least inconvenience, exclusive of her extraordinary and most excitable nervousness ; yet her unnatural sleep and entranced seasons returned more frequently, so that I was often called twice or three times daily to see her.

Thus I became a real slave in the house ; and never dared, except for a few hours, to absent myself from it. Every negligence might have been followed by a deadly peril. Nevertheless, I carried the yoke of slavery willingly ! for every day Hortensia appeared to be clothed with greater charms.

But in the same proportion as in her trances, her kindness seemed to increase, so was her aversion to my person avowed, when she saw me as soon as she awoke. This dislike seemed at last to become bitter detestation. She manifested it on every occasion, and always in a manner to me most painful. She besought her father daily, and most urgently, to dismiss me from the house. She conjured him with tears to exclude me. She asserted that I could not contribute any thing to her convalescence, and even if I could, all the good I might accomplish during her state of insensibility was destroyed by the chagrin that my presence afterwards caused her. She despised me as a common stroller, and as a man too base born to be allowed to breathe the same air with her, much less to enjoy such an intimate position with herself, and Count Hormegg's entire confidence.

We all know that females, and particularly those who are handsome, spoiled and stubborn, have their caprices, and readily extenuate their waywardness. But never was found in any mortal being a more fickle contrariness, than in the beautiful Hortensia. What she had thought, spoken, or done when awake, she recalled in the moments of her entranced sleep. Then she implored the count not to pay

the least attention to any thing she might accuse me of; and declared that the certain consequence of my absence from the house would be an increase of her sickness, ending with death. Moreover, she entreated me not to regard her humours; generously to forgive her foolish conduct; and to abide in the conviction that her behaviour towards me would surely become better, when her morbid sensibilities had vanished.

At times I could not indeed help being astonished at Hortensia's pretended affection for me during the time of her dreamy transports. She seemed then only to exist through me. She divined my thoughts, particularly when they referred to herself. It was not necessary to speak aloud my few directions; she executed them without the verbal injunction. Incredible as it may appear, she involuntarily followed in every figure, the motion of my hands with her own. She attested that it was unnecessary any more to stretch my hands as formerly towards her; my presence and my mere will sufficed for her consolation. She disdained taking any water which I had not touched—and as she wildly expressed herself, which had not been made wholesome by the flood of light that streamed from the ends of my fingers. She went even so far as to declare that the least of my wishes was to her an irresistible commandment.

“She has no longer a will of her own,” she said one day, “as soon as she knows thy will she is compelled to wish the same. Thy thought sways her with supernatural power; and even in this obedience she feels her welfare and her happiness. She can do nought against it. No sooner does she perceive thy thoughts, than they are also her thoughts and her law!”

“But how is it possible for you, countess, to detect my thoughts?”—I said—“I cannot deny that you often read

the most hidden secrets of my soul. What a singular disorder is this! which gives you such penetration. Who would not desire such an attribute, when disease generally brings a state of our greatest imperfection?"

"Thus it is also with her!"—she said—"Deceive not thyself, Immanuel, she is very imperfect, as she has lost the greater part of her substantiality. She has lost it by thee. Thy serenity is her serenity, and thy suffering is her suffering, and her last breath would instantly follow thy decease."

"But can you explain to me, countess," I inquired, "the possibility of a wonder which excites in me the deepest astonishment, and remains unintelligible to me after all my reflections?"

She was silent for about eight minutes; then she said—"No. Explain it, she cannot. Does it not seem to thee, when thou dreamest of persons, as if thou didst think their thoughts in the same moment as the persons themselves? Thus it is with her, and yet the sufferer lives with a clear understanding, and conscious to herself that she is awake."

"However"—she continued—"her I is for ever the same. But that which connects the spirit with the body is no more the same. Her covering is sore in those parts, to which the soul most readily and closely joins itself. Her life flows out and becomes weaker, and will not be bound. Hadst thou, Immanuel, not been found, the sufferer already would have been dissolved. But like the uprooted plant, whose powers evaporate without finding restitution, yet, when its roots are again laid into the ground, it draws new life from the earth, shoots new branches, and again becomes green: so the sufferer.—Soul and life flowing into the universe find nourishment in the fulness of thy life; shoot, as it were, roots in thy presence, and regain their health through thee. She is a light becoming extinguished in a broken vase; but the drained wick of life revives again



in the oil of thy lamp. Thus is the sufferer spiritually rooted, and lives by the same power, like thyself; therefore are her joy, pain, sensations, will, and even thoughts, like thine own. Thou art her life !”

The waiting maids and the doctor smiled maliciously at that platonic declaration.

On the same day Count Hormegg said to me :—“ Will you not, for the sake of a little amusement, put your power over Hortensia to the strongest test ? ”

“ And how ? ”—I asked.

“ Demand as an evidence of her obedience, that Hortensia should send for you, when she is awake, and present to you, voluntarily, the most beautiful rose that blooms in her flower-pots ”—answered Hormegg.

“ It is too much, it would be rude ”—I rejoined—“ you know the invincible aversion she has against the poor Faust ; much as she seems to honour her Immanuel.

“ For that very reason I request you to make the trial ; if it were only to discover whether the power of her will is strong enough to be influenced out of her state of trance, and in her common life. No one shall inform her of your wish. Therefore, we will arrange it so, that no one besides you and myself shall be present, when you make the request.”

I reluctantly promised to obey her father.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE ROSE.

ON the following morning, while Hortensia was lying in a slumber, which always preceded her visionary periods—I entered her room, and found the Count alone. He reminded me of our agreement on the preceding day.

Hortensia passed into her unconscious wakefulness, and immediately commenced a friendly conversation. She assured us, that her sickness would soon be at the crisis; when it would slowly decrease, which might be known by her having less lucid perceptions in her sleep. The more the Count beckoned to me to offer my request, the more embarrassed I became. She turned unquietly to and fro, with contracted brow, and seemed to be musing about herself.

To divert myself, or to gain courage, I walked silently through the room to the window, where Hortensia's flowers were blooming, and handled with my fingers the branches of a rose-bush. In my negligence I stuck a thorn rather deep into the point of my middle finger.

Hortensia gave a loud shriek. The count and I hurried towards her. She complained of a severe sting in the point of her middle finger on the right hand. This phenomenon was one of the sorceries with which I had already become familiar, through my intercourse with her. In fact, I thought I could see there a bluish spot; but in a few days a small ulcer arose in that place, precisely like one that was on my finger.

"Thou art to blame—Immanuel"—she said after a few moments. "Thou hast wounded thyself by the roses. Take heed! what happens to thee, will happen to her!"

She was silent. I reflected upon the manner in which I might best present my petition. The wound seemed to offer the most convenient opportunity. The Count beckoned to me with encouragement.

"Why wilt thou not speak it out"—said Hortensia—"that to-day at twelve o'clock, before she goes to dine, she should send for thee, and present thee with a fresh blown rose?"

With amazement I heard my wish pronounced by her

lips—"I feared to offend you by my rudeness!"—I said.

"Oh, Immanuel, she knows well enough, that her father has suggested the wish to thee!"—she replied, smiling.

"But at the same time, it is also my most ardent desire!"—I stammered forth—"But will you at twelve o'clock, when you are awake, remember it also?"

"And how can she do otherwise?"—she replied with a kind smile.

When the conversation upon that subject ceased, the count sent for the waiting maids and the doctor. I absented myself about half an hour afterward, as I always did, when the convulsive fit was supplanted by natural sleep.

After her awaking, Hortensia showed her aching finger to the doctor. She thought she had hurt it by the prick of a needle, and was astonished not to discover any outward injury.

About eleven o'clock, she became restless, walked up and down the room, sought for various things, commenced speaking with her waiting maids about me, or rather poured forth the fulness of her ire against me, and assailed her father with reproaches, for not having dismissed me.

"That obtrusive man is not worthy the words and tears I have wasted on him"—she said—"I also know not what compels me to think of him, and to embitter every hour with that hateful thought! It is already too much for me, to know that he is with me under the same roof and I know, dearest father, that you respect him very highly. The miserable man has done it to anger me. But take heed, my father, I surely do not deceive myself. You will at last have cause greatly to regret your kindness. He deceives you, and all of us!"

"I pray you, my child,"—said the Count—"do not continually torment and fatigue yourself with talking of Faust.

You know him not. You have seen him only partially ; how then can you pass judgment of condemnation upon him ? Wait ! till I surprise him in a guilty action. Meanwhile be of comfort. It is sufficient, that he dare not come into your presence."

Hortensia was silent. She spoke with her maids on other subjects. Her restlessness increased. She was asked if she was not well ? She knew not what to answer. She began to weep. It was useless to attempt the discovery of the cause of her grief and melancholy. She hid her face in the bolsters of the sofa, and requested her father, and also her maids, to withdraw, that she might be alone.

At fifteen minutes before twelve o'clock she rang the bell. She commanded the waiting-maid to let me know, that at the stroke of twelve I must present myself before her.

That invitation, notwithstanding, I had been looking for it with anxiety, surprised me. Partly the novelty of the circumstance itself, and partly fear amazed me as much as it embarrassed me. I often walked before the glass, to see if I actually had a face calculated to awaken fear. But—it struck twelve ! I went with a loud beating heart, and heard myself announced to Hortensia.

She sat negligently upon her sofa, with her head leaning upon her arm. On my entering she arose, with manifest moroseness, from her seat. In a weak and trembling voice, and with a look, that implored her kindness, I declared my readiness to do her bidding.

Hortensia did not answer. Slowly and musing, as if seeking for words, she walked past me. At last she remained standing before me, cast a contemptuous side-look towards me, and said—" Mr. Faust, I feel as if I ought to persuade you to leave this house, and your attendance on my father."

“Countess”—I said, and the manly pride rose a little within me ;—“ I did not force myself on the count and yourself. You know, from what causes your father requested me to remain in his company. I did it unwillingly ; but the generosity of the count, and the hope of being a benefit to yourself, prevent me from obeying the commandment you just have given, however painful it may be to me to act in opposition to your pleasure.”—She turned her back to me, and played at the window, beside the rose-bush, with a small pair of scissors. Suddenly she cut off the last-blown rose—it was beautiful, although simple—handed it to me, and said :—“ Take the best that I have at present near me. I give it to you as a reward for your having hitherto avoided me. Never more return ! ”

She spoke this with such visible agitation, and so rapidly, that I scarcely understood it ; again she returned to the sofa, and when I was about to answer with averted face, she vehemently made motions to me to absent myself.

When I was away from her, I forgot her insults. Not the angry, but the suffering Hortensia floated before me. The rose had come from her hand. I pressed the flower to my lips ; and deplored the perishableness of the blossom. I deliberated how to preserve it most securely, as the most valuable of all my possessions. I smoothed it well, and laid it between the leaves of a book to dry. I then had it laid between two pieces of crystal glass, framed in gold, that I might carry it, like an amulet, next to my heart.

## CHAPTER X.

## BILLS OF EXCHANGE.

IN the result, that event caused me great inconvenience. Hortensia's hate from that time was more decided than ever. Her father apologized in vain! His conviction of my honour, and of my usefulness in the affairs of his house, and his firm belief that I was necessary for the preservation of his daughter's life; all were reasons strong enough to make him deaf to the whisperings that aimed at my downfall. Soon he was the only person in the whole house who deemed me worthy of a friendly word or look. I discovered by degrees, that the waiting maids and Doctor Walter, and at last, even the lowest servants, timidly avoided me, and began to treat me with coolness. From the trusty Sebald, who really loved me, I learned that they aimed at my expulsion, and that the countess had sworn to drive every one out of her service who should dare to hold any intercourse with me. Her command was the more effectual, as not only every one, from the family physician and major-domo, down to the lowest scullion, considered himself fortunate in being a servant of this rich family; but also, because all envied the respect in which I was held by the count, for they looked upon me, in reality, as nothing more than their equal.

Such a position promised to become most disagreeable. I lived in one of the most splendid houses in Venice, more lonely than in a desert, without a friend, and without confidential intercourse. I knew that every one of my movements was watched; and yet I bore it with patience. The count suffered by Hortensia's caprices, not less than

myself. He often sought consolation from me. I was the most eloquent advocate of my persecutor, who treated me during her trances with just as much regard, as out of those hours she tormented me, by her austere scorn and pride. It seemed, as if she was alternately governed by two hostile spirits ; the one an angel of light, the other a demon of darkness.

But when at last, even Count Hormegg began to be more cool and reserved, my condition was insupportable. Only at a later period, was I informed how he had been tormented from all sides ; and how Doctor Walter particularly had endeavoured to shake his confidence in me, by various and repeated malicious remarks ; and what a deep impression Hortensia's reproaches once had made on him, when she said,—“ Have we not all made ourselves dependent on this unknown man ? It is said, that my life is in his power. Very well, let him have a decent salary for his labours, more he deserves not. But he is also informed of our family secrets. In our most important affairs, we are in his fetters, so that should I even be well, we can scarcely send him away without injuring ourselves. Who will be security for his taciturnity ? His apparent disinterestedness, his honourable mien, one day will cost us very dear. Count Hormegg will be a slave to his servant, and this stranger, by his cunning, has made himself tyrant over us all. This common plebeian is not only the confidant of Count Hormegg, whose lineage is related to princely houses, but he is the conductor and head of the family ! ”

To arouse the pride of the old count still more, his household, in a body, seemed to have conspired to do his commandments with timidity, as if they feared to incur my displeasure. Some even carried their impertinence so far, as loudly to express their fear whether his commands were given with my approbation. This eventually in-

fluenced the count so much, as to make him more suspicious that he had overstepped the limits of prudence.

Much as he endeavoured to conceal the change of his mind, I observed it. I had never desired the knowledge of his affairs. He had communicated them to me by degrees; had wished for my advice; had followed it; and by doing so, had been ever a gainer. Of his own free-will, he had placed in my hands the whole business of his income; and through me, it was brought out of the greatest confusion into such order, that he himself acknowledged he never before had such an insight into his domestic affairs. He was enabled more suitably to arrange his pecuniary affairs, and also his estates. Through my advice, he settled by mutual agreement, two old intricate family suits, and thus gained more, than he could have hoped for, by obtaining a favourable verdict by law. In the excess of his gratitude or friendship, he often wished to force upon me considerable donations, which I steadfastly refused to accept.

For several weeks I was hated and misjudged by all. At last my pride was aroused. I longed to be out of that unpleasant position, to which nobody endeavoured to reconcile me. Hortensia, who had caused all the mischief, remained the only one who, in her visionary dreams, for ever admonished me, on no account to pay any attention to what she should undertake against me in the hours of her wakefulness. Then she condemned herself,—then she cherished me with flattering addresses, as if she would recompense me for all the chagrin, which immediately after she caused me, apparently with redoubled eagerness.

One afternoon, Count Hormegg called me to his cabinet. He asked me for his account books, and also for some recently-arrived bills of exchange for two thousand Louis-d'ors, which sum, he told me, he wished to deposit in the Bank of Venice, as his stay in Italy might be prolonged through the



whole year. I took occasion to request him, to intrust the whole of the business he had given me to transact, to another, as I was determined to leave his house and Venice, as soon as the health of the Countess would permit. Notwithstanding he perceived the pungency with which I spoke, he made no other reply, than to request me not to neglect his daughter, and her convalescence ; but as to the other business, he would very willingly release me.

That was enough. I saw that he wished to render me superfluous. I walked dejectedly to my room, and put together all his papers. But the bills of exchange I could not find. I had perhaps misplaced them between some papers. I remembered imperfectly that I had enclosed them in a particular paper, and laid them apart. All my search proved fruitless. The count, who formerly used to see his wishes accomplished by me at the shortest notice, may have felt astonished at my delay. The next morning he put me again in mind of it—"You have perhaps forgotten that yesterday I asked you for the account books and bills of exchange."

I promised that I would deliver them to him at noon. I searched all the papers leaf by leaf, but in vain. Noon came. I could not find the detested bills of exchange. I excused myself to the count with having misplaced them, a thing that never had occurred before. I had most probably, by the hasty search, either overlooked them, or had mistaken these papers, and so placed them among others. I asked for delay, as they must be misplaced ; for they could not be lost. The count however was discontented, but added—"There is time enough ; do not hurry yourself."

All the time I could gain I spent during the day in the search for those papers. The next morning I commenced anew. My fears increased. I was at last compelled to come to the conclusion that the bills were either lost or

stolen ; or perhaps, in a moment of absence of mind, that I had used them for waste paper. Besides my servant, who could neither read nor write, and who had not the key to my room, no one had ever entered it. He protested that he had never suffered any one to go into the room, while cleaning it ; much less had he ever touched a paper. Besides the count, strangers never visited me, as I had not made any acquaintances in Venice. My embarrassment rose to a death-like fear !

## CHAPTER XI.

## TREACHERY.

ON the next morning I walked to the countess's room to be present at her trance. I thought I perceived on the count's face, a cold seriousness that spoke far more than words. The thought that the count perhaps suspected my honour and truth increased my uneasiness. Thus I stepped before the sleeping Hortensia ; and at the next moment it occurred to me, that perhaps her wonderful gift of augury could inform me what had become of those papers. Only that before the doctor and the waiting-maids, I should have to confess the negligence or disorder that I had been guilty of, was painful to me.

While I was struggling with myself what I should do, the countess complained of a disagreeable coolness on my part towards her ; a coolness that would cause her pain if it did not alter—"Thou art tormented by uneasiness. Thy thoughts, thy will are not with her !" she said.

"Countess"—I responded—"it is not astonishing. You perhaps, with your propensity to discover hidden things, are capable of restoring me again to my peace of mind. I have lost among my papers four bills of exchange, which are the property of your father."

Count Hormegg frowned. Doctor Walter exclaimed—“I pray you, trouble not the countess in this condition with matters of that kind.”

I was silent. But Hortensia seemed to be musing, and said, after the lapse of some minutes—“Thou, Immanuel, hast not lost those bills; they have been taken from thee! Be pacified. Take this key, and open yonder closet. In my jewel box thou wilt find the bills.”

She handed me a small key, and pointed with her hand towards the closet. I sprang to it. Eleanor, one of the waiting-maids, ran before me, and tried to prevent me from opening it—“My Lord Count”—she exclaimed, terrified—“you hardly will allow a gentleman to rummage over the things of my lady, the countess.” But before she had said those words, I had already pushed her aside, opened the closet and the jewel box, and—behold! the detested bills were lying uppermost. I walked with a face beaming with joy to the count, who was speechless and immovable with astonishment. “Of the rest I shall have the honour to speak with you hereafter!” I said to the count, and approached again to Hortensia, to whom, with a light heart, I returned the key.

“How thou art changed, Immanuel!” she exclaimed, with an expression of transport. “Thou hast become a sun filled with light.”

The count in great agitation called out to me—“Command the countess in my name to tell you, how she came by these papers.”

I obeyed. Eleanor sank senseless upon a chair. Doctor Walter ran towards her, and was just in the act of leading her out of the room, when Hortensia began to speak. Then the count commanded, with an unusual harshness of voice, silence and order. Not one dared to move.

“Out of hatred, Immanuel”—said Hortensia—“those

exchange bills were taken from thee. She did maliciously enough foresee thy trouble, and hoped to induce thee to flee. But she could not succeed: for Sebald stood in a corner of the corridor, while the doctor walked with a night-key into thy room, took from thee the bills which thou hadst laid among the letters from Hungary, and handed them, at leaving the room, to Eleanor. Doctor Walter, who had seen those bills with thee, proposed to the sufferer to purloin them. Eleanor offered her assistance. The sufferer herself encouraged them both, and could scarcely await the time when the papers should be placed in her hands."

Doctor Walter, beside himself at those words, stood leaning on Eleanor's chair. His face was ashy pale. He smiled at the count, and shrugging his shoulders he said—"By this we may learn that my lady the countess can speak erroneously in her trances. Let us await her waking, and it may better be made manifest how those papers have come into her hands."

Count Hormegg did not answer, but rang for a servant, and commanded him to call old Sebald, who was asked if he had ever seen Doctor Walter enter my room during my absence.

"During Mister Faust's absence? I do not know"—Sebald replied—"yet it may have been so on the evening of the last Sunday, for he at least unlocked the door. Miss Eleanor ought to know it better than myself; for she remained standing on the stairs until the doctor returned, and gave her several papers, whereupon both whispered together, and then parted."

After this, Sebald was dismissed. The doctor and the half-senseless Eleanor had also to leave, on a wink of the count. Hortensia seemed more joyful than ever—"Fear not the hatred of the sufferer"—she said—"she will watch over thee, like thy guardian angel."

The consequence of that memorable morning was this,—that the doctor and Eleanor, besides two other servants, Count Hormegg discharged on the same day. The count came to me and asked my pardon, not only for the transgression of his daughter, but also for his own weakness, which had led him to listen to, and half credit those malicious imputations. He called me his friend, and the only one he had in the world, to whom he could open his heart with unlimited confidence. He conjured me not to desert him and his daughter!

“ I know ”—he said—“ how much you suffer, and how much you sacrifice for our sake. But you can calculate with surety upon my life-long gratitude. When the countess has again recovered her entire health, you will surely be able to please yourself better with us than you have hitherto done. Is there on the earth a more deserted, unfortunate man than myself? Nothing but hope keeps me alive; and all my hope rests upon your kindness, and your persevering patience. What have not I already experienced! what must I still experience! This extraordinary state of the countess oftentimes nearly robs me of my senses.”

I was affected by the count's grief. I became reconciled to him, and to my otherwise not enviable condition. The malign disposition of the countess, on the contrary, very greatly weakened the enthusiasm in which, until that time, I had lived for her.

## CHAPTER XII.

### HORTENSIA'S PHILOSOPHY.

By the kind and attentive precautions of the count, I never saw Hortensia during her wakeful hours, for which I felt but very little inclination. I even heard not what she

thought or spoke of me ; but that I could very easily conjecture. Great order reigned throughout the house. The count very soon regained his respect for me. No one dared any more to form a party with Hortensia, either against him or myself, since it was known that Hortensia had become the accuser of herself and all her accomplices.

Thus it happened, that I never saw her on any other occasion, than in those moments when, elevated above herself, she seemed to be a being of a better world. But those moments belonged to the most solemn, and often to the most affecting portion of my life. Hortensia's sweetness in her exterior was heightened by an expression of innocence and peculiar transport. The most rigid decorum reigned everywhere around her. Only truth and goodness were on her lips ; and notwithstanding her eyes were closed, in which otherwise the mind is wont to reflect itself most clearly, one could read even her softest emotion, in the fine play of her mien, as also in the manifold modulations of her voice.

What she spoke of the past, the present, and the future, as far as the sharpened glance of her mind reached, at one time on account of the singularity of her observations, at another on account of its incomprehensibility, excited our astonishment. She herself could not give us any explanation about the *How!* although I requested her at times to do so ; and she took pains by meditation to grant the request. She understood, as she said, by actual intuition, all the anatomy of her frame, the posture of the bones, the structure of the muscles, and the ramifications of the nerves. She understood also, she said, the same in me, and in every one to whom I gave my hand. Notwithstanding her extensive information, yet of the physiology of the human body she never had any knowledge. Of many things which she saw and described with great exactness, I told

her the name, and she would correct my notions when they were erroneous.

Most interesting to me were her unfoldings of the nature of our existence; for her state, to me entirely inexplicable, led me often to question her about it. Every time I left her I wrote down the contents of her answers; although many things she had spoken of were in unintelligible expressions and images. I select and present what she announced to me about objects that excited my greatest interest and curiosity.—I once observed to her, that she lost much by not being able to remember in her natural state, what, in the short period of her trances, she had thought, seen or spoken. She replied:—“She loses nothing, for the earthly waking is only part of her existence, which tends to certain single purposes; that is only a limited outward life. But in the true, unlimited, inner pure life, she is conscious as well of that which happens in it, as of that which has transpired in the waking state.

“The inner pure life and consciousness continue, as with every other human being, uninterruptedly in the deepest swoon, as well as in the deepest sleep, which only is a swoon of a different nature, from different causes. During sleep, like as in a swoon, the soul retires from its activity, out of the senses towards the spirit. We are then also conscious of ourselves, notwithstanding we seem outwardly unconscious, because the inanimate senses are silent.

“When thou art suddenly torn out of the deepest sleep into wakefulness, a dark remembrance will float before thee, as if thou hadst thought of something, before waking, or as it may seem to thee, dreamt of something, yet thou knowest not what it was. The somnambulist lies in a deep sleep of the outer senses; he hears and sees, not with his eyes and ears; nevertheless, he is not only conscious of himself, and knows precisely what he thinks,

speaks, or begins, but he remembers also all things, from the outer waking, and knows the place where he had placed even a pin, when he awakes.

“The outer limited life may have to undergo its interruptions or pauses; the real, inner consciousness has no pauses, and has no need of them.”

“The sufferer knows very well that she appears to thee now, Immanuel, more perfect, but the faculties of the mind and soul are in truth not more elevated and glorious than before; but less tamed and fettered down by the barriers of the outer senses. An excellent architect works with deficient instruments, more imperfect than he ought to do. Even the most fluent human language is slow and heavy, because it can neither represent all the peculiarities of the thoughts or feelings, nor the quick changes and current of the notions, but only single members, of the progressive chain of thoughts.

“The pure life, notwithstanding that the outer senses are at rest, has more perfect and more exact remembrances than the earthly waking; for at the earthly waking up, the *All* gushed through the unlocked gates of perception, too forcibly and almost benumbing. Therefore, thou knowest it, we seek even amid the earthly wakeful periods, solitude and quietness, and draw ourselves, as it were, outwardly together, and do not wish to see, nor hear, when we desire to think earnestly and deeply. The more removed the mind can be from the outer life, the more it approaches its pure state, separated from the activity of the senses, and the clearer and surer it can think. Very remarkable inventions have been made in a state between sleeping and waking, when the outer portals were half-closed, and the spiritual life remained less interrupted by strange interferences.

“Sleep is not an interruption of a life perfectly conscious



of itself, but the earthly waking should be considered as such an interruption, or rather only as a restriction of the same. For as when waking, the activity of the soul is forced, as it were, within fixed paths and barriers; and as on the other hand, the attractions of the outer world cooperate too strongly; so by the earthly waking, even the attention is too dispersed, and further drawn towards protecting all the several outer parts of the body; and thus the remembrances of the pure life vanish. Yes, sleep, strictly speaking, is the entire waking of the mind; the earthly waking, as it were, is a slumber, a benumbing of the mind. The earthly sleep is a spiritual sunset for the outer, but a clear sunrise in the inner world.

“But even among the diversions of the earthly waking, we perceive at times the vestiges of another life that we have lived; we only know not always how to explain them. Thus we see in summer nights, on high mountains, the evening and the morning red of a sun and a day, that by us is missing,\* but which are shared in other regions of the globe. Oftentimes, in extraordinary cases, thoughts and preserving resolutions flash across the mind of man with astonishing velocity, and without previous reflection. There is a connection wanting between our former notions, and this sudden commanding flash of thought. Then man is wont to say: ‘It seems as if a good spirit had furnished me with this idea.’ At other times, we see and hear in our daily life something that seems to us to have been in existence before, and yet we cannot discover the *how!* the *when!* or the *where!* and misconceive it to be a wonderful repetition, or a similarity of an object seen in our dreams.

“It is not astonishing that our conscious being does not end; that whether we are awake or asleep, that forever is active, for what *is*, how can it cease to exist? But wonder-

ful is the change! the tide and flood, and wandering to and fro of the life from the internal to the external, from the external to the internal.

“The spirit clad with the soul, like the sun clad with his vesture of light, pouring rays through the universe, can exist without body, as the sun without other heavenly bodies. But as those heavenly bodies are dead without the sun, and then without having their course would be dissolved; so the body without the soul is *dust*.

“The body has its own life, like every plant; but this earthly vital power must first be awakened by the spirit. This vital power stirs and moves according to its own laws, independent of the soul. The body, without our desire or knowledge, without its own desire or knowledge, grows, digests food, suffers the blood to circulate, and changes its juices variously. It inhales and exhales, evaporates and attracts, out of the expanse of ether, necessaries for its preservation. But like other plants, it is dependent upon other matter, from which it draws its nutriment. Its condition changes with day and night, like the condition of every flower; it elevates itself or relaxes; its vital power consumes itself, like an invisible fire that needs new nourishment.

“Only when it has a sufficient fulness of vegetable vital power, is the body fit to form an intimate connection with the soul; without this, the body is to the soul as a stranger-being. When its power is too much consumed or exhausted, then the spiritual life retires from the outer to the inner parts. Thus we call sleep, an interruption of the activity of the senses. The soul enters again into connection with the outer parts, like life that has infused itself into the vegetable kingdom. The mind neither tires nor becomes exhausted; but the body, and not the soul, is strengthened by rest. Thus there is continually a tide and a flood, the ad-

vancing and the retrograding of the spiritual being within us, nearly equal to the change of day and night.

“During the greater part of our existence we wake outwardly—we must do so—for the body was given us on this earth, as a condition of our activity. The body and its propensities give to our activity more precise directions. There is something grand and wonderful in this house-keeping of God.

“As the body becomes old, it loses the strength to restore its vital power in a sufficient measure to support in all parts this intimate connection with the soul. The instrument formerly ductile and flexible, becomes stiff and of less use to the spirit. The soul draws back into the interior. The spirit retains the inner activity, until every thing prevents its connection with the body, whether it be done by the corrupting strength of age or of sickness. The freeing of the mind from the body, is the reinstalment of the liberty of the former. Sometimes it announces itself by predicting the hour of death, or other anticipations.

“The healthier the body, the more intimate connections the soul forms with all parts of the same, the more it is bound, and consequently the less capable of vaticinating, except when the mind in extraordinary moments of transport, as it were, unfetters itself; then it is like the *seer* of futurity.

“The retiring of the soul from the outer world becomes a peculiar state of the human being. It is the dream. The dream, when going to sleep, is caused by the last excitement of the senses, and by the first activity of the free, inward life. In a dream which precedes our waking, the last ray of the inner world mixes itself with the first ray of the outer world. It is difficult to decipher which is the property of the latter or the former; but dreams, therefore, are instructive when properly observed. As the

spirit is also occupied in its inner activity with that by which it was attracted in the outer life, we may be enabled to explain the movements of the somnambulist. If even the somnambulists, when their outer senses are again unlocked, remember not any thing of what they have done during their extraordinary state, it may nevertheless again occur to them when dreaming. Thus they bring, during their somnambulism, many things from the inner world to the knowledge of the outer—for the dream is the natural mediator; the bridge between the outer and inner life.”

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### CHANGES.

GRADUALLY the conversation of Hortensia became less ethereal, until during her visions, she at length discontinued her remarks upon spiritual subjects, and talked almost entirely of domestic affairs, and the amended state of her health.

This she continually asserted, that she was improving, although for some time no particular symptoms of it could be discerned. She continued, as she did formerly, to direct what she should eat and drink when awake, and what would be beneficial or detrimental to her. For nearly all medicines she showed perfect disgust, and instead, she daily desired icy cold salt-water baths. The nearer the time of spring advanced, the shorter were the hours of her mental wanderings.

In the seventh month after our arrival at Venice, she had recovered so far, as not only to receive the calls of strangers, but also to return them, and to visit churches, theatres, and balls; though every time she did so, it was only for a few hours. Count Hormegg was almost beside himself for

joy. He overloaded his daughter with presents, and formed around her a manifold, wide and splendid circle of diversions. Connected with the first houses in Venice, or sought by them on account of his wealth, as well as on account of the beauty of his daughter, every day in the week was changed for him into a feast.

Until now, he had lived like a recluse, bowed down by Hortensia's malady, and kept by the wonderful manifestations connected with her sickness, in a strained and depressed mood. Thus he was compelled to have intercourse only with me. Besides, of less firmness of disposition, and through the influence which I had over the life of Hortensia, with a kind of superstitious regard for me, he willingly submitted to all my arrangements.

His position towards me changed just as suddenly, as Hortensia's convalescence afforded him a mind free from sorrow, and the enjoyment of festivities from which he had so long abstained. Although I retained all my power to manage his domestic and family affairs, as they had formerly been entrusted to me, either through blind confidence or convenience, yet he wished me to conduct his business under some title. When I firmly refused to be employed in his pay, and adhered to the first conditions under which I had entered his service, he seemed to make a virtue of necessity. He introduced me to all the Venetians as his friend, but as his pride would not submit to friendship with a plebeian, he passed me off as one of the purest German nobility. At first I made resistance against that deception, but I was constrained to yield to his weakness. Thus I became of consequence amid the circles of his Venetian companions, and was coerced to be present every where. The count was still my friend, yet not as formerly ; for I was no longer his only one. We did not live exclusively together, and for each other, as, prior to that time, we had done.

More wonderful was Hortensia's transformation when she became convalescent. During the hours of her artificial sleep, she was as amiable as ever; but the old hate and disgust, during the rest of the day, seemed by degrees to diminish. More obedient to the admonitions of her father, or compelled by a sense of her own gratitude, she exerted herself not to give offence to me either by looks or by words. From time to time, I was permitted to pay her my respects, either as an inmate of the house, or as the friend of the count, or as her nominal physician. I could even go into company where she was, without danger of exciting an eruption of her anger. Exertion or custom accomplished so much, that at last she suffered my presence at table with indifference, when the count dined alone, or with company; but even then, I saw her pride, with which she looked down upon me, shine forth; and besides the little which decorum or general politeness demanded, I seldom received a word.

I enjoyed my life, strictly speaking, but half, notwithstanding I felt more comfortable at having greater liberty. The diversions into which I was drawn, gratified me, but without increasing my peace of mind. Often, in the tumult of excitement, I longed for loneliness, which was more conformable to me. It was also my firm determination to return again to my former liberty, as soon as the cure of the countess should be effected. I longed with eagerness for that moment; for I felt, that the passion with which Hortensia's beauty had filled my imagination might cause my misfortune. I battled against it; and Hortensia's pride, with her disgust for me, greatly facilitated the struggle. To her self-sufficiency of high birth, I opposed my civic pride; to her malicious persecutions, the consciousness of my innocence, and her ingratitude. If there were moments in which I was affected by the grace of her exterior, there

were also many moments in which her insulting conduct aroused my strongest repulsion. An acerbity nearly approaching to dislike, was settling in my heart. Her indifference towards me displayed as much a heart insensible to gratitude, as did her former aversion. At last I avoided Hortensia more diligently than she did me ; and if she could look at me with indifference, she could not help perceiving, in my whole demeanour, how great was the contempt that I felt for her.

Thus, by Hortensia's gradual convalescence, the condition between all of us insensibly had been changed. My most ardent desire was to be released as soon as possible, from a connection that afforded but very little joy, and my greatest consolation was the anticipation of the moment when, by Hortensia's perfect health, my presence would be unnecessary.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### PRINCE CARLOS.

AMONG those who attached themselves most intimately to us was a young nobleman, of one of the most noble families in Italy, who bore the title of Prince Carlos. He was of pleasing form and refined manners, intellectual, versatile, and prepossessing. The animation of his features, and the brilliant glance of his fiery eye betrayed a susceptible temperament. He lived enormously extravagant, and was more vain than proud. He had passed some time in the French military service. Tired of that life, he was about visiting the principal courts of Europe. His accidental acquaintance that he had formed with Count Hormegg detained him longer in Venice than he had designed, for he had seen Hortensia, and joined the multitude of her

admirers. His desires seemed to have made him forget everything but to obtain her.

His rank, his riches, his numerous and splendid household, and his pleasing exterior, flattered Hortensia's pride and egotism. Without giving him the preference over others by particular favours, she was pleased to see him in the circle of her acquaintance. A single confidential friendly glance sufficed to raise within him the most extravagant hopes.

The old Count Hormegg, not less pleased with the advances of the prince, met him half way, gave him the preference, and soon changed the mere acquaintance into tender friendship. I doubted not that the count secretly had selected the prince for his son-in-law. Only the sickness of Hortensia and the fear of her caprices, seemed to keep the father, as well as the lover, from making any direct and open disclosures.

The prince, in his confidential conversations with the count, heard of Hortensia's visions. He was burning with curiosity to see her in that wonderful state; and the countess, who very well knew that then she appeared to great advantage, consented that he should be present during one of those hours; a favour she had formerly refused to every stranger.

He attended one afternoon when we knew that Hortensia would fall into her excited sleep, for she foretold it always on the previous occasion. When the prince entered the room, I was a little jealous, for until then I had been the happy one to whom the countess had addressed herself in preference to all others.

Carlos approached softly, walking on the end of his toes over the soft carpet. When he saw her eyes closed, he thought that she was actually slumbering. Fear and delight were depicted on his countenance when he got sight



of the charming figure, who appeared at the same time like something supernatural.

Hortensia at last began to speak. She conversed with me in her usual affectionate language. Again I was her Immanuel, whose thought and will ruled her whole being. That language sounded harsh to the prince, and never before had it been so flattering to me. Hortensia, however, seemed to become more restless and troubled. Several times she intimated that she suffered pain, but that she could not discover from what reason. I beckoned to the prince to give me his hand. Scarcely was this done when Hortensia shuddered vehemently, and exclaimed—"How cold! Away with that poltroon! He will kill me!" She fell into convulsions, such as she had not had for a long time. Carlos was compelled to leave the house in great haste. He was beside himself with amazement. Not until after a long time did Hortensia recover from her cramps. "Never more bring that impure being before me"—she said.

This incident, which had even terrified myself, was followed by unpleasant consequences. From that moment the prince looked upon me as a rival, and his deadly hate fell upon me. Count Hormegg, who was entirely led by him, seemed to become suspicious also of Hortensia's real sentiments. The mere thought that the countess might become attached to me was insupportable. Both the prince and the count were joined closer together, and he kept me at a greater distance from the countess, except at the times of her strange sleep. They agreed upon the marriage, and the count disclosed the wishes of the prince to his daughter. Although flattered by the attentions of the prince, she nevertheless demanded permission to reserve her declaration, until she was restored to full health. Meanwhile Carlos was generally looked upon as the be-

trothed of the beautiful countess. He was her continual attendant, and she the queen of all his festivities.

I soon perceived that I began to be a source of trouble, and that with Hortensia's convalescence, I should sink into my first nothingness. My old discontent returned, and nothing could have made my condition endurable, except that Hortensia dealt me justice, not only during the hours of her sleep, but also in her wakeful state. Not only had her old aversion towards me taken the form of indifference, but in the same measure as her bodily health began to recover, that unconcern changed into an attentive respect and into an affable friendliness, such as people of rank evince towards their inferiors, or towards persons whom we see daily as belonging to the household, and to whom we feel obliged for services rendered. She treated me as if I were her actual physician; solicited my advice and my permission when it related to the partaking of some enjoyment; obeyed my directions to the letter, and overcame the desire to remain at a dance when the hour had passed to which I had permitted it as being harmless. It also appeared to me occasionally as if the mastery of my will, as Hortensia expressed it, had partly passed over into her waking state, since during her trances it less powerfully affected her soul.

## CHAPTER XV.

### DREAMS.

HORTENSIA'S pride, stubbornness, and caprices, gradually vanished from her like evil spirits cast out of her mind and soul. In her disposition, nearly as amiable as at the time of her visions, she fettered me no less by her outward

beauty, than by her humility and grateful benevolence of heart.

All that change caused my unhappiness. How could I, a daily witness of so many perfections, remain unmoved? I wished with all my heart, that she might again, as formerly, despise, offend, and persecute me; for then I might part from her with a lighter remembrance, and have cause to despise her in return.

My condition was made worse by a dream which returned to me frequently, and always in a similar form. I thought that I was sitting in a strange room, or on the sea-shore, or under projecting rocks in a cavern, or on a moss-grown trunk of an oak, with my soul in deep dejection. Then came Hortensia towards me, looked at me with tender commiseration, and said—"Why so sad, Faustino?" at which I always awoke, for the tone with which she spoke this to me, made every fibre in my body tremble. But her voice sounded through the whole of the day in my ears. I heard it in the noise of the city, in the turmoil of parties, through the songs of the gondoliers, mid the music of the opera, and everywhere.

Several times during the night, when I had that dream, I awoke as soon as Hortensia's lips were opened to ask the usual question, and I fancied that I heard her voice near me.

Dreams are generally considered as mere phantoms; but in the wonderful circle within which my course had banished me, that dream also was an uncommon affair.

One day, when in the count's room, I had regulated some of his accounts, and had placed before him some letters for his signature, he was suddenly called away to receive a Venetian noble. I thought he would immediately return. I threw myself into a chair by the window, and soon was lost in my usual melancholy thoughts. At that

moment I heard the rustling of steps. The countess, who was looking for her father, stood beside me. I was greatly alarmed, without knowing why, and raised myself reverentially.

“*Why so sad, Faustino?*”—said Hortensia, with the same voice whose tones were the echo of those that in my dream had sounded so feelingly in my ears. Then she smiled, as if she were surprised, or as if wondering at her own question, musingly rubbed her forehead, and after a while added—“But what is this? I believe I have been here once already. It is singular. Indeed I have found you so once before, even as at this moment, and asked you the same question. Is not that singular?”

“Not more singular than I experience it”—I said—“for not once, but often, I have dreamed that you found me, and had the kindness to ask me in the same words, the same question.”

At that moment Count Hormegg entered and interrupted our short conversation. But that occurrence, which seemed in itself but trifling, became a source of deep thought for me, and yet all my revery of inquiry, how the phantasms of my imagination could melt into truth, was without effect. She had therefore realized the same dream, was my conclusion, and the sameness had to be exemplified in actual life.

Four days afterward, the god of sleep passed again before me, and told me that I was invited to a splendid feast. Shortly after I found myself at a great festivity and ball. The music made me sad, and I remained a lone spectator. Out of the turmoil of the dancers, Hortensia suddenly came toward me, pressed secretly and affectionately my hand, and whispered—“Be cheerful, Faustino, else I am not!”—then she gave me a look of compassionate tenderness, and was lost again in the crowd.

On the following day, Count Hormegg made a pleasure excursion to the country-seat of a Venetian. On our arrival we found a large company. At night, magnificent fire-works were displayed, then followed a ball. The prince opened the ball with Hortensia. When I saw them I was rejoiced that I was enabled to slip unperceived out of the throng. Leaning against a door, Hortensia bashful, yet glowing with ecstasy, came towards me secretly and swiftly, pressed my hand, and whispered — “*Dear Faustino, be cheerful, that I may also be so!*” She said this with so much interest and friendliness, and with a glance, that I lost my power of speech. Hortensia, before I could recover myself, vanished.

New couples were collecting themselves for a new dance. While passing the seats of the ladies, one of them rose at the same moment I approached her. It was the countess. Her arm laid in mine. We stepped into the ranks. I trembled and knew not what had happened to me; for never would I have had sufficient audacity to request the honour of Hortensia for a dance; and yet it seemed to me as if I had done so in my confusion. She, however, was quite unembarrassed, scarce paid any attention to me, and her eyes wandered over all the throng. In one moment the music began. I knew not what was done around me; and that we two had drawn upon ourselves the attention of every spectator. After the end of the third dance, I conducted the countess to a seat, that she might rest herself. I stammered out my thanks in a whisper. She only bowed to me with friendly courtesy, as if I had been the greatest stranger, when I withdrew.

The prince and Count Hormegg had seen me dance with Hortensia; and had heard the general whispers of applause. The prince was burning with jealousy—he even made no secret of it before Hortensia. The count

took exceptions to my having had the audacity to ask his daughter to the dance, and reproached her on the following day for carelessly forgetting her rank. Notwithstanding the dissimulation of both, I very soon saw that I was the object of their hatred and fear. Hence I was seldom, and at last not at all, invited into the company where Hortensia was.

Meanwhile, Hortensia did not deny to her father, that she entertained feelings of gratitude towards me ; yet every thing else was a reproach that excited her to anger. She acknowledged that she esteemed me, but that in fact it made not the least difference to her, whether I danced in Venice, or in Constantinople.—“ You are at liberty to dismiss him ”—she said to the count—“ as soon as my health is restored.”

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE AMULET.

CARLOS and the count waited with painful anxiety for the period of Hortensia's recovery, when they could dismiss me, and decide upon Hortensia's marriage. With impatience did Hortensia desire again to enjoy her health, and at the same time to remove her father's suspicions. I also looked forward to that moment with no less desire than the others ; because when far from Hortensia, among strangers, and amid other scenes, did I hope to assuage my unhappy mind.

Not unexpected, the countess, while she was lying in her mysterious sleep one day, predicted that her entire convalescence was near.

“ In the hot shower-baths of Battaglia,” she said, “ she will entirely lose the gift of her visions. Conduct her thither. Her convalescence is not far distant. She must

bathe every morning, immediately after her rising. After the tenth bath, Immanuel, she separates from thee! She will never behold thee again, when such is thy will. But leave her a memorial! Without it she cannot recover her health. Thou hast carried for a long time a faded rose, between glass set in gold. As long as she carries the same enveloped in silk about her, her convulsive condition will not return. No later nor sooner than at the seventh hour, after she has received her thirteenth shower-bath, give it to her. Until then carry it uninterruptedly. Then she will be well."

She repeated oft-times, and with a singular timidity, this petition; she laid particularly great stress upon the hour, when I should give to her my only treasure, of whose existence she had never heard.

"Do you indeed carry the like?" the count asked me, astonished, and on account of the predicted restoration of his daughter's complete health, in a transport of joy. When I answered him in the affirmative, he asked further if I put any value upon the possession of this trifle? I assured him that it was my greatest treasure, and that I would rather die than suffer it to be taken from me. But for the salvation of the countess I was willing also to sacrifice that prize.

"Undoubtedly a keepsake from a beloved hand?" asked the count smiling, and inquiring as if he seemed to have a desire to know my heart.

"I have it from a person whom I prize above all others." The count, affected as much by my generosity, as happy that I had made up my mind to the sacrifice upon which depended Hortensia's health, forgot for a moment the hatred that he had borne me, and threw his arms around my neck, a thing that had not happened for a long time.—"You make me your everlasting debtor!"—he exclaimed.

What pressed him most was this: to tell Hortensia, as

soon after her waking as I absented myself, all that in her sleep she had demanded. At the same time he related to her the conversation he had had with me about the amulet. "He values this amulet very highly,"—he continued,—"as it is a keepsake from a person whom, above all others, he loves." These last words he spoke with great emphasis, so as to unfold the disclosure of my sighing for a long time past in the fetters of another beauty, and thus to kill Hortensia's affection, should she actually entertain any for me—for a suspicion to that effect haunted him. Hortensia heard all his tale with such apparently unconcerned ingenuousness, and was so sincerely rejoiced at her approaching convalescence, that Count Hormegg felt as if he had wronged the heart of his daughter by his suspicion. In his rejoicings, nothing urged him more than to confess to me his conversation with the countess, and at the same time to give intelligence to the prince of all that had occurred. From that hour I perceived in the conduct both of the count and also of the prince, something unrestrained, benevolent, and obliging. I was no longer kept at a distance from Hortensia with the former timidity, but was treated with attention and forbearance, like a benefactor to whom every one is indebted for comfort.

Arrangements immediately were made for our departure to the baths of Battaglia. On a beautiful summer morning we left Venice. The prince had gone before to prepare for the reception of his intended bride. Traversing the charming plains of Padua, we approached the Euganic mountain, at the foot of which is situated the small town with its sanative fountains. While on the way, the countess often preferred going on foot. Then it fell to my share to be her conductor. She fascinated me as much by her cordiality as by her delicate sense for that which is noble in human life, and beautiful in nature. "I might be very



happy"—she often said—"if I could pass my days in some agreeable part of Italy amid the simple occupations of domestic life. The entertainments in cities leave the soul empty; they are more benumbing than delighting. How happy should I be if I could lead a simple life, unenticed by the miserable condition of palaces, where we torment ourselves for nothing. O, if I were rich enough to make people about me happy, and could find in my mental creations the fountain of my beatitude! But we must not wish for every thing."

At other times, she would turn the conversation to my determination to leave her and her father immediately after my recovery. "We shall regret much to lose you,"—she said, good naturedly.—"We shall deplore your loss as the loss of a true friend of the house, or as that of a benefactor. But we cannot, and will not disturb your resolution by our prayers to remain with us. Your heart calls you elsewhere!"—She then added with a somewhat mischievous smile, as if initiated into the secrets of my heart:—"If you only can be happy, we have nothing left to wish for. And I do not doubt but that love will make you so. But do not entirely forget us on account of that, and give us from time to time intelligence of your well-being."

What by such expressions I felt I cannot describe. My answers were obliging and full of courteousness, for respect demanded me not to betray my heart, and yet there may have been moments when my feelings overpowered me, and I said more than I wished. When I spoke somewhat flattering and grateful, Hortensia looked at me with the gaze of astonished innocence, as if she neither comprehended nor understood me. I was convinced that Hortensia gratefully respected me, and that she wished to see me happy and contented, without giving me the preference over any other mortal being. Only from pure beneficence,

and to give me pleasure, she had joined me in the dance. She acknowledged that she had expected me to ask her. Alas! what presumptuous hopes had my heart founded upon this! I well may say presumptuous hopes;—for if Hortensia really felt more than general kindness towards me, what would it have availed me? I should be made more unhappy by her misfortune.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE DISENCHANTMENT.

THROUGH the contrivance of the prince, rooms were prepared for our reception at the castle of the Marquis *d'Este*. His castle, situated close by the town upon a hill, offered, with the greatest conveniences, the most charming distant prospects, and adjoining umbrageous walks. To take the shower-baths, we had to go every time to the town. There also a separate house had been prepared for the countess, where she passed her mornings, as long as she took the baths.

Her wonderful sleep, after the first few baths, was short and in private. She spoke only seldom, did not even always answer, and seemed to enjoy a perfectly natural sleep. When, after the seventh bath, she spoke, she commanded us, after the tenth bath, not to let her remain in that house. After the tenth bath, she fell indeed once more into her sleep, but she said nothing more than—"Immanuel, I shall see thee no more!" These were the last words which she spoke in the state of her trances; although after that for several days she was in a somewhat unnatural sleep, yet during it she was not capable of uttering a word.

The day of her thirteenth shower-bath arrived. Until then, everything had been most punctually fulfilled. Now the last thing was to be done. Count Hormegg and Prince Carlos came to me in the morning, to remind me of the speedy delivery of my amulet. I had to show it to them. They left me not a moment through the whole of the morning, as if now, so near to the long wished-for period, they had become suddenly suspicious that I might change my mind about the sacrifice, or that the precious thing might by accident be lost. As soon as the intelligence was brought that the countess was in the shower-bath, the minutes were counted. When the countess after her bath had rested, she was accompanied by us to the castle. She was uncommonly cheerful, and almost mischievous. Prepared for the fact, that in the seventh hour she would accept from me the gift, and then carry it through life, she rejoiced like a child at the donation; and rallied me, jokingly, about the treachery that I was about to commit on my select one, by presenting her gift to another. .

It struck two o'clock. The seventh hour had arrived. We were in a garden saloon. The count, the prince, and the waiting maids were present.

"Now no longer delay!"—exclaimed the count—"the moment is at hand, which is the last of Hortensia's sufferings, and the first of my happiness."

I took the highly-prized medallion from my breast, where I had carried it so long, untied the golden chain upon my neck, pressed a kiss upon the glass, and handed it to the countess.

Hortensia took it; but when her eye fell upon the dried rose, a fiery red suddenly spread over her whole face. She bowed gently towards me, as if she wished to thank me; but in her features could be detected a confusion of mind, which she seemed anxious to conceal. She stammered

forth a few words, and then suddenly absented herself with her waiting maids. The count and the prince were all gratitude to me. At the castle they had prepared for the evening a small festivity. From Este and Rovigo a few noble families were invited.

Meanwhile we waited in vain for the reappearance of the countess. An hour had passed, when we received intelligence that, as soon as she had received the medallion, she had begun to sleep both sweetly and soundly. Two, three, and four hours passed. The invited guests had collected; but Hortensia did not awake. The count himself, in great uneasiness of mind, walked to the bed. But when he found her asleep tranquilly, he forebore to disturb her. The festivity passed off without Hortensia's presence; but when she was missing, every enjoyment had lost half its charm. Hortensia did sleep until the company broke up at midnight.

But on the following morning also, she slept so soundly, that the count was terrified. My uneasiness was not less. The physicians gave the assurance, that the sleep of the countess was healthy and refreshing; the colour of her face and her pulse indicated full health. Noon and evening came; Hortensia did not awake. The frequent assurances of the physicians, that the countess was perfectly well, were necessary to pacify us. Night came and passed away. Rejoicing reverberated through the whole castle, when the chambermaids announced Hortensia's gladsome waking. Every one hurried to her room, and wished her joy for her health.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## A NEW CHARM.

**DURING** the general rejoicing I was sad in my room. The engagements which I had formerly made with Count Hormegg were fulfilled. I could now depart, whenever I wished to do so. I had often expressed my desire and my resolution to that effect. Nothing else was expected of me, than that I would keep my word. But now to live apart from Hortensia was like condemnation to death.

When I thought of her near marriage to the prince, and of the fickle-mindedness of the weak count,—when I thought of my own honour, of the necessity to die free,—then the manly pride and defiance would rise within me ; and I resolved to depart as quickly as possible. I perceived all my misery ; yet I preferred bidding an everlasting farewell to my happiness, rather than to become despicable to myself.

I found Hortensia in the castle-garden ; and when I approached her to give her my congratulation, she stood musing before a flower-bed, separated from her waiting-maids. She appeared more fresh, more blooming, than I had ever before seen her, and glowing with new life. When I addressed her, she noticed me for the first time.

“How you terrify me !” she said, smiling and surprised, and a deeper red crimsoned her cheeks.

“I also, esteemed countess, wished to express my joy and my congratulations at your ”—— I remarked.

More I could not say, for my voice failed me ; I became confused. I could not bear her gaze that penetrated my heart. With great effort, I stammered forth an excuse for having interrupted her.

Her eyes were silently fixed upon me. After a long pause she said :—" You speak of joy, my esteemed friend : but are you also glad ? "

" Most heartily ! "—I replied—" to know that you are saved from the sickness, in which you long have suffered. In a few days I am permitted to depart hence ; and again, if possible, in other regions, to be mine own ! "

" Is it then your full determination to leave us, Faust ? " —answered Hortensia—" I hope not. How can you say, that you belong to no one ? Are we not all bound to you by every duty and tie of gratitude ? What compels you to part from us ? "

I laid my hand upon my heart, and cast my eyes upon the ground, for to speak was impossible.

" You will stay with us, Faust. Is it not so ? "—asked Hortensia.

" I dare not."—I answered.

" But if I request it, Faust ? "—she added.

" O ! do not ask me, do not command me, I can only feel contented"—I said—" when I —— no, I must go away from here."

" Then you are not contented with us ? And yet no other vocation, no other duty calls you away ? "—asked the countess.

" Duty towards myself."—I replied.

" Then you may go, Faust ; I have been in error as regards you. I believed, that we also might be of some value to you ! "—said Hortensia.

" Countess"—I rejoined—" if you knew what the consequences of your words will be, in compassion you would spare me ! "

" Then I must be silent, Faust. Go, but you commit a heavy wrong"—answered the countess.

As she said these words, she turned away from me ; I

dared to follow her and to beseech her not to be angry with me. Tears fell from her eyes. I was astonished ; I conjured her not to be angry with me. " Command me,"—I said—" and I will obey you. Do you bid me to remain ? My peace of mind, my happiness, my life I will joyfully sacrifice to your command ! "

" Go, Faust, I will do nothing by force. You dislike to be with us ! "—she subjoined.

" O countess, drive me not to desperation"—I said.

" Faust, when do you depart ?"—was her inquiry.

" To-morrow, to-day"—I answered.

" No, no, Faust !"—she said softly, and stepped closer to me :—" I do not value my health, your present, if you—Faust ! You will remain ; at least for a few days ! " She whispered this with a voice so soft and imploring, and looked at me with her moistened, soliciting eyes, that I ceased to be master of my own will.

" I remain"—was my answer.

" But willingly ?"—she asked.

" With delight"—I replied.

" It is well : "—she said—" but now leave me for a moment, Faust ! You have made me very sad. But do not leave the garden ; I wish only to recreate myself a little."—With these words, she walked away from me, and lost herself amid the blooming orange trees.

I remained a long time in the same place, like one dreaming. Such language I had never heard from the countess. It was not the language only of courtesy. I trembled at the idea, that I should have some hold on her heart. Those appeals to stay longer ! those tears !—and that indescribable declaration in her behaviour, in her movements, and in her voice—a silent language which spoke more than words are capable of expressing—I un-

derstood nothing; yet I understood all. I doubted, and was full of conviction.

After a few minutes, while I was sauntering up and down the garden walks, and had joined the rest of the ladies, the countess came joyfully towards us. In her hand she carried a bouquet of carnation flowers, roses, and violet-coloured vanilla blossoms.—“Faust”—she said to me—“I have culled a few flowers for you, do not refuse them. I give them to you with a different feeling, than once, during my illness, I gave you the rose. I ought not, my physician, to put you at all in mind how, with my childish humours, I tormented you. But I always bear very dutifully in mind, that I have to compensate you for all—and how much have I not to compensate you for! Now give me your arm, and to Cecilie, the other.”—Cecilie was the name of one of her companions.

As we were walking about, we were met by the count, and soon after, by the prince. Never before had Hortensia been more amiable, than on this first day of her recovered health. With tenderness she spoke to her father, with friendly cordiality to her female companions, with delicate courtesy and goodness to the prince; but to me, never otherwise than with manifestations of gratitude. There was, in her words and voice, something tender, and in her eye and mien, a sisterly familiarity, solicitous for my happiness.

In festivity we passed a few charming days. I found, in my intercourse with her, a tranquillity of mind, a substantiality, that I had been deprived of since I had become acquainted with Hortensia. Her ingenuousness and truth made me more natural. She did not deny that her heart was full of pure friendship towards me. I, therefore, concealed my feelings less, notwithstanding that I did not dare to betray my true sensibilities. And yet—I was betrayed.



The guests at the baths in Battaglia, were in the habit of collecting, on fine evenings, before a great coffee-house, to take their refreshments in the open air. Conversation there was unconstrained, as they sat around in semi-circles on the open street. To the right and left, mandolins and guitars, and songs, were heard, in accordance with Italian customs—the windows and doors were illuminated. One evening, when the prince had left the company earlier than his usual hour, the countess concluded to visit that meeting of the guests. I had gone to my room, and sat dreaming of the future, holding the bouquet with both hands. The light burnt dimly, and the door of my room was half open. In this situation, Hortensia and Cecilie saw me, and after observing me for some time, they entered the room ; but I did not perceive them until they stood close before me, and told me that I must accompany them to the town, and rallied me about my embarrassment. Hortensia recognised the bouquet. She took it up from the table on which I had thrown it, and placed it, although faded, in her bosom. We walked towards Battaglia, and mixed with the company.

Cecilie, however, in conversation with other persons of her acquaintance, strayed away from us. Neither Hortensia nor myself were displeased with her. Leaning on my arm, she walked up and down in the crowd, until she became tired. We sat down upon a small bench under an elm tree, that stood aside from the crowd. The moon shone through the branches upon Hortensia's face, and upon the faded flowers on her breast.

“Will you again rob me of that charm which you had given me ?” I asked, pointing towards the bouquet.

She looked at me with musing earnestness, and then said :—“I feel always as if I could give you nothing, nor take anything from you. Do you not feel so at times ?”

This answer and question in return, thrown out so placidly, brought me to confusion and to silence. I scarcely dared, out of respect, to touch upon the agreeable meaning which it contained. She repeated the question once more.

“Most certainly. Alas!”—I said—“when I look at the gulf between you and myself, and the difference that keeps me far from you, then I always feel so. I only live in thoughts of you. Be enraged, if you please, at my confession; for what I do, is your own commandment. Can I conceal my heart from you? Is it a crime, that my whole soul is involuntarily chained to you, countess?”

She turned away her face, and lifted her hand, to signify to me to be silent. At the same moment I covered my eyes, which became dimmed with tears. Then our uplifted hands sank, one into the other. We were silent; the thoughts had passed into strong sensations; I had betrayed my passion—but Hortensia had pardoned me.

Cecilie interrupted us. We walked silently back to the castle. When we parted, the countess said softly and sadly:—“Through you, I have recovered my health, to become much sicker!”

## CHAPTER XIX.

### PETRARCA'S DWELLING.

THE next morning, when we again met, there was a kind of solemn reserve between us. I scarcely dared to address her; and she hardly ventured to answer me. Our eyes often met, and full of earnestness. It seemed as if she wished to scrutinize me; and I endeavoured to read in her eyes, whether she was displeased in her sober moments at my audacity. Several days passed; we did not see each

other again alone. We had a secret between us, and feared both to desecrate it by a look. Hortensia's whole manner was more solemn, and her hilarity was more moderate; as if she did not belong to the general surrounding objects.

Meanwhile, Prince Carlos, as I was afterwards informed, had formally sued for the hand of the countess, and this had caused a disagreeableness and coolness between the prince and her father. Not to offend both, and to gain time, Hortensia had asked respite for so uncertain a period, and on such hard conditions, that Carlos nearly despaired of ever seeing his wishes gratified. "Not that I am averse to the prince," so ran her declaration, "but I will yet enjoy my liberty. At a future time, of my own free will, I will give my YES or NO; but if this proposition is repeated to me before I wish it, I will firmly and for ever reject it, even should I actually love the prince."

The count knew the unbending mind of his daughter; but he hoped for the marriage, as Hortensia had not at once rejected the suit of the Prince. Carlos, on the contrary, was discontented. By this declaration he saw himself condemned to be a patient suitor, while deprived of all certain hope. Yet, he possessed egotism enough to believe, that by perseverance he should move Hortensia's heart. Her familiarity towards me was disagreeable to him, but he seemed not to fear it; and as her behaviour was open and courteous, he considered her position as not dangerous to his desire. He looked upon me as a friend of the house, and as the confidential adviser, both of the daughter and of the father; and as the count had informed him of my low birth, he less feared any rivalry in me. He even submitted to make me his confidant, and told me the history of his suit for Hortensia's hand, and the answer of the countess. He conjured me to give him my friendly services, and to ascer-

tain if Hortensia was favourably inclined towards him. I was obliged to promise it. Every day he asked me, if I had made any discoveries ; but I could always excuse myself, by not having found an opportunity to see the countess alone.

Perhaps to bring about that opportunity, the prince himself prepared a small excursion to Arquato, fifteen miles from Battaglia ; where the guests at the baths often went "on pilgrimage" to see the dwelling of PETRARCA ; whom Hortensia prized above all the other poets of Italy. For a long time she had desired to make that "pilgrimage." When the moment of departure arrived, Carlos not only offered a pretence to remain behind, but also kept the old count from accompanying Hortensia. Beatrice and Cecilie, the companions of the countess, rode with her ; I attended the carriage on horseback.

I conducted the ladies to the burying ground of the village, where a simple tombstone covers the dust of the immortal bard, and translated for them the Latin inscription. Hortensia stood gravely before the stone. She sighed. "Yet everything does not die!" she remarked, and I thought I felt her drawing my arm toward her. "If every thing died," said I, "would not the life of man be a cruelty of the Creator?"

We left the churchyard with pensive emotions. An old man conducted us thence to a small vineyard not far distant, near which stood Petrarca's old dwelling, and around which was a small garden. From the garden there is a beautiful prospect across the valley. At the house was shown Petrarca's household furniture, preserved with respect, his tables upon which he read and wrote, the chairs upon which he rested, and even his culinary utensils.

The sight of such relics ever exercises an influence over the sensitive mind. It casts the space of centuries into

nothingness ; and brings back, what long since has passed away, into our immediate presence. I felt as if the poet had only just left the spot, and that he would shortly open the small brown door of his room and salute us. Hortensia found a neat edition of Petrarca's sonnets on the table in a corner of the room. Tired, she sat herself down, leaned her head upon her hand, and read attentively, while with the fingers of her supporting hand she made for her eyes a concealing shelter. Beatrice and Cecilie walked away to prepare refreshments for the countess. I remained silent at the window. Petrarca's love and hopelessness were my experience, another Laura was sitting there, although not immortalized through the magic of the muse!

Hortensia took a handkerchief to dry her eyes.

I was startled to see her weep. I approached her timidly, and yet did not dare to address her. She rose suddenly, smiled at me with tears in her eyes, and said—"Poor Petrarca, poor human heart! But every thing passes away! He has ceased to mourn for centuries. But yet it is said, that in later years he triumphed over himself. Is it well to triumph over ourselves? May not this be called gradual self-destruction?"

"Even when necessity commands it?"—I asked.

"Has necessity power over the human heart?"—she retorted.

"But Laura was the wife of Hugo de Sade—her heart could not be his"—I added—"it was his lot to love, and to die solitary. But he had the gift of song, and the muses consoled him. He was unfortunate—like myself!"

"Like you?"—added Hortensia, with a scarcely audible voice.—"Unfortunate Faust!"

"I possess not the gift of song"—was my reply—"therefore my heart must break, as no one gives me consolation. Countess! dare I tell you more than what I have told you

already? But I will remain worthy of your respect, and by manly fortitude, I may be enabled to do so. Grant me one request, only a single, modest desire!"

Hortensia cast her eyes to the ground, and did not answer.

"Only one prayer"—I continued—"countess! for the sake of my tranquillity of mind!"

"What shall I do?"—she whispered, without raising her eyes.

"Am I certain"—I answered—"that you will not refuse my petition?"

She looked at me, with an astonished earnest gaze, and then said with indescribable dignity: "Faust, I know not what you may ask; but whatever it may be—yes, Faust, I owe you my life, my confidence—I will grant your request. Speak!"

I took her hand, cast myself at her feet, pressed her hand to my lips. I nearly lost my power of speech. Hortensia, as if lost within herself, with downcast eyes stood before me.

At length I recovered sufficient strength to speak. "I must go away from here. Let me fly. I dare not stay any longer. Far from you, in some solitude, let me tranquillize my mind. I must hasten away. I disturb the peace of your house, Carlos has asked your hand."

"It will never be his!" the countess interrupted me, speaking in a firm voice.

"Let me fly!"—I rejoined.—"Your goodness increases my regrets."

Hortensia was in a vehement struggle with herself. "You commit a great wrong. But I dare not any longer prevent it"—she exclaimed, and burst into a flood of tears.

She staggered, and sobbing, sought a seat. After a few moments, she recovered her strength. She felt that she

was encircled by my arms, and endeavoured to extricate herself. She lifted her eyes, and with a face from which, as formerly, shone the red of her visions, she whispered—  
“Faust, what are you doing?”

“Will you not forget me, when I am far distant?”—I asked in return.

“How can I?”—she sighed, and cast down her eyes.

“Farewell, Hortensia!”—I stammered forth.

“Immanuel!”—she whispered, and I felt her almost imperceptible kiss.

Silently we walked out of Petrarca’s dwelling, and took the path down the hill, where her servants were waiting for us. They conducted us to an arbour amidst bushes of wild laurel, in which refreshments had been prepared. Immediately after, the carriage of the prince came rolling towards us, and Carlos with the count alighted.

Hortensia was serious and short in her answers. She seemed to be lost in thought. I observed that she made an effort when she had to speak to the prince. Towards me she displayed unchanged the same cordiality and frankness of demeanour. We visited Petrarca’s dwelling a second time, as Count Hormegg wished to see it. When again we stepped into the room, which the confession of our hearts had endeared to us, Hortensia once more sat down upon the chair beside the table to the book, in the same position as at the first time, and remained so until we were ready to depart. Then she arose, laid her hand upon her breast, looked at me with a penetrating glance, and hurried quickly from the room.

The prince had observed this movement, and her glance. A crimson red spread over his gloomy countenance, and with folded arms and drooping head, he walked away. All joy had vanished from our company. Every one of us seemed desirous to return to the castle. I did not doubt

that the jealousy of Carlos had discovered all, and from his vindictive disposition, I dreaded less for myself than for the peace of the countess.

As soon as I entered my apartment, I began to prepare every thing for my speedy departure. I acquainted Count Hornegg with my unchangeable determination, gave to him all his papers, and conjured him not to tell the countess of my absence until I had departed.

## C H A P T E R X X .

### MOURNFUL SEPARATION.

I HAD previously obtained permission from the Count, that the old trusty Sebald should accompany me. Often he had asked for his dismissal, that he might see his *German home* again. Sebald danced for joy around the room, when I told him that the moment of separation was at hand. A horse and portmanteau for each of us, were our whole equipment for the journey.

I concluded to depart before the break of day on the following morning. No one in the castle, except Sebald and the count, knew anything of it. For Hortensia I wished to leave a few lines, expressive of gratitude and of affection, as a final farewell! Although the count seemed to be surprised, yet he was not displeased. He thanked me for my services, and promised to meet me within an hour in my room, in order to hand to me a few useful papers, that would procure me for the future a life free from sorrow, which, as he expressed himself, should be only a small payment on account of the debt which he could never fully discharge. As soon as I returned to my room, I began to pack up my personal trifles. Sebald ran to the stable and ordered every thing necessary for starting at any moment. Meanwhile



I wrote to Hortensia. More than once I tore what I had written. I had not finished, when I was interrupted in a manner that I least of all expected. Trembling and breathless, Sebald came running into my room, and hastily seizing the packed portmanteaus, exclaimed—"Mister Faust, a misfortune has happened. They want to drag you to prison. They will kill you. Let us fly before it is too late!" In vain I sought the cause of his terror. The only thing I could get out of him was this—"That the count was furious, the prince was raving, and every one in the castle in arms against me!" I replied coolly—"I have no cause for fear, much less like a criminal to fly." "Sir,"—exclaimed Sebald—"without some calamity, no one leaves this misfortune-spreading company; an evil star rules their destiny. I said so long ago. Fly!"

At that moment two of the game-keepers entered the room, and requested me to go forthwith to the Count. Sebald winked to me, to endeavour to slip away from them. I could not forbear smiling at his timidity, and followed the game-keepers. Nevertheless, I ordered Sebald to saddle the horses; for that something extraordinary had happened, and that the Prince perhaps, out of jealousy, had contrived to get me into a quarrel, I did not doubt. These were the circumstances.

After I had left the Count, Carlos entered his room in great wrath, and declared that I had dishonoured his house, by a secret intrigue with the countess; for Beatrice, Hortensia's companion, who had been won by the Prince by presents and tenderness, after leaving with Cecilie the dwelling of Petrarca, impatient on account of our long delay, had returned to the place, and seen us in our salute. The waiting maid was of course modest enough not to disturb us, but she informed the prince of that occurrence as soon as we returned to the castle. The count, who could

credit every thing, except the fact, as it seemed to him the most unnatural of all crimes, that a common low-born man, a painter, should win the love of the Countess Hormegg, that he treated the matter as a mere phantasm of stupid jealousy. But the prince, to vindicate himself, was compelled to betray his treacherous informer ; and Beatrice, much as she strove against it, was forced to acknowledge what she had seen.

The wrath of the count knew no limits, and yet the deed was so monstrous, in his estimation, that he wished to hear his daughter herself respecting it ; Hortensia appeared. The aspect of his pale face, disfigured by anger and terror, excited her amazement. "What has been done here ?" she exclaimed, half beside herself. With terrifying severity the count said, "You shall answer that." Then with a forced tranquillity and kindness, he took her hand and said—"Hortensia ! you are accused of contaminating the honour of our name—well, it must be spoken—by an intrigue with this painter, this Faust ! Hortensia, deny it, say No ! give back to your father his honour and peace of mind. You can do it, refute all malicious tongues ! refute what was a false show, a misunderstanding, a delusion, when you are said to have been seen this day in Faust's arms. Here stands the prince, your future husband. Assure him, that all which has been said against you and Faust is a wicked lie. Faust's presence shall no longer disturb our peace. This night he leaves us forever !" It seemed to be the count's intention, when the alternately flushed and pale countenance of Hortensia left him no longer in doubt concerning the occurrence, to give the matter a more favourable turn, that would at once reconcile the prince and bring every thing again into its proper course. He was prepared for any thing, but the declaration which Hortensia made. With her own peculiar dignity and undaunted resolution ; and equally by the

treachery of Beatrice, who was present, as by the Count's reproaches, and by the intelligence of my sudden departure during that night, provoked to the most violent emotions, she first turned to Beatrice: "Wretched girl!" she exclaimed—"I am not standing opposed to you. My servant dare not be my accuser. I have not to vindicate myself before you. Leave this room and this castle—never more come before my eyes!" Beatrice would have fallen weeping at her feet. It was in vain. She was compelled to obey, and disappear.

Then the countess turned to her father, and demanded that I should be called. The count hurried out of the room. I was called. Hortensia also left it for a moment, and returned nearly at the same time as I entered the apartment. "Dear Faust!" she said to me, and her cheeks burnt with an unnatural red, "you and myself stand here as the accused, and as the condemned." She then told what had occurred; and thus continued: "I am expected to justify myself. I have to vindicate myself before no one but God, the Judge of all hearts. I have here only to acknowledge the truth, because my father demands it, and to declare my unchangeable will, because fate has determined it. I am born to misfortune. Faust! I should be unworthy of your respect if I could not stand firm amid every calamity."—She then walked to the prince and said: "I respect you, but I love you not. My hand will never be yours; do not nourish hope any longer. After what has happened, I must pray you for ever to avoid us. Do not expect that my father can force my will. Life is indifferent to me. His first violence would be followed by no other consequence, than that he would have to bury the corpse of his daughter. This is all I have to say to you.—To you, my father, I have to confess, that I love this Faust; but I cannot help it. He is hateful to you—he is not of our rank. He shall part

from us. My earthly connexions with him are dissolved ; but my heart will ever be his. You, my father, cannot change it ; and every attempt to do so, would be the end of my life. I foretel it you ; I am prepared for my death, for it will only end my disappointment."

She was silent. The count wished to speak, and also the prince. She motioned to them to be silent. She approached me, drew a ring from her hand, gave it to me, and said : " My friend, I part from you, perhaps for ever ! Take this ring as a memento of me. This gold and these diamonds will sooner turn into dust, than my love and truth will cease." As she said this, she laid her arms upon my shoulder, pressed a kiss upon my lips, became deathly pale and cold, and fell, with closed eyes, upon the floor.

Count Hormegg gave a penetrating and horrible shriek. The prince called for help. I carried the beautiful corpse to a couch. Physicians were sent for. Upon my knees, before the couch, I held the cold hand of the departed to my cheek. The count tore me away. He was like a madman. " You have murdered her !"—he thundered at me. " Fly, wretch ! and never more be seen." He thrust me out of the door. Upon a wave of his hand, the gamekeepers caught hold of me, and dragged me down the stairs before the castle. Sebald stood before the stable. As soon as he got sight of me, he ran towards me, and pulled me with him to the saddled horses in the stable.

We had not been on our way half an hour, when I saw a horseman coming towards me at full speed. " Accursed murderer !" I heard a voice call. It was Carlos. Immediately several shots were fired at me. As I reached for my pistols, my horse fell under me, dead, to the ground. I jumped off, and Carlos rode with drawn sword towards me ; and as he was in the act of cutting me down, I sent a bullet through his body. As he was falling, his companions

caught him, and instantly took their flight. Sebald suffered me to sit before him upon his horse, and so we rode hastily away.

That scuffle had taken place not far from a small wood. The sun had already gone down. We rode during the whole of the night without knowing whither. At break of day we stopped before a village tavern to give our horse rest; but found him so much rubbed with the saddle that we gave up all hope of using him any more. We sold him for a trifle, and proceeded on foot in by-paths, each carrying his own portmanteau.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### NEW ADVENTURES.

THE first rays of the rising sun fell upon the diamonds of Hortensia's ring. I kissed it with tears in my eyes. Sebald told me in the night, that while I was in the stable, he heard from one of the servants, that the countess had been thought dead, but was restored to life. That intelligence strengthened and comforted me. As to my own lot, I felt perfectly indifferent. My conscience, free of reproach, elevated me above all fear. I felt but one pain—to be separated for ever from Hortensia.

We did not stop for repose until we reached Ravenna. There I made a long day of rest; for from the horrible occurrences and the enormous exertions I was exhausted. During two weeks after I was in a fever. Sebald was tormented with great fear; for he dreaded, very naturally, that the death of the prince would bring us into the hands of the law. He had given to himself and me other names; and had procured different apparel for us. My strong constitution, more than the art of the physician, soon restored me

to health ; but as we had concluded to go from Rimini to Trieste by water, I hoped to recover still more on the journey.

One night, in great terror, Sebald came to me, and said—"Sir, we can remain here no longer. Before the door stands a stranger, who wishes to speak with you. We are betrayed. He first asked for my name, and as I could not deny it, he asked for you."

"Let him come in!"—I said.

A well-dressed man entered my room, who after the first courtesies had been interchanged, inquired after my health. When I assured him that I felt tolerably well, he said—"So much the better. I wish to give you some good advice. You know what has happened between you and Prince Carlos. He is out of danger, but he has sworn your death. Therefore get away as quickly as possible. You would like to go by Trieste to Germany. Do not do it! There is no ship in Rimini bound for Trieste ; but a Neapolitan vessel will return to Naples. You are safe when you are at sea ; otherwise, within a few hours you will be dead or arrested. Here is a letter for the Neapolitan captain. He is my trusty friend, and will receive you with pleasure. Only get as speedily as possible to Rimini, and from there sail to Naples."

I was astounded to see the stranger so well informed. At my question how he had come by his information, he smiled, and only replied—"More I know not ; and more therefore I cannot tell you. I live here in Ravenna, and am secretary of the court. Save yourself"—and he suddenly departed.

Sebald asserted firmly, that this man must be guided by the devil, else he could not have known our secrets. The stranger spoke without to the people of the tavern, and we learned afterwards from them, that the unknown to us was

secretary of the court at Ravenna ; that he was a good and honourable man. But it was most inexplicable to me how the mysterious person had become so well acquainted with our plan, to go by Trieste to Germany ; of which no one, excepting ourselves, could know anything. The enigma, however, was solved, when Sebald acknowledged to me, that during my sickness he had written a letter to his former companion, Caspar of Battaglia, and asked him to give him information, whether the prince had actually been killed. He had waited for an answer in vain. The letter had without doubt fallen into the hands of Carlos, or into those of one of his people, or the contents had otherwise been betrayed.

For the first time, Sebald began to fear. He engaged without any further ceremony a coach for Rimini, and we started off on the same night. I myself felt uneasy about these changes. I knew not whether we fled from danger, or whether we were approaching it. We arrived safe at Rimini, and found the Neapolitan captain. I handed to him the letter of the secretary, and soon bargained for the fare to Naples.

Besides ourselves, there were a few other passengers on board, among whom was a man whose aspect at first made me feel uneasy. I remembered to have seen him before, at the baths in Battaglia. I was however pacified, when I gathered from his conversation that he had never before seen me. He had left Battaglia three days since ; and was on his return to Naples, where, as he said, he dealt very largely in mercantile business. He spoke of the acquaintances that he had made at the baths in Battaglia, and mentioned also the German countess, who, as he expressed himself, was a wonder of grace and beauty. How did my heart beat ! Of the wounding or the death of the prince he seemed not to know anything. The countess,

whose name he did not know, had left four days before him, he said; but where she had gone to, he had not concerned himself.

Deficient as that intelligence was, nevertheless it served to tranquillize me. Hortensia lived, Hortensia was well.—“May she be happy!”—was my earnest prayer. The voyage was tedious to all, but not to me. I sought solitude. Through many nights I sat waking on deck, or half-dreaming of Hortensia. The young merchant—his name was *Tufaldini*—observed my melancholy, and gave himself great trouble to cheer me. He heard that I was a painter. He loved the art passionately, and turned the conversation continually to it, because nothing else seemed to interest my mind, or to arouse my loquacity. His interest and friendliness at last became so great, that he offered me rooms and board in his own house in Naples, which I did not refuse, as I was a perfect stranger in Naples, and as mine and Sebald’s united funds, after deducting our fare, were greatly diminished.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### ANOTHER WONDER.

THE kindness and care of *Tufaldini* distressed me. From a travelling companion he made me his friend; notwithstanding that I had done nothing to deserve his regard. As his friend, he introduced me to his mother, and to his wife; and after a few days I was treated like an old friend of the family. But *Tufaldini* also introduced me to all his acquaintances, and from them I soon received orders for paintings. He himself was as eager to get me employment as if it had been for his own benefit. He even acceded to my wishes to take payment for my rooms and board,



much as at first my offer pained him. But when he saw my determination to leave his house, if I could not recompense him, he took the money more to please me than as a compensation.

With my labours I was fortunate beyond all expectation. My paintings were admired, I was paid what I asked for them, and every order when finished procured me another. Sebald was so happy in Naples, that he even forgot his home-sickness for Germany. He thanked God that he had been so fortunate as to escape with a whole skin from Count Hormegg's service ; and would rather, as he avowed, serve me for water and bread, than the count for dishes full of gold.

It was my purpose to accumulate as much by my labour as would enable me to make the tour to Germany, and there to settle. I was industrious and saving. Thus passed away a year. The kindness that I enjoyed in Tufaldini's house, and the charm of the soft climate ; and then that in Germany I was without fame, without friends, made me forget my first project. Joy was blooming for me as little on German as on Italian ground. Only the thought, that Hortensia, perhaps, might be living on the estates of her father—and that I might have the consolation of seeing her there again, if even from a distance only ; that thought made me sometimes long for the north. But when I remembered our parting time, and the words that she spoke :—" My earthly connection with him is dissolved !"—how, before her father so solemnly, and with such heroic greatness, she resigned me—then I also arose again to the courageous feeling, that I would bear all joyfully.—I seemed to be like an oak tree, blasted by the storm ; without branches ; without foliage ; lonely, and dying within itself.

It is said that time will heal, with benevolent hand, even the deepest wound. I once put faith in that adage ; but I found

it untrue. My melancholy remained the same. I avoided all those who were joyful. I often found alleviation in tears. One dream of Hortensia, when I saw her in her loveliness, was my only joy. Her ring was my visible patron. Had it fallen into the depths of the ocean, nothing would have prevented me from attempting to recover it.

The second year passed ; but not my grief. However it happened, I ever was comforted, even in the darkest hours, by a dim ray of hope, that perhaps some accident might again bring me near the lost one ; or that I might at least hear some tidings of her. Nevertheless, I thought—how can she, who is far distant, after the lapse of years, know where I, the lone one, live ? All the same. Does he, who hopes, regard possibilities ?—But at the end of the second year, I lost that hope. Hortensia was as if dead to me. I also saw her in my dreams only as a supernatural being.

Tufaldini and his wife, in our confidential conversations, had asked the cause of my dejection. I could never so far conquer myself, as to disclose my secret. At last they inquired no more ; but became apprehensive for my health.

Every thing, however, took a sudden change. One morning Sebald brought me some letters that had arrived for me by the mail ; among them were new orders for paintings, and a small box. I opened it : who can conceive my joyful surprise ?—I beheld Hortensia's image !—but in a black mourning dress—the face more thin and more pale than I had seen it in the reality—beside it, upon a piece of paper, by Hortensia's hand, were written these three words : “ Hope ! my Immanuel ! ”—I fell speechless upon a chair,—I lifted my hands to heaven in prayer ; I kissed the portrait and the piece of paper that had been touched by her hand ; and thanked Providence, weeping, with my face almost upon the floor.

Sebald thought me mad. He did not err. *Man*,—I felt

it,—*is always stronger to bear misfortune than prosperity ; against the former he walks more or less armed, but against the latter without fear and caution !*

My hopes again blossomed cheerfully ; and with them my health, and my life. Tufaldini and all my acquaintances were rejoiced at it. I expected now, from day to day, new intelligence. That the dearly beloved one knew of my abode, could not be doubted. But from what part of the world her portrait had come to me, my investigation and inquiries could not discover.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE SOLUTION.

AFTER several months I received another letter from Hortensia. It consisted of the following lines :—“ Once more, Immanuel, I should like to see you. Endeavour to be on the first morning of May at Livorno, where from the Swiss mercantile house \* \* \* \* you will receive further intelligence, if you ask for the Widow BLACK, who will show you my place of abode. Tell no one in Naples whither you are going ; and, above all, say nothing of me. I am no longer for any one in this world, except perhaps during a few moments for yourself.”

That letter filled me with delight, but on account of the dark secret that was in it, I felt an alarming misgiving. But to see Hortensia again, if only for a few moments, was enough for me. In April I departed from Naples, and in great dejection, from Tufaldini's house. Sebald and every one thought I was going back to Germany.

I arrived with Sebald at *Gaeta*. There we met with unlooked-for pleasure. Near the city, in passing the garden door of a villa, I saw among several ladies Miss Ce-

cilie. I stopped, jumped out of the carriage, and made myself known to her. She introduced me to the circle of her acquaintances. She herself was just married. From her I learned that she had left Hortensia a year before. Of the present abode of the countess she knew nothing, except only that she had gone into a cloister. "A year has elapsed"—said Cecilie—"since Count Hornegg's death. By the sudden restrictions from all the luxuries which she had hitherto enjoyed, we soon observed that he had left his affairs in a sad confusion. The countess greatly diminished the number of her servants. I had the favour to be retained by her. But when, by an unfortunate suit, she lost all hope of retaining any of the indebted estates of her father, we were all dismissed. Oh, how many tears did that parting cost us! Hortensia was never more charming and never more exalted than under the heaviest blows of misfortune. She renounced all the splendour to which she had been used, divided all her rich garments, like one dying, among her dismissed servants; rewarded all with such princely liberality, that she certainly must have placed herself in danger of want, and only begged of us to include her in our prayers. I was at Milan, where I left her, and whence I returned home here to my family. She said that it was her desire to go to Germany, and there seek the solitude of a cloister."

This narrative of Cecilie explained all the enigmas in Hortensia's last letter. She also informed me that Carlos, immediately after recovering from his wound, entered into the Maltese service, and did not long survive.

In a half sad and a half joyful mood I left Gaeta. Hortensia's misfortunes and the loss of her estates excited my compassion, but at the same time a bolder hope arose within me than I had previously dared to entertain. I flattered myself to be able perhaps to dissuade her from her pur-

pose of passing her life in a cloister, and also perhaps with her heart to gain her hand. I exulted in the thought of being permitted to share with Hortensia the fruits of my labour. This soon became my only dream upon the road to Livorno, where I arrived some days before the time fixed by her.

I delayed not to seek immediately the Swiss mercantile house, to which I had been directed. In my travelling clothes I ran there, and begged for the address of the widow Black, that I might previously ascertain if the countess had arrived in Livorno. A male servant conducted me to the widow's, who lived in a remote street in a very plain, private house. How great was my chagrin when I was told that Madam Black was absent, and that I should call again in two hours. Every lost moment was like a theft upon my life.

I called again ; and an old servant opened the door, conducted me up stairs, and announced me to her mistress. I was invited to walk into a very plainly ornamented, but neat room. Opposite the door sat a lady upon a couch, who however did not seem to take any notice of my entrance. She did not return my salutation, but endeavoured, with both hands before her face, to conceal her sobbing and weeping.

A feverish shudder ran all over me ; as in the appearance of the widow, and in the sounds of her sobbing, I recognised the form and voice of Hortensia. Without consideration, and assuring myself of the certainty, I dropt my hat and cane, and cast myself at the feet of the weeper. Who can tell what feeling then came over me, as the arms of Hortensia encircled my neck ? All the past was forgotten, in the rose-coloured future. Never was love more beautifully requited, or truth more happily rewarded. The first day of our meeting so little was asked and answered, and that little

so unconnectedly, that we both parted without knowing more of each other, than that we had actually met.

On the following day, I was in readiness, according to Hortensia's invitation, to take breakfast with her. Her domestics consisted of a cook, a waiting maid, a chamber-maid, a coachman, and a footboy. All her table-plate was of the finest porcelain and silver, but none of it bore the old count's coat of arms. This aspect of prosperity, that went entirely contrary to my first conceit, and far beyond the power of my own wealth, overthrew all the plans which I had dreamed of from Gaeta to Livorno. I expected, and even wished, to find Hortensia in embarrassed circumstances, that I might be able with greater assurance to offer her my all. Now I stood before her, the poor painter!

I did not conceal from her in our confidential conversations, what I had heard in Gaeta from Cecilie, and what sensations, what projects, what hopes had been awakened by it. I painted to her the whole series of my demolished dreams, how she perhaps might give up the cruel design to bury her youth and her qualifications within the walls of a cloister—how she might be contented to select me for her servant and true friend,—how I would lay my savings and all the gains of my future industry at her feet. I painted to her with affectionate hope the comfort of civic life in some solitude—the simple cottage with a small garden beside it, and the office of the artist whom her presence would inspire.

Hortensia arose; walked to the closet; drew out a little box of ebony, richly inlaid with silver, and handed it to me, together with the key. "To give you this, I have requested you to come to Livorno. It is a part, and yet not a part of the fulfilment of your dreams. After my father's death, it was my first thought to fulfil the duties of my gratitude toward you. Since you fled from Battaglia, I

have never lost sight of you. The letter that your servant wrote from Ravenna to one of his friends in my attendance, and which communicated to him the plan of your journey, by a fortunate accident fell into my hands. Mr. Tufaldini, from Naples, was induced by me, in a secret conversation, to befriend you. He received payment of all your expenses, and even for your support, should it be necessary. I have rewarded him for his trouble ; notwithstanding the honest man accepted of my presents with great reluctance. In return, I had the pleasure to receive intelligence of your comfort. Tufaldini's letters, after our separation, were my only recreation. After the death of my father, I separated from my family, on account of some difficulties respecting the property. The estates are left in the hands of agents. The balance I turned into money. I thought no more of returning to the place of my nativity. My last refuge was a cloister. Under the pretence of poverty, I separated from all the former acquaintances of my father, and from every one of my former domestics. I took the rank and name of a citizen, that I might live more concealed and for myself. After I had accomplished all my first plan, I summoned you to end my work, and dissolve my vow that I had made to heaven. The moment is at hand. You have told me of your dreams, return with me for a little while to the reality."

She opened the box, and took out of it a packet of carefully-secured papers, addressed to my name, broke open the seals ; laid before me an instrument of writing made out by a notary public, wherein partly in sums to be paid to me, and partly in accumulated interests, that were mine, and partly as an inheritance from the property of the widow Marian Black, in bank notes and different estates, an enormous sum was bequeathed to me.

"This, dear Faust,"—the countess continued,—“is your

property, your well-laboured for, and well-deserved property. I have no longer any part in it ; I have enough left for a decent subsistence. When I renounce the world, and am an inmate of a cloister, you will be the heir of the remainder of my property. If I am indeed dear to you, you will prove it by an eternal silence respecting my person, my rank, and my true name ; moreover, that you do not utter a syllable, that may be interpreted as a refusal or thanks, for this your own property. Will you give me your hand on that?"

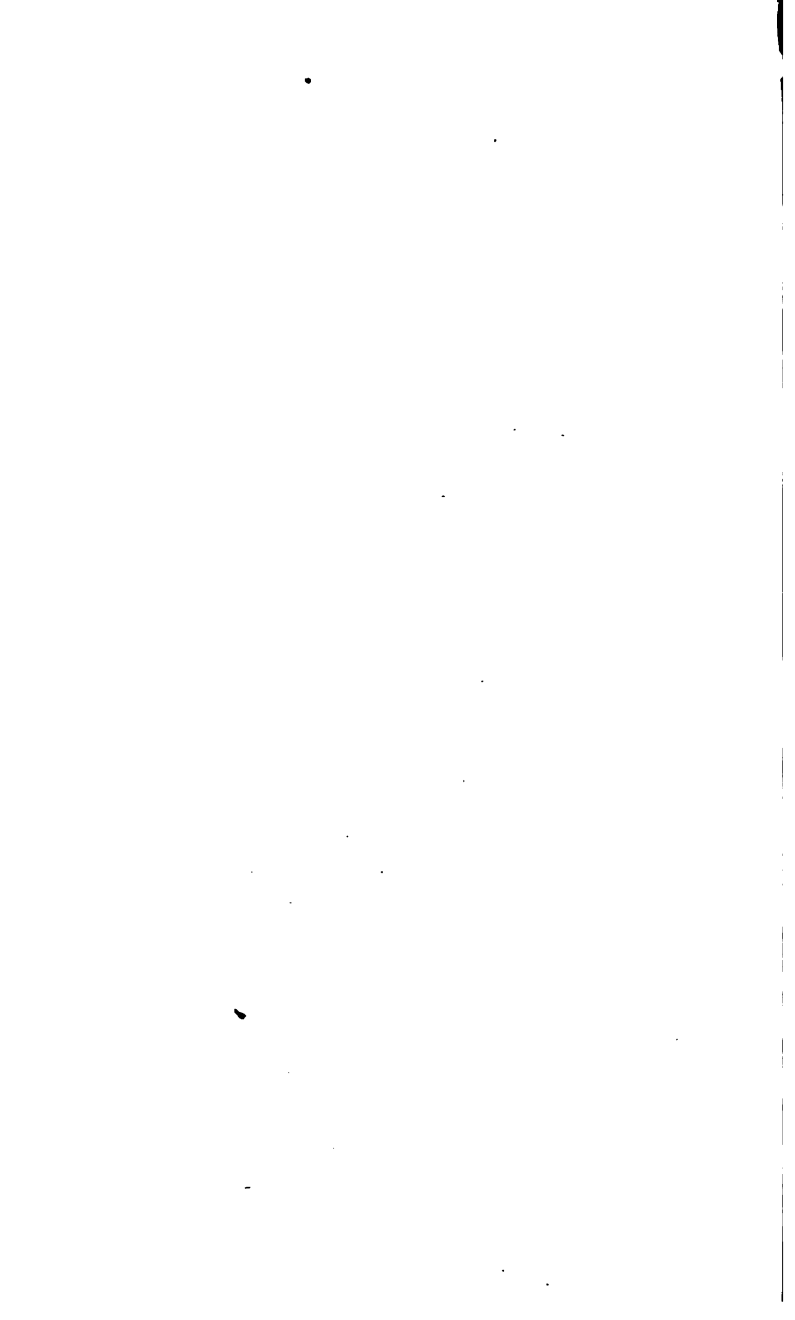
I heard her recital with astonishment and pain, cast the papers aside, and said : " Do you then believe, that these bank notes are of any value to me ?—I will neither refuse them, nor thank you for them. When you go to a cloister, I can dispense with every thing in this world. What you give to me, is mere dust. Ah, Hortensia, you once said, that it was my soul which enlivened you. If it were so, you would not scruple to follow my example. I will burn these bank notes. Of what use are they to me ? Destroy also your own property. Oh become poor and mine !—Hortensia !"—With both her hands she took mine ; and said with energy, and with tears in her eyes : " Am I not yours already, Immanuel ?"

" But the cloister —— ?" I exclaimed.

" My last refuge "—she replied—" when you desert me."

Then we made our covenant, which was ratified by the minister ; after which we departed from Livorno, and sought this luxuriant solitude, where we now constantly reside with our children.





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